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MARCH, 1904.

No. 6.

THE MUNSEY



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Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

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The Birth of the Republican Party.

BY FRANCIS CURTIS.

MR. CURTIS, AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY," SKETCHES THE EPOCH-MAKING POLITICAL MOVEMENT WHOSE SEMI-CENTENNIAL IS TO BE CELEBRATED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.

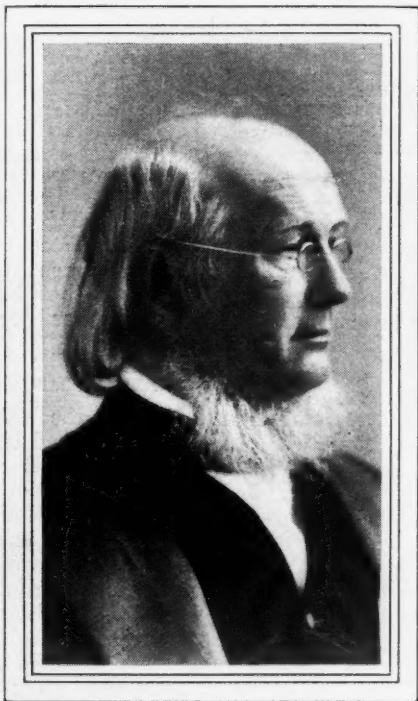
IN considering the causes of the movements resulting in the formation of the Republican party, just half a century ago, reference must be made to bitter sectional issues long since buried. This reference, and the use of terms and expressions of the ante bellum period, must be regarded both by Southern and by Northern friends wholly in a spirit making for historical accuracy.

It must be emphasized at the outset that the Republican party was not formed for the purpose of abolishing slavery, but to prevent its further extension. Lincoln had not yet pronounced his "house divided against itself" doctrine, nor had Seward given expression to his "irrepressible conflict" phrase. It

is true that a considerable number of Northern enthusiasts had for years been preaching abolition, and many

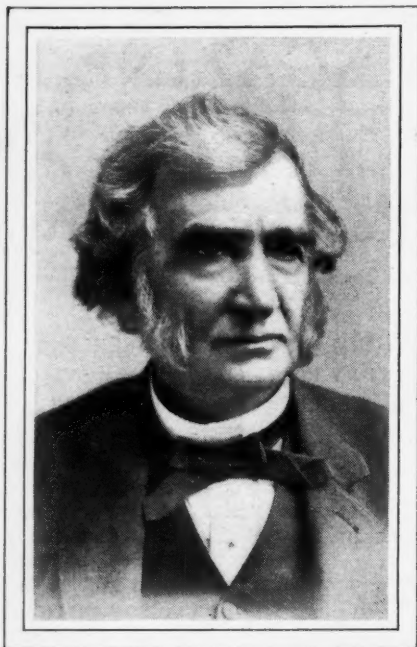
others believed that it must eventually come; but the masses would not, at that time, have been aroused against the system to which they were so strongly opposed had it not been for the workings of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the Kansas - Nebraska Law of 1854.

At the framing of the Federal Constitution in 1787, at the passage of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and again at the enactment of the compromise of 1850, the North had come to terms with the slave power. For the sake of peace and undisturbed commercial relations, it might have continued



HORACE GREELEY, THE CORRESPONDENT AND COUNSELOR OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE NEW PARTY DURING THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1854.

From a photograph by Savory, New York.



JUSTIN S. MORRILL, CONGRESSMAN AND SENATOR FROM VERMONT FROM 1855 TO HIS DEATH IN 1898, AND A FOUNDER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

for years and decades to tolerate existing conditions, on the understanding that slavery should be confined to the States claiming it as their own peculiar institution. But in the early part of 1854, when Stephen A. Douglas hurled into the United States Senate a bill practically repealing the compromise of 1820, it proved a bomb, the explosion of which reverberated throughout the Union.

For years the press of the North had been teeming with descriptions of Southern conditions, and every man and woman of intelligence had opinions upon the social and industrial effects of negro servitude. The persecution of Garrison and Lovejoy, and the scenes in different parts of the North which accompanied the capture of runaway slaves, had aroused the people to a feeling of indignation which needed only an alarm of the possible extension of slavery into Northern territory to turn it into action.

It was the hope of the North in 1854, as it had been for more than half a century, that in some way, at some time, negro servitude in the United States would be completely abolished; and yet so long had the system been tolerated, so powerful had been the political influence of the slave-holders, so fearful were Northern merchants and manufacturers that they might lose good Southern customers, that the time for interference was constantly put off. There was no special agitation of the question during the winter of 1853-'54. Politicians and people alike felt, as they had felt many times before, that the question if not settled forever would at least not be a pressing issue for many years to come. In his inaugural message delivered March 4, 1853, President Pierce declared that the rights of the South should be preserved and the laws respected and obeyed. Alluding to the compromise of 1850, he added:

Notwithstanding differences of opinion and sentiment which then existed in relation to details and specific provisions, the acquiescence of distinguished citizens, whose devotion to the Union can never be doubted, has given renewed vigor to our institutions, and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the confederacy. That this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have power to avert it, those who placed me here may be assured.

Senator Stephen A. Douglas soon afterwards went to his home in Illinois, declaring that he never expected to make another speech on the subject of slavery.

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA QUESTION.

During the Thirty-Second Congress an attempt had been made to organize the region west of Missouri into the Territory of Nebraska. The bill was passed in the House in spite of Southern opposition, and on being sent to the Senate was reported from the committee on Territories through Senator Douglas. Nothing further was done, however, although it was apparent that the South would resist any attempt to organize free Territories.

The Thirty-Third Congress met December 4, 1853. On the 14th a bill was submitted to the Senate by Augustus C. Dodge of Iowa, to organize the Territory of Nebraska. After it had been

referred to the committee on Territories, Mr. Douglas reported it with several amendments, but without a word concerning slavery. The report, however, contained the following:

From these provisions, it is apparent that the compromise measures of 1850 affirm, and rest upon, the following propositions:

FIRST—That all questions pertaining to slavery in the Territories, and the new States to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, by their appropriate representatives, to be chosen by them for that purpose.

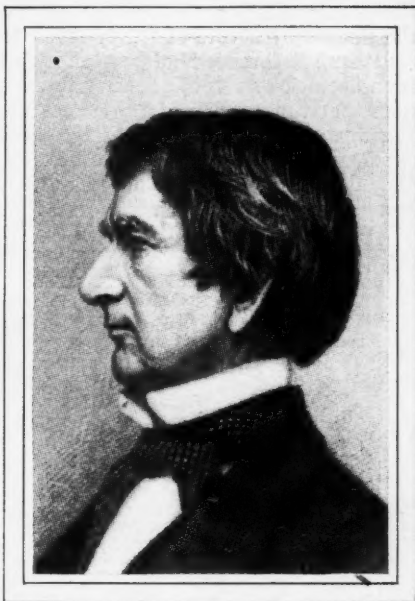
The bill was recommitted, and when reported again, on December 23, it was very much altered. In the mean time Senator Dixon of Kentucky had given notice that, whenever the bill should come up, he would offer the following amendment:

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That so much of the eighth section of an act approved March 6, 1820, entitled "an act to authorize the people of the Missouri Territory to form a constitution and State government, and for the admission of such State into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, and to prohibit slavery in certain Territories," as declares "that, in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been convicted, shall be forever prohibited," shall not be so construed as to apply to the Territory contemplated by this act, or to any other Territory of the United States; that the citizens of the several States or Territories shall be at liberty to take and hold their slaves within any of the Territories or States to be formed therefrom, as if the same act, entitled as aforesaid, and approved as aforesaid, had never been passed.

Mr. Douglas at once saw that his own prestige was threatened, and as he was a most ambitious aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1856, he resolved upon a bold move. His report of the 23d proposed that instead of one Territory, to be called Nebraska, two Territories should be formed, one to be known as Kansas, and the other as Nebraska. His bill contained these provisions:

SEC. 21. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That, in order to avoid all misconception, it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of this act, so far as the question of slavery is concerned, to carry into practical operation the following propositions and principles, established by the compromise measures of one thousand eight hundred and fifty, to wit:

FIRST, That all questions pertaining to slavery



WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK FROM 1849 TO 1861, THE MOST PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY BEFORE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BECAME ITS LEADER.

in the Territories, and in the new States to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, through their appropriate representatives.

SECOND, That "all cases involving title to slaves," and "questions of personal freedom," are referred to the adjudication of the local tribunals, with the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

THIRD, That the provisions of the Constitution and laws of the United States, in respect to fugitives from service, are to be carried into faithful execution in all the organized Territories the same as in the States.

The following most important proposition was added:

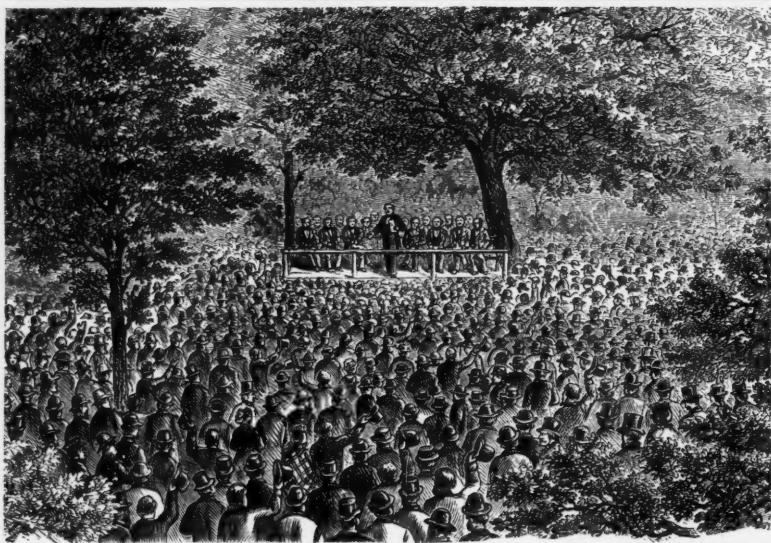
Except the section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 6, 1820, which was superseded by the principles of the legislation of 1850, commonly called the compromise measures, and is declared inoperative.

The bill caused excited debate in the Senate and afterwards in the House. It immediately aroused the whole North to the danger which threatened, if the provisions of the compromise of 1820 were to become inoperative, and if the question of slavery in the new Territories should be left to the will of

the people. On March 3 the bill passed the Senate by a vote of thirty-seven to fourteen. Before its final passage it had been decided by a vote of thirty to thirteen that the portion of the clause declaring that the restriction of 1820 was superseded by the compromise of 1850 should not be stricken out; but Mr. Douglas himself afterwards moved that

freighted with consequences as was this. It invited the representatives of thirty million people to bloody strife on the borders of Missouri and the plains of Kansas; it annihilated the Whig party; it divided the Democratic party of the North; it organized, consolidated, and made invincible the Republican party of the Union, and finally it involved the country in a civil war in which no less than two million American citizens took part, and not less than four hundred thousand gave their lives.

On May 22 the bill passed the House



THE FIRST REPUBLICAN CONVENTION HELD "UNDER THE OAKS" AT JACKSON, MICHIGAN, JULY 6, 1854
—HERE WAS NOMINATED A STATE TICKET WHICH CARRIED MICHIGAN AT
THE ENSUING ELECTION.

From an old print.

the clause be stricken out, and replaced by the following:

Which being inconsistent with the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850 (commonly called the compromise measures), is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic constitutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

This was passed by a vote of thirty-five to ten. Of this paragraph Ex-Secretary Boutwell once wrote:

It is no exaggeration to say that never elsewhere has a sentence of the English language been so

by a vote of one hundred and thirteen to one hundred. On being sent back to the Senate, the House bill passed by a vote of thirty-five to thirteen. On May 30 it was approved by President Pierce and became a law, and within a few hours the battle for the possession of Kansas began. Senator Seward had said:

Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it on behalf of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right!

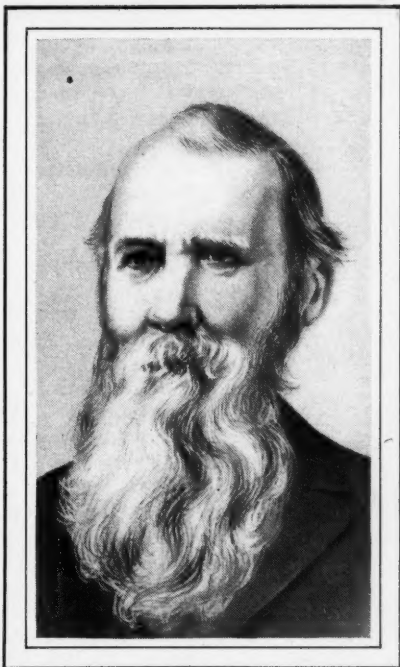
For many months following, Northerners and Southerners were contending on the fields of Kansas, sometimes

in bloody battles, for the possession of that Territory. Before the conflict was concluded the Republican party had become crystallized into an organization able to poll considerably more than a million votes.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW PARTY.

It must be remembered that in 1854 there was no such extended system of communication as exists to-day. The telegraph and the railroads were exceptions rather than the rule. To-day the wires would take the news of any important political movement in a few hours to every community in the land, and every detail would be published in the morning or evening papers. Concerted action would result, delegates would be appointed, and a convention would be held at some central point, where complete organization would follow.

The Republican party, however, was formed in no such way. It was not the political leaders, but the people themselves, who brought about its formation. Neither Lincoln nor Seward nor Chase nor Sumner nor Wilson nor any other of the men prominent in the councils of the old parties, either in or out of Congress, took any part in the movements of 1854. The single exception, perhaps, was Mr. Greeley. During the spring of that year he was in correspondence with many men who were taking part in local assemblages with a view to the formation of a new party. These gatherings were entirely independent of one another, and those who organized them had no knowledge



MAJOR ALVAN E. BOVAY, OF RIPON, WISCONSIN, ONE OF THE MEN WHO ISSUED THE CALL FOR WHAT WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST REPUBLICAN MEETING, FEBRUARY 28, 1854—THE NAME "REPUBLICAN" WAS MAJOR BOVAY'S SUGGESTION.

whatever of what was being done in other States.

The first of these meetings was called at Ripon, Wisconsin, on February 28, 1854. Alvan E. Bovay of that town, who had been a Whig, together with a Democrat named Bowen, and a Free-Soiler named Baker, issued a call for a public meeting to consider the situation. This was before the Kansas-Nebraska Bill had passed the Senate. The three men decided to cast off their former allegiance, and to set on foot a new organization to be called "the Republican party." A second meeting was held on March 20, when the town

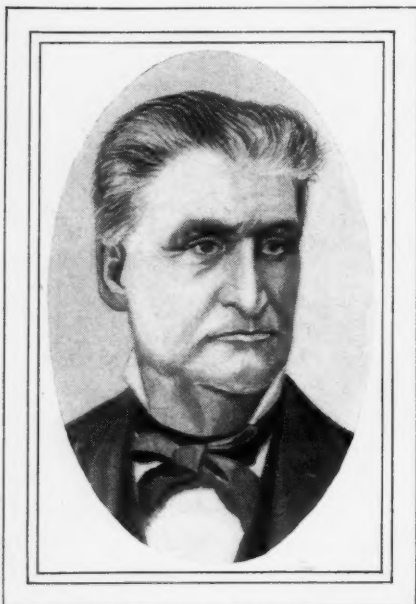
committees of the Whig and Free-Soil parties were dissolved, and a committee of five—three Whigs, one Democrat, and one Free-Soiler—was chosen for the task of forming a new party.

On February 26 Bovay had written to Greeley suggesting the name "Republican" for the new party. On March 7 Greeley replied, writing in a most despondent tone, but asserting that he was "ready to follow any lead that promised hastening the day of Northern emancipation." This was unquestionably the origin of the Republican party in Wisconsin, although the movement did not at once assume importance in the nation, or even in the State.

Greeley approved Major Bovay's suggestion for the name of the new party, and recommended it to others of his correspondents, but his first public utterance in favor of it seems to have been in an editorial published in the *New York Tribune* of June 16, under

the heading of "Party Names and Public Duty."

In Washington, on May 9, Israel Washburn of Maine called together some thirty members of the House of Representatives, and a meeting was held in the rooms of Thomas D. Eliot



A. N. COLE, OF WELLSVILLE, ALLEGANY COUNTY,
FATHER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

and Edward Dickinson of Massachusetts. It was decided that a new party was imperatively needed, and that the word "Republican" was most appropriate for its name. Shortly afterwards, in a public address at Bangor, Maine, Mr. Washburn said:

Every true Republican must take the place, if not the name, of that wise, conservative party, whose name and purpose were the welfare of the whole Union and the stainless honor of the American name.

On February 22, at Jackson, Michigan, a convention had been held by the so-called Free Democrats, and resolutions were passed denouncing the attempt to repeal the Missouri Compromise, as "an infamous outrage on justice, humanity, and good faith." Kinsley S. Bingham was nominated for Governor of the State. There were at

this time numerous public meetings throughout Michigan denouncing the Kansas-Nebraska Act. One of them was held at Detroit on the 18th of February, and was addressed by Zachariah Chandler, most defiant resolutions being adopted. There were also private conferences between Whigs, Free-Soilers, and Anti-Nebraska Democrats.

THE MEETING "UNDER THE OAKS."

The ticket nominated on the 22d of February was afterwards withdrawn, and a call for a mass meeting of all the opponents of slavery extension, to be held at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, was signed by thousands of citizens from every part of the State. The response was a gathering of hundreds of influential citizens from all over Michigan. There was no hall large enough to hold the assemblage, and the meeting was held in the open air, "under the oaks." Mr. Chandler took active part in the convention and afterward became Michigan's first Republican Senator. Joseph Warren and Jacob M. Howard had been prominent in the movement. Mr. Warren had opened a correspondence with Mr. Greeley, from whom a letter was received, only a day or two before the convention, suggesting "Republican" or "Democrat-Republican" as the name of the new party. A platform was adopted which had been prepared by Mr. Howard, and which contained the following strongly-worded planks:

RESOLVED, That, postponing and suspending all differences with regard to political economy or administrative policy, in view of the imminent danger that Kansas and Nebraska will be grasped by slavery, and a thousand miles of slave soil be thus interposed between the free States of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific, we will act cordially and faithfully in unison to avert and repeal this gigantic wrong and shame.

RESOLVED, That in view of the necessity of battling for the first principles of Republican government, and against the schemes of an aristocracy, the most revolting and oppressive with which the earth was ever cursed or man debased, we will co-operate and be known as "Republicans" until the contest be terminated.

A full State ticket was nominated, headed by Bingham. There was a keenly-fought campaign between the Republican and the Democratic parties, the Republicans electing their entire

State ticket, three of the four Representatives, and a Legislature with an overwhelming majority in both branches. We may well concede that this was the formal birth of the Republican party.

THE MOVEMENT IN OTHER STATES.

In Vermont, on June 8, we find the first movement in New England, where at the Whig State convention resolutions were adopted inviting all "free men of Vermont and the people of all the other States who are disposed to resist the encroachments and the extension of slavery to cooperate and send delegates in case a national convention shall be called for that purpose." On the 13th of July—the anniversary of the passage of the ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory—a State convention was held, and among the resolutions adopted was one concluding with these words:

We propose, and respectfully recommend to the friends of freedom in other States, to cooperate and be known as Republicans.

A fusion ticket, however, was afterwards made up and elected, so that the victory of that year cannot exactly be called a Republican one.

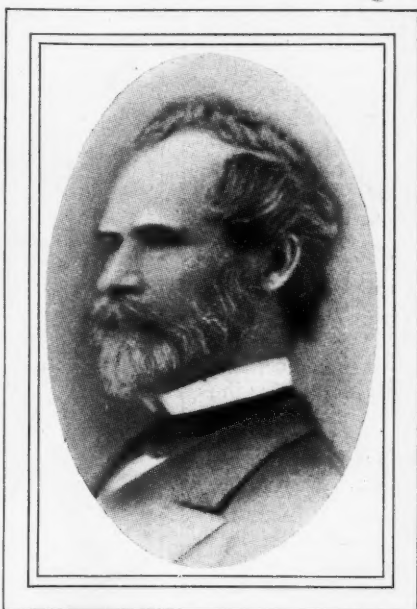
At Strong, Maine, on August 7, a convention was held composed of Free-Soilers, Whigs, and Morrill Democrats. A committee of the convention was appointed and a candidate for Senator was nominated and declared the candidate of the Republican party. In 1884, thirty years afterwards, this day was celebrated at Strong, Maine, as the anniversary of the birth of the Republican party in that State.

An attempt was made to organize the party in Massachusetts, and two conventions were held, at the latter of which Henry Wilson was nominated for Governor; but before the election Mr. Wilson himself indorsed the Know-Nothing candidate, and the movement fell through for the time.

An attempt to combine the Free-Soilers, the Whigs, and the Anti-Nebraska Democrats in New Hampshire was unsuccessful, although a Legislature was elected which sent John P. Hale to the Senate in 1855.

On the 13th of July, 1854, a conven-

tion was held at Columbus, Ohio, of citizens who were opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska law, but the name Republican was not adopted until the following year. On the same day Henry Lane, Henry L. Ellsworth, and Schuyler Colfax addressed a convention in Indiana,



GALUSHA A. GROW, THE VETERAN EX-CONGRESSMAN FROM PENNSYLVANIA, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE EARLY LEADERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

but the Republican organization, as such, was not formed till 1855.

At Madison, Wisconsin, on July 9, 1854, a convention had adopted as one of its resolutions:

RESOLVED, That we accept the issue forced upon us by the slave power, and in defense of freedom will cooperate and be known as Republicans.

THE FIRST MEETINGS IN NEW YORK STATE.

On May 16, 1854, A. N. Cole, of Alleghany County, New York, called a convention to meet at the village of Friendship. A month before Mr. Cole had written to his friend Greeley, and, telling him of the forthcoming convention, asked:

"What name shall we give the new party?"

Mr. Greeley replied:

"Call it Republican—no prefix, no suffix, but plain Republican."

The Friendship meeting was held, and a committee appointed to call a nominating convention. The convention met at Angelica, on October 15, 1854, and county officers were nominated and afterwards elected. Upon Mr. Cole was bestowed the title "Father of the Republican Party," well deserved as applying to the State of New York.

Various conventions were held in New York State during the fall—the Whig, September 20, at Syracuse; the Free Democratic, September 25; the Anti-Nebraska, September 26; and the Prohibition, September 27, the last three at Auburn. Myron H. Clark was nominated for Governor at each of these conventions. Previously there had been a gathering at Saratoga, at which a series of resolutions was adopted advocating the fusion of all Anti-Nebraska elements in the organization of a new party.

There were many other local gatherings and so-called conventions during 1854, which were simply meetings of protest, and which adopted resolutions condemning the Kansas-Nebraska Act. But most of them cannot be called Republican movements, except in so far as they were the means of dissipating allegiance to the old parties, and uniting Northern sentiment in one purpose, ready to coalesce with the new party which was being formed in different parts of the country.

In a sense, of course, the birth of the

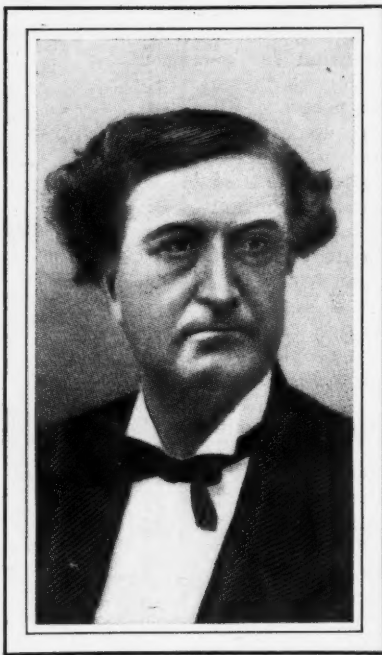
Republican party can be traced to these movements. In fact, many ascribe its origin to the Free-Soil party, which appeared in 1848. But as a formal national organization the Republican party was not ready for concerted work until 1856, when its first national convention

met in Philadelphia. There the ticket of Fremont and Dayton was nominated, and a platform was adopted that set forth the tenets of the new party, confined almost exclusively to the one great issue of the day, namely, the checking of the further extension of slavery. The leaders who had been more or less reluctant to take part in the various movements of 1854 and 1855 were now found arrayed together and ready to lead where hitherto they had been following.

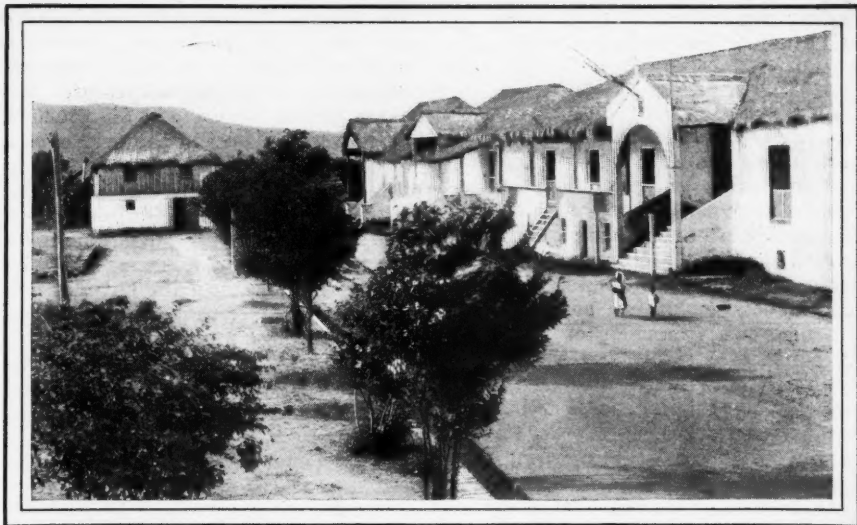
There is no need to fix upon any man as the father of the Republican party, or upon any place and day for its birth. The honor of having taken part in

the historic movement is sufficient to be shared by every claimant.

There is no reason, however, why any State or any community which can substantiate its claim to have held one of the pioneer meetings of 1854 should not celebrate the anniversary during the coming spring and summer. In addition to such local glorifications it would seem as if there might be one general anniversary upon the same day throughout the United States. For this no better day could be chosen than the 6th of July, the anniversary of the convention at Jackson, Michigan.



ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN FROM 1857 TO 1875, AND A LEADER IN THE MOVEMENT WHICH RESULTED IN THE FORMATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND PROVINCIAL OFFICES AT CERVANTES, CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF LEPANTO-BONTOC, IN NORTHERN LUZON.

TEACHING THE FILIPINOS.

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE,

GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF LEPANTO-BONTOC, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE TREMENDOUS TASK THAT THE AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTER AND SCHOOLMISTRESS HAVE UNDERTAKEN IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—THE HARDSHIPS THEY HAVE TO FACE, THEIR DIFFICULTIES AND SUCCESSES, AND THE INFLUENCE THEY EXERT UPON THE DESTINY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE schoolma'am and the schoolmaster have captured the Philippines, and the scratch of the slate-pencil has become mightier than the slash of the sword.

A thousand strong they came, and each one is the captain of a company of a hundred little ones, valiantly fighting to win the battle of education.

The Yankee schoolma'am captured Hawaii a few generations back, leaving the unmistakable impress of her nasal twang throughout the islands, and replacing the native woman's garland of flowers with the more decorous Mother Hubbard gown. All credit to the noble American men and women who worked to elevate the morals of the lotus-eating inhabitants of the mid-Pacific isles!

Their task was a diminutive one, compared with the stupendous work now under way in our eastern islands, where we intend to civilize and educate seven millions of multi-tongued Filipinos; but in some respects the problem they faced was a far more difficult one. They had to struggle with savage and barbaric men, saturated in violent superstitions, slaves to horrible ceremonies, and withal—if accepted history be true—grossly immoral. On the other hand, whatever may be said of the Filipino's lack of high ethical codes, he is docile, home-loving, and affectionate in his domestic relations. Moreover, he has had the benefit of three hundred years' contact with a civilized race, which has left him a heritage in-

cluding much that we must praise as well as much that we may criticize.

THE TASK WE HAVE UNDERTAKEN.

As a young nation of sturdy, vigorous, and confident people, we have full faith in our ability to work an intellectual revolution among our quasi-countrymen in fewer generations than the centuries that poor Spain needed to bring them to their present level. No doubt we shall go a long way toward realizing our ambitions, but there are two unknown quantities of which we must not lose sight, and which will modify the ultimate result. One is the fact that the Filipino race has its educational limitations; the other is the natural prejudice of the brown man against the white.

As to the former, we cannot expect a people who differ from us so radically, in mode of life and mental habit, to develop precisely along the lines of the Anglo-Saxon. The second factor is still indeterminate. How great the antipathy of the Filipino to the American is to-day, neither the most rabid military opponent of civil government nor the most optimistic believer in benevolent assimilation can tell. Every American in the islands knows that he has his individual Filipino enemies and friends. If his attitude toward the natives is intolerant, abusive, patronizing, and contemptuous—an attitude, I regret to say, taken by many Americans here—then he is practically friendless. If, on the other hand, he is courteous, considerate, good-humored, and judicially fair, most of the people in his jurisdiction are his warm admirers and go to him with a charming confidence.

After several years of war, with its train of hardship and necessary military harshness, the race naturally inclines to look upon us with disfavor, and, in some cases, with violent hatred; but I believe it may be safely laid down that, as American officials in general conduct themselves toward the native peoples, just so will they insure future peace or lay the train for revolution.

THE DEPARTMENT'S EARLY TROUBLES.

For a time there was much criticism of the new public school system of the

Philippines. Its detractors characterized it as a flat failure, as a senseless waste of money. Finally the true animus of the critics cropped out with the charge that the solution of the problem had not been placed in the best hands. Two men—the direct executive heads of the department—fell to quarreling like children. The friends of each took sides and made the atmosphere noisome with tales of the mistakes made by the opposite faction, until the outsider was inclined to believe that the whole educational machine was rotten.

As a matter of fact, no such condition existed. Under the leadership of either of the two specially-trained educators, the department would probably have prospered quietly and won the unstinted praise of the public at large. Even amid all the heated bickerings it did excellent work. Its foundation was so well constructed that there has been little to change, except in minor details, since the control has passed into the hands of well-balanced and judicial administrators.

It was not to be expected that a thousand men and women teachers could be gathered together in the States, shipped to the Philippines, and scattered broadcast over the archipelago, without many troubles arising. The wonder is that the system evolved on paper by the commission should have gone into practical operation so readily.

It is a long cry from the work of teaching American pupils, who have been trained from the cradle to talk English and to observe certain familiar conventions, in buildings well equipped with modern conveniences, to the task of educating brown children who know not a single word of the teacher's tongue, whose habits and customs of life are in direct variance to his, and this in buildings which are, with few exceptions, totally lacking in school paraphernalia.

HARDSHIPS OF THE AMERICAN TEACHERS.

The schoolmaster and the schoolma'am, to whom we usually attribute prim and precise ways of living and thinking, had to accept sweeping changes in their mode of life. They

lived in houses with thin board partitions, where real privacy is not known. They slept in beds with cane bottoms, over which only a sheet is thrown. Their rooms were devoid of a thousand little comforts and decorations familiar at home. They ate at tables where

dren, as well as by their solicitous interest in the welfare of the pupils' families. Best of all, in many cases the confidence of the *padre* has been fairly gained, by tact and diplomacy on the part of the teachers, so that the cleric, who is often a tremendous power in his



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT CERVANTES—FORMING THE SCHOLARS IN LINE AT THE CLOSE OF RECESS.

chicken and rice and eggs, month in and month out, proved the principal if not the sole articles of diet. More serious than these discomforts, in certain cases, was the active anti-American influence of the local *padre*, who, in some towns at least, urged his people not to send their children to the school of the heretics.

In spite of all the difficulties which have beset the department and the teachers, these apostles of civilization have risen above them, and have won a success which is only short of the marvelous. School buildings have been coaxed from municipalities. Attendances, in many instances, have been built up by house to house canvassing on the part of the teacher, and in others by their kindly aid to sick chil-

town, has become an active spirit in the advancement of the public school.

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.

To give a clearer idea of some of the hardships that American teachers have had to meet in the Philippines, in their efforts to offer the elevating hand of education to the people, let me describe one of the difficult situations, such as are found, for example, in the Igorrote mountain province of Benguet, in northern Luzon. At Adoay a public school was established for Igorrote boys and girls. Whether a building was provided by the local authorities, the writer does not know. Many teachers have had to plan and superintend the erection of the grass-roofed structures in which they were to work.



A YOUNG ILOCANO WOMAN WHO IS AN ASSISTANT TEACHER IN THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT CERVANTES.

Whoever built it, the Adoay school was a crude, two-roomed, grass-thatched house, the boards of the floor and walls having been hewn directly from the logs with forged-iron axes having a two-inch cutting edge. The resultant planks, as can readily be imagined, were what one might describe as undulating masses of hacks. Overhead there was no ceiling, but instead the inner side of the thatch and its supporting confusion of rough poles.

The teacher selected for the situation was, probably, some young man fresh from an American town, where he had enjoyed all the comforts of a good home, with gas, electric light, bathrooms, laundry, soft beds, and so forth; where stores, restaurants, theaters, and clubs were part of his every-day life. On reaching Adoay, after a journey that was full of hardship and involved some

actual peril, he found that he must live and sleep in the smaller of his two apartments, which measured about eight by ten feet, using the larger one, measuring perhaps twenty by twenty-five feet, as his schoolroom. Igorotes cooked his meals for him over an open fire built on the ground outside, and the regulation diet was dry boiled rice, chicken—killed fifteen minutes before cooking, and fried in a pouring mixture of cocoanut oil and hog fat—and eggs cooked in the greasy dish in which the chicken was prepared.

Now, unless that teacher knew something about cooking for himself, or had taken lessons from a Western ranch cook and lived "next the

ground" for some years, and had learned to recognize the importance of systematically "packing grub" from the nearest "store town," his dietary existence alone would be a severe test.

THE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS.

The Igorotes among whom he lived wore two pieces of clothing—the bare-legged men a band about their middle and a cotton coat; the women, a loose open bodice and a single piece of cloth, two feet wide, used as a short skirt by being wound around the body below the waist. The laundry industry has never been developed on account of the paucity of apparel, so our teacher, at the best, must be content to have his clothes washed in cold water, beaten between rocks, and rough dried, as an iron is an unknown quantity. Such comforts as clean bed-linen are out of

the question, and he contents himself with sleeping between gray army blankets.

When he gathers his pupils together, he finds that he has a collection of forty or fifty boys, ranging from four years to twelve or thirteen, the smallest entirely nude and the largest wearing nothing but a single bandage. They are always dirty; with hair clotted in manes, and skin made grimy by the accumulated dust of many days, for it is not customary to bathe, unless, as boys will, they happen to go swimming in the creek. Many of them, moreover, have sore eyes or filthy skin diseases. After all is said against them, however, it is to be said that they are a jolly lot of little beggars, and absorb their A B C as a sponge does water.

The schoolhouse furniture is constructed by the natives. The benches are of the rudest make, and backless. The teacher has an old Spanish church chair, which is shabby but very comfortable; his desk is a wonderful home-made contrivance, while the desks or tables of the scholars keep it good company. To make blackboards, the teacher has had to paint the rough wooden walls of the room with a surfacing furnished him by the department; but the three-inch upright battens which cover the cracks between the wide boards, and the fact that the teacher is not likely to be a natural born painter, militate against very successful results.

No one would be surprised if a teacher, trying to do educational work under such conditions—unless he be a Spartan, or one to whom the work appeals from a missionary standpoint—should become mightily discouraged in his lonely existence. Months may pass without the sight of another person who can talk English. The words "My country, 'tis of thee," which the writer found chalked on the blackened wall in the writing of one of these exiles, seemed to breathe a world of pent-up longing.

An extreme case has been given above, so that the reader may see the seamy side of the life of an American teacher in the Philippines. It must not be understood that such positions are

common; on the contrary, the service has, in most cases, much to attract wide-awake and ambitious young men.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

In the large coast towns, the teachers usually live very comfortably. It is also possible to go back into the mountain country and find schools in which it is a delight to work. Baguio, for instance, the capital of Benguet, is a really attractive place. Not only is its climate, at a height of five thousand feet above the sea, a joy forever, but one is also surrounded by many Americans, who are slowly converting what was once only an Igorrote village into a mountain resort and the future summer home of the commission.

Cervantes, the capital of Lepanto-Bontoc, is another pleasantly situated town where there is an American colony. The Cervantes boys' and girls' school, held in one of the large grass-roofed provincial buildings of the Spanish era, is attended almost entirely by Ilocanoes. While the inhabitants of the province are overwhelmingly Igorrote, the municipality of Cervantes has a population of twenty-five hundred souls about equally divided between Igorrotes and Ilocanoes. The two tribes do not like to attend school together, as there exists not only a race prejudice, but a caste distinction, created during Spanish times by putting the Ilocanoes, who stand comparatively high in civilization, into administrative positions. However, in the boys' school, which at present has about a hundred and fifteen pupils, some thirty boys are Igorrotes, and in the girls' school a dozen or more of the ninety odd pupils are Igorrote mixed bloods.

THE FILIPINO A QUICK LEARNER.

What can be done with raw native children has been particularly well exemplified in Cervantes, owing to the fact that most of the boys and girls have never been in a school before. This is not usually true in the coast towns, except of the smallest scholars, as they have generally been to a *padre's* or a private school, and have at least gained an idea of the meaning of study.

The new scholar, whatever his age—

and often he is nearly full-grown—seems, at first, to fail to couple the contents of charts and books with the idea of learning. For a few days he goes through the school sessions with the vacuity of an untaught deaf mute. Then, suddenly, a realizing sense of what it is all about seems to grasp him, illumining his face with a dawning intelligence which is really beautiful.

I believe it may be safely said that the children of our far eastern dependency, when once started, absorb knowledge at a rate wholly unknown among American children. It is simply marvelous how rapidly tiny tots perfect themselves in spelling, reading, and writing. In the Cervantes school, during the last session, a girl of seven spelled and wrote in her dictation-book more than a thousand words, and of the whole number she misspelled but a dozen.

Writing is an art in which the entire race excel, and the result, from the smallest children to the largest, after six months' training, is almost copperplate. The ease with which they draw is also a natural characteristic.

In reading English the older scholars, who have had some training in Spanish, do not do so very well, as they persist in giving the Spanish accent to the vowels. The little ones, who do not know Spanish, get along excellently, with the exception that all *th* sounds take on the *d* of the New York Bowery, and *r* is invariably *b*.

One of the strong points of the Filipino—and curiously enough, in view of his artistic temperament, which so readily responds to music, poetry, and graphic art—is his ability in mathematics, or, to be strictly accurate, the children's ability in simple mathematics. The native children learn arithmetic in bounds and strides, and mental arithmetic, the *bête noire* of the average American boy, is play to them. It is not by rote that they learn, either, for the rules are intelligently applied when they get into tangles.

THE GENERAL EAGERNESS FOR EDUCATION.

The Cervantes girls' school has for its youngest scholar a mite of three, and for its oldest a married woman of thirty. There is an entire class of

grown-ups, including at least twenty girls who are fifteen or more; and in this tropical land fifteen usually means a full-grown married woman. These women, several of them with families, study hard at school, work still harder at home between times, and sometimes add to their household duties the labor of teaching English to a husband or a sister who cannot attend school. It gives one a great confidence in the race to witness the stability of the Filipino women, and the set purpose which actuates them in learning the new language, in order that they may become useful as assistant teachers and get into closer touch with the American officials.

It is not to be imagined that the boys and men are not also studious. In my own office I have clerks who are busily employed for eight hours a day on official work, translating, typewriting, making out accounts, recording, and filing. At five o'clock these same men go to school for an hour, and again in the evening they spend an hour and a half there, struggling to secure the necessary education to pass civil service examinations for higher grades. At my residence, the cook and three houseboys go to night-school, and sit up half the night poring over their English lessons, though their daily duties necessitate their rising at dawn, and they are kept working hard nearly all day.

One boy, who had a fair Spanish education, gained at a convent, came to us a year ago not knowing a single word of English; to-day he acts as an interpreter, and really is quite proficient in the use of the language. The goal he is working for is the examination which will permit him to gain one of the scholarships which the commission has provided, and which take Filipino boys to colleges in the United States for four years and pay their expenses there.

THE TEACHER'S POWER FOR GOOD OR ILL.

The love and devotion with which the scholars, and their mothers, regard the kindly and gentle American officials must be seen to be appreciated. This one characteristic draws you closer to the race. These shy little people are capable of an appreciative gratitude

that is in itself a worthy reward to the teacher who can win their confidence. The little ones gather at the house of the *maestra*, between sessions, and patiently wait until it is time for school to open. On her appearance, they chirrup with the gladness of magpies, and straightway escort their honored in-

reach. One sharp rebuke to the house-boy who admires you will send him into a corner to cry, or, if he be naturally sullen, you are creating another *insurrecto*. One harsh word to a scholar seems to freeze the very center of thought, so that he cannot remember or articulate intelligently.



IN THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT CERVANTES—MOST OF THE PUPILS ARE ILOCANO CHILDREN.

structress to the seat of learning, deferentially following a little in the rear as she walks thither.

The teacher who is cross or harsh, or shows a feeling of antipathy to the brown race, promptly produces a reversal of these pleasant conditions. The terrified children draw within themselves, and gaze at him with averted and fearful eyes. Indeed, his presence casts a gloom over the people of the whole town, who have been looking forward to the eventful day when education was to come within their

School-teaching in the Philippines, entered upon in the right spirit, is a noble service. Well may any American be proud of an opportunity to take part in this uplifting of a race; but to do it successfully he must love his work every minute of the time. He must enjoy the hardships of the life; he must feel no antipathy to an alien people; and, more important than all else, he must not undertake his task in the spirit of patronage—an insult which these sensitive people resent to the very core of their being.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to Stanley Weyman's new novel, "*The Abbess of Vlaye*," which begins on the next page. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "*Double Harness*," which began in the December number, and is continued on page 882 of the present issue, is another remarkable story. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

Mr. Weyman's new novel is the best romance we have read in the past half dozen years.

Readers of this magazine who have seen our announcements of a good many previous serials may possibly think that we commend each new story as a matter of course, simply because we are about to publish it. They should remember that the four or five novels that we give each year are selected from several hundreds that are offered us by authors and literary agents; and consequently the fact of their being chosen for MUNSEY'S is in itself a genuine distinction.

We have no need to select stories that we cannot sincerely commend to our readers, and our announcements are never mere stereotyped advertisements. We mean exactly what we say when we record our opinion that "The Abbess of Vlaye" is the best thing that its author has done.

In this new story Mr. Weyman returns to his favorite field, the times of Henri Quatre, and finds a hitherto unknown hero among the remarkable group of strong men that France produced in that stirring period of her history.

I.

IN the summer of the year 1595 the most patient and the most astute of Kings lay at Lyons, and was ill content with the world. Paris was his; he had bought it eighteen months before with that mass of which the world has heard so much. And not Paris only. Orleans and Bourges, and this good city of Lyons, and Rouen and Rheims—but too late for his crowning; he had made Chartres serve for that—all were his now, and in their Nôtre Dame, St. Jean, or St. Etienne had sung their "Te Deum," and more or less heartily cried "God save the king!"

At last, then! At last, after six years of fighting, of wild horse-forays, that had blazed in flame across the northern cornlands, after a thousand sleepless nights and as many days of buying and bartering—at last, he was King of France and of Navarre, lord of all this pleasant realm.

Or, not lord; only over-lord, as six times a day they made him know.

Nor even that, of all. For in Brittany the Duke of Mercœur still went his own way; in Provence, far to the south, Mar-

seilles still held for the League; north-eastwards Spain clung to the frontier. This very morning, bad news had come to court. Cambray was gone over to Spain—curse on the sot Balagny, who should have bridled it! At Dourlens the French had suffered defeat, and Calais was pressed. In a word, if his majesty did not ride post to Picardy, the north might be in a flame again, the lower Seine occupied, Paris itself threatened!

And yet it was none of these things that filled the king with discontent. The matter of Brittany might wait; and Marseilles stood for little, if it stood alone. For Cambray, it was a loss, and rubbed him; but he would retake it, and, after all, better meet Spain in the open, and by fair warfare win a fair peace, than be forever countering her blows in the dark. Then for Dourlens, where the gallant Villars had fallen and a thousand about him, it was Bouillon's defeat. And Bouillon, sovereign lord of Sedan, and head of the Huguenots—since that same purchase of Paris—his majesty held in little love and some fear. Bouillon defeated, the king to the rescue, was a good cry, and one that might disarm the Protestant duke

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for many a day. So even Dourlens was not all loss.

In fine, it was at none of these things that the king swore in his beard as he sulked at the end of the long council-table the morning before he took horse for Picardy.

He was discovering that having bought, he must pay; that so great was the mortgage he had put on his kingdom, the profits belonged to others. Over-lord he was, lord, no; except perhaps in Lyons, where he lay, and where for that reason M. de Guित्रy, governor of the Lyonnais, Forez, and Beaujolais, had to mind his manners. But in smiling Provence to south of him? Not a whit. The Duke of Epemon ruled there, and would rule until the young Duke of Guise, to whom his majesty had given his commission, put him out; and then Guise would rule. In Dauphiny, the same. There M. de Lesdiguières ruled; a worthy man and a gallant soldier, but stiff in his Huguenot opinions, and with a weakness for having his way.

In Languedoc, the great middle province of the south, Montmorency, son to the old constable, and now constable himself, was king *de facto*: in Guienne old Marshal Matignon. Farther west lay impregnable Rochelle with its prickly charter. In Angoumois, too, in Saint-onge, in Aunis—here Epemon again; and so firmly fixed that he deigned only to rule by quarterly letters from his capital seat of Aix in Provence. True, in Poitou was an obedient governor, but the house of Tremouille, from their red castle of Thonars, outweighed his governorship. And in the rocky Limousin, his fellow could keep neither the king's peace nor his own.

So it was everywhere, through the wide provinces of France; and the king knew it, and sulkily fingered the papers that told of it. Not that he had need of the papers. He knew, before he cast eye on them, in what a welter of lawlessness and disorder, of private war and public poverty, thirty years of civil war had left his kingdom. One province was in arms, torn asunder by a feud between two great houses. Another labored in the throes of a peasant rising, its hills alight night after night with the flames of burning farmsteads. A third was helpless in the grip of a gang of brigands, counted by hundreds, who held the roads and made trade impossible. A fourth was beset by disbanded soldiers.

Everywhere, monks who had left their abbeyes, and nuns who had left their con-

vents, swarmed on the roads; with sturdy beggars, homeless peasants, broken gentry. Everywhere, beyond the walls of the great cities, the law was paralyzed, the great committed outrages, the poor suffered wrong, the excesses of war endured, and, in this time of fancied peace, took grimmer form.

He whom God had set over France knew these things, and sat helpless, brooding over the papers; hampered on the one side by lack of money, on the other by the grants of power with which in evil days he had bought a nominal allegiance. He began to see—as on this hand and that he strove to thrust from him the dull weight of feather-bed opposition—that he had won but the first bout of a match which must last him his life. Nor would it have consoled him much had he known that in the college of Navarre that day was a little lad, just ten years old, whose frail, white hand would one day be strong enough to right these things with a vengeance.

His people cried to him, and he longed to help them and could not. From a thousand market-places their cry came up to him: "Give us peace, give us law!" and he could not. No wonder that he brooded darkly over the papers, while the clerks looked askance at him, and the great lords who had won what he had lost whispered or played tric-trac at the board—Guित्रy with young Guise, who had come over from the League a few weeks before; old white-haired Marshal Matignon with the sturdy constable; Joyeuse, capuchin and soldier by turn, with the gentleman whom Epemon, too great or too wise a man to attend in person, had sent to represent him.

Lower at the table and more gravely behaved, sat the governors of lesser provinces; and behind these, about the doors and at such a distance that they could hear little of what passed, were a group of deputies of Languedoc mingled with soldiers and ecclesiastics and court foplings.

"You have heard, sire," M. de Joyeuse presently began, twiddling a pen between his delicate fingers, "what they call these peasants who are ravaging M. de Malicorne's flock?"

"My flock?" cried M. de Malicorne, governor of Poitou, from his place lower down the table, before the king could answer. "They are none of mine. It is in the Limousin they are at work. I wash my hands of them!"

"They are as bad on your side as on mine!" retorted Chamberet, who sat op-

posite him. Governor of the poor, rugged province of the Limousin, he was thwarted at every turn by lords as powerful as himself.

"They started with you!" Malicorne rejoined. "Who kindles a fire should put it out."

The king raised his hand for silence.

"No matter who is responsible, the fact remains!" he said.

"But you have not heard the jest, sire," Joyeuse struck in. His thin, handsome face, pale with excess, belied eyes thoughtful and dreamy, eyes that saw visions. He had been king's favorite, he had spent years in a convent, he had come forth again; now he was head of the great Joyeuse house, lord of a third of Languedoc. By turns "Father Angel" and duke, there were those who predicted that he would some day return to the cloister and die in his hood. "They call them the Tards-Avisés," he continued, "because they were foolish enough to rise when the war was over."

"God pity them," the king said.

"*Morbleu!* Your majesty is pitiful of a sudden!" The speaker was the constable, son to the stern old bench-breaker who fell at St. Denis. He was a stout, gruff, choleric man, born, as the Montmorencys were, a generation too late.

"I pity them!" the king answered a trifle sharply. "But you"—he spoke to the table—"neither pity them nor put them down!"

"You are speaking, sire," one asked, "of the Crocans?" It was so, from the name of a village in their midst, they called the revolted peasants of the Limousin.

"Yes."

"They are not in my government," the speaker replied.

"Nor in mine!"

"Nor mine!"

And so said all, except Chamberet, governor of the Limousin, and Malicorne, governor of Poitou, who sat sulkily silent.

Marshal Matignon nodded approval.

"Let every man shoe his own ass," he said, pursing up his lips. He was a white-haired, red-faced, apoplectic man of sixty, who thought that in persuading the Estates of Bordeaux to acknowledge Henry, he had earned the right to go his own way. "Otherwise we shall jostle one another," he continued, "and be at blows before we know it, sire! They are in the Limousin; let the governor put them down. It is his business and no other's."

"Except mine," the king replied with a

frown of displeasure. "And if he cannot? What then?"

"Let him make way, sire, for one who can," the constable answered readily. "Your majesty will not have far to look for him," he continued in a jesting tone. "My nephew, for instance, would like a government."

"A truce to jesting," the king said. "These disorders began, it is true, in M. Chamberet's government in the Limousin, but they have spread into Poitou"—he looked at Malicorne—"and into the Angoumois"—he looked at Epernon's agent. "Gentlemen," he went on, sitting back in his great chair, "can you not come to some agreement? Can you not mass what force you have and deal with them shortly but mercifully? The longer the fire burns, the more trouble will it be to extinguish it, and the greater the suffering."

"Why not let it burn out, sire?" Epernon's agent muttered, with thinly-veiled impudence. "It will then burn the more rubbish, with your majesty's leave!"

But, the words said, he quailed. For under his aquiline nose the king's mustaches curled with rage. There were some with whom he must bear, lords who had brought him Toulon and Bordeaux, rich cities, wide provinces; and others, like Lesdiguières the brave, whose deeds won them license. But this man?

"There spoke the hireling!" he cried; and the stroke went home, for the man was the only one at the table who had no government of his own. "I will spare your attendance, sir," the king continued, with a scornful gesture. "M. de Guise will answer such questions as arise on your master's late government of Provence. And for the Angoumois—"

"I represent him there also," the man muttered sulkily.

"Then you can represent his absence, since he is never there!" Henry retorted with quick wit. "I need you not. Go, sir, and see that within three hours you are without the walls of Lyons!"

The man rose, divided between fear of the king and fear of the master to whom he must return, and who would set the quarrel to him. He paused an instant, then went out slowly, the deputies making way for him.

"Now, gentlemen," Henry continued, with hard looks, "understand. You may shoe each his own ass, but you must shoe mine also. There must be an end put to this peasant rising. Who will undertake it?"

"The man who should undertake it," Matignon answered, "for the ass is of his providing, is the gentleman who has gone out."

"He is naught!"

"He is for much in this," Matignon returned stubbornly.

"How? Speak, man! Sometimes," the king continued irritably, "I think the men are shod and the asses come to my council-table!"

This was a stroke of wit on a level with the constable's discernment; he laughed loudly.

"Nevertheless," he said, "Matignon is right, sire. That man's master is for a good deal in this. If he had kept order on the Angoumois frontier, his neighbor's house would not be on fire."

"Vlaye!" said a voice at the lower end of the table.

The constable leaned forward, to see who had spoken.

"Aye, you've hit it, my lad, whoever you are. Vlaye it is!" And he looked at Matignon, who nodded his adhesion.

Henry frowned.

"I am coming to that," he said.

"It is all one, sire," Matignon replied, his eyes half shut. He wheezed a little in his speech.

"How?"

It was the constable that answered. He leaned forward and prodded the table with a short, stout finger—not over-clean, according to the ideas of a later time.

"Angoumois is there," he said. "See, your majesty. And Poitou is here"—with a second prod an inch from the first. "And the Limousin is here, and Périgord is there. And see, your majesty, where their skirts all meet in this corner—or as good as meet—is Vlaye. Name of God, a strong place, that!" He turned for assent to old Matignon, who nodded silently.

"And you mean to say that Vlaye——"

"Has been too heavy-handed, your majesty. That is it! Not, mind you, on my side nor his"—he indicated Matignon with his head. "He knows better; but where he found it weakest—the Limousin side. And the clowns, beginning to find the thing beyond a joke, what with him and what with some lesser gentry of the same kidney, hanged three poor devils of toll gatherers, and the thing began. And what is on everybody's frontier is nobody's business."

"Except mine," the king muttered dryly. "And Vlaye is Epéron's man?"

"That is it, sire," the constable answered. "Epéron put the fellow in the

castle six years back, for standing by him when the Angoulême people rose. The man is no Vlaye, you understand. M. de Vlaye was in that business, and died of his wounds. He had no near heirs, and the man Epéron put in took the lordship as well as the castle, the name, and all belonging to it. They call him the Captain of Vlaye in those parts."

The king looked astonished.

"Oh, I could give you twenty cases," the constable continued, shrugging his shoulders. "What do you expect, sire, in such times as these?"

"*Ventre St. Gris!*" Henry swore. "And not content with what he has got, he robs the poor?"

"And the rich too," Joyeuse murmured with a grin, "when he gets them into his net!"

Henry looked sternly from one to another.

"But what do you while this goes on?" he said. "For shame! You, constable? You, Matignon? And you, governor of the Limousin? You of Poitou?" He turned from one to another.

Matignon laughed wheezily. "Make me governor of the Angoumois in Epéron's place, sire," he said, "and I will account for him. But double work and single pay? No, no!"

The constable laughed as at a great joke. "I say the same, sire," he said. "While Epéron has the Angoumois it is his affair."

The king looked stormily at the governor of Poitou; but Poitou shook his head.

"It is not in my government," he said moodily. "I cannot afford, sire, to get a hornet's nest about my ears for nothing."

Chamberet fidgeted. "I say the same, sire," he muttered. "He has three hundred spears. It would need an army to reduce him. And I have neither men nor money for the task."

"There you have, sire," Joyeuse struck in, "three hundred and one good reasons why Chamberet leaves the man alone. For the matter of that"—he tried to spin his pen like a top—"there is a government quite as deeply concerned in this as any that has been named."

"Which?" Henry asked curtly. He was losing patience. That which was so much to him was nothing to these.

"Périgord," Joyeuse answered with a bow.

And at that several laughed softly—but not the king. He was himself, in right of his kingdom of Navarre, governor of Périgord.

Here at last, however, was one on whom

he could vent his displeasure; and he would vent it! By the Lord he would!

"Stand up, Des Ageaux!" he cried harshly; and he scowled as his lieutenant in Périgord, a man of plain, stiff aspect, somewhat like him in feature, but ten years younger, rose from his seat near the foot of the table. "What have you to say, man?" Henry cried. "For yourself and for me! Speak, sir!"

But before the lieutenant-governor could answer, the king broke out anew with reproaches, giving his passion rein; while the great governors listened and licked their lips, or winked at one another, when the king hit them a sly blow. Presently, when Des Ageaux would have defended himself, alleging that he was no deeper in fault than others whose government adjoined:

"*Ventre St. Gris!* No words, sir!" Henry retorted. "I find kings enough here, I want not you in the number! I made not you that I might have your nobility cast in my teeth! You are neither Montmorency nor Matignon, nor even"—with a slight accent on the word—"Joyeuse or Epernon! Man, I made you; and not for show—I have enough for that—but to be of use and service, for common needs, and not for parade, like my lord of Chamberet, who deigns to represent me in the Limousin, or M. de Malicorne, who is so good as to sign papers for me in Poitou! Man alive, it might be thought you were peer and marshal, from your way of idling here, while robbers ride your marches, and my peasants are driven to revolt. Go to, do you think you are one of these?" He indicated by a gesture the lords who sat nearest him. "Do you think that because I made you, I cannot unmake you?"

The man on whom the storm had fallen bore it not ignobly. It has been said that he featured Henry himself, being prominent of nose, with a grave face, a close-cropped brown beard, and a forehead high and severe. Only in his eyes shone, and that rarely, a gleam of humor. Now the sweat stood on his brow, as he listened—they were cruel blows. Nevertheless, when the king paused, and he got time to answer, his voice was steady.

"I claim, sire," he said, "no immunity. Neither that nor aught but the right of a soldier who and whose have fought for France."

"And gallantly!" struck in one who had not yet spoken—Lesdiguières, the famous governor of Dauphiny. He turned to the king. "I vouch for it,

sire," he said generously. "And M. de Joyeuse, who has the better right, will vouch for it, too."

But Joyeuse, who was sulkily prodding the table with his spoiled pen, neither lifted his eyes nor gave heed. He was bitterly offended, first, by the junction of his name with that of Epernon—who, great and powerful as he was, had had a notary for his father; secondly, by its disjunction from those of Montmorency and Matignon. He was silent.

Des Ageaux, who had looked at him, as hoping something, lifted his eyes. "Your majesty will do me the justice to remember," he said, "that I had your order to have a special care of Périgueux: and to mass what force I could spare thence towards Agen, that a second disaster might not happen there. Few men as I have—"

"You build them up within walls!" Henry retorted with fierce contempt.

"But if I lost Périgueux—"

The king snarled.

"Or aught happened at Agen, sire?"

"You would lose your head!" Henry returned. He was thoroughly out of temper. "By the Lord," he continued, "have I no man in my service? Must I take this fellow of Vlaye into hire because I have no honest man with the courage of a mouse? You call yourself lieutenant of Périgord, and this happens in your borders? I have a mind to break you, sir!"

Henry seldom let his anger have vent; and the man who stood before him knew his danger. From a poor gentleman of Brittany, with something of pedigree but little of estate, the lieutenant of Périgord had risen to this post, which great lords would fain have held, and which eight out of ten at that table grudged him. He saw it slipping, nay, falling from him—falling! A moment might decide his fate.

In the pinch his eyes sought Joyeuse, and the appeal in them was not to be mistaken. But the elegant sulked, brooding on the table, and would not see. It was clear that, for him, Des Ageaux might sink. For himself, the lieutenant doubted if words would help him, and they might aggravate the king's temper. He was silent.

It was Lesdiguières who came to the rescue. "Your majesty is a little hard on M. des Ageaux," he said; and the king's lieutenant in Périgord knew why men loved the king's governor in Dauphiny.

"In his place," Henry answered wrath-

fully, "I would pull down Vlaye if I did it with my teeth! It is easy for you, my friend, to talk," he continued, addressing the Huguenot leader. "They are not your peasants whom this rogue of a Vlaye presses, nor your hamlets he burns. I have it all here—here," he repeated, his eyes kindling again as he slapped with his open hand one of the papers before him, "and the things he has done make my blood boil! I swear, if I were not a king, I would turn Crocan myself! But these things are little thought of in the Angoumois, it seems. M. d'Epernon supports this man, and"—with a sudden glance at Matignon—"the governor of Guienne makes use of his horses when he travels to see the king."

Matignon laughed a little foolishly.

"Well, sire, the horses have done no harm. Nor he, in my government. He knows better. And things are upside down thereabouts."

"It is for us to right them!" Henry retorted. And then to Des Ageaux, but with less temper: "Now, sir, I lay my order on you! I give you six weeks to rid me of this man. Fail, and I will put in your place a man who will do it. You understand, lieutenant? Then do not fail. By the Lord, I know not where I shall be bearded next!"

He turned then, but still muttering angrily, to other business. Matignon and the constable were not concerned in this, and as soon as the king's shoulder was toward them, they winked at one another.

"Your nephew will not have long to wait," Matignon whispered, "if a lieutenancy will suit him."

"'Twould be a fair start," the constable answered. "But a watched pot—you know the saying."

"This pot will boil at the end of six weeks," Matignon rejoined with a fat chuckle. "Chut, man, with his wage a year in arrear, and naught behind his wage, where is he to find another fifty men, let alone three or four hundred? He will need five hundred for this, and he dare not move a man from his south border, scarce dare leave it himself!"

"He might squeeze his country?" the constable objected.

"Pooh! He is a fool of the new school! He will go back to his cabbages before he will do that! I tell you he has got Périgord, the main part of it, into order! Aye, into order! And if he don't go, we shall have to mend our manners, and get our governments into order, too!"

"By the Lord, there is no finger wags in my country unless I will it!" the constable rejoined with some tartness. "Since he"—he indicated Joyeuse—"came over to us, at any rate! Don't think it! But there it is; if there were no whiffle-snaffles here and there, and no blood-letting, it would not suit us very well, would it? You don't want to go to cabbage-planting, marshal, more than I do!"

The governor of Guienne smiled.

* * * *

Late that night, the Duke of Joyeuse, leaving his people at the end of the street, went by himself to the house in which Des Ageaux lodged in Lyons. A woman answered his summons, and, not knowing the duke—for he was cloaked to the nose—fetched the Bat, an old, lean, lank-visaged captain who played squire of the body to Des Ageaux.

The Bat knew the duke in spite of his cloak—perhaps he had him in his mind; and he bowed his long, stiff back before him, and would have fetched lights; yet with a glum face. But the duke answered him shortly that he wanted no more than a word with his master, and would say it there.

"You are too late, my lord," the Bat rejoined; and Joyeuse saw that with all his politeness he was as gloomy as his name. "M. des Ageaux left Lyons this afternoon."

"With what attendance?" the duke asked in great surprise.

"Alone, my lord duke."

"Does he return to-morrow?"

"I know not."

"But you know something!" the young noble retorted, with more of vexation than the circumstances seemed to justify.

"My lord, nothing," the Bat answered, "save that we are ordered to follow him to-morrow by way of Clermont."

"T Périgueux?"

"Even so, my lord."

Joyeuse struck his booted foot against the pavement; and the somber Bat, whose ears—some said he got his name from them—were almost as long as his legs, caught the genial chink of gold crowns. It was such music as he seldom heard, for he had a vision of a heavy bag of them; and his eyes glistened.

But the chink was all he had of them. Joyeuse turned away, and with a stifled sigh and a shrug went back to the playtable at the archbishop's palace. Sinning and repenting were the two occupations in which he had spent half of his

short life; and if there was a thing which he did with greater ardor than the first, it was the second.

II.

THE horse looked piteously at the man. Blood oozed from its lacerated knees, and its legs quivered under it. The man, holding his scratched and abraded hand to his mouth, returned the beast's look, at first with promise of speedy punishment, but by and by less unkindly. He was a just man, and he saw that the fault was his own. After crossing the ridge of the chalk hills, he had urged the horse out of the path, that he might be spared some part of the weary descent. Out of the path, and cunningly hidden by a tuft of rough grass, a rabbit-hole had received him.

He contented himself with a word of disgust, therefore, chucked the rein impatiently—since even justice has its limits—and began to lead the horse down the descent, which a short sward rendered slippery. But he had not gone many paces before he halted. The horse's painful limp, and the sweat that broke out on its shoulders, indicated that the injured knees were not the worst of the damage. The man let the rein go, resigned himself to the position, and, shrugging his shoulders, scanned the scene before him.

The accident had happened on the south side of the long swell of chalk hills which the traveler had been mounting for the last hour; and scarcely a stone's throw below the ruined windmill that had been his landmark for leagues. To right and left of him under a pale blue sky, the breezy, open down, carpeted with wild thyme and vetches, and alive with the hum of bees, stretched in long undulations, marred by no sign of man save a second and a third windmill ranged in line on the highest breasts.

Below him the slope of sward and fern, broken here by a solitary blackthorn, there by a clump of whin and briars, swept gently down to a shallow, wide valley, almost a plain, green and thickly wooded, beyond which the landscape rose slowly and imperceptibly into uplands again. Through this wide valley flowed a silvery river, its meandering course marked by the lighter foliage of willows and poplars; and immediately below the spot where the traveler stood a cluster of roofless hovels on the bank seemed to mark a ford.

On all the hill about him, on the slopes

of thyme and heather and yellow gorse, the low sun was shining—from his right, and from a little behind him, so that his shadow stretched far across the sward. But in the valley below, about the river and the ford, evening was already beginning to fall, gray, peaceful, silent.

For a time his eyes roved hither and thither, seeking a halting-place that offered more promise than the ruined cots. At last they found what they sought. He marked, rising from a mass of trees a little beyond the ford, a thin curl of smoke, so light, so gray, as to be undiscoverable by any but the sharpest eyes; but his were of the sharpest. The outline of the woods at the same point indicated a clearing within a wide loop of the river; and putting the one with the other, Des Ageaux—for he it was—came to a fair certainty that a house of some magnitude lay hidden there.

At the best he saw no better chance of shelter; it was that or the ruined hovels and the roadside. Taking the rein once more, he led the horse slowly down the hill, and in the first dusk of the evening crossed the pale, clear water on stepping-stones. He suffered the horse to stand awhile in the stream, and drink and cool its legs amid the dark, waving masses of weeds. Then he urged it up the bank, and led it onward along the track, which was fast growing dim and gray.

The horse moved painfully, knuckling over at every step, yet night had not quite fallen when the traveler, plodding along beside it, saw two stone pillars standing gaunt and phantom-like on the left of the path. Each bore aloft a carved escutcheon, and in that weird half light, and with a backing of dark forest trees, the two might well have been taken for ghosts. Their purpose, however, was plain, for they flanked the opening of a rough road, at the end of which, at a distance of some two hundred paces from the pillars, appeared an open gateway framed in a dim wall. No more than that, for above was the pale sky, and on either hand the black line of trees hedged the picture.

The traveler peered awhile at the escutcheons, but gathering darkness and the lichens which covered the stone foiled him, and he was little the wiser when he turned down the avenue. When he had traversed half of its length the trees fell back on either hand and permitted him to see the sullen length of a courtyard wall. Rising within this, a little to his right, was a dark mass of

building compact in the main of two round towers, of the date of Philip Augustus, with some additions of more modern times. The effect of the pile viewed in that half light was gloomy, if not forbidding; but the open gateway, the sled-marks that led to it, and the wisps of hay that strewed the road, no less than the broken yoke that hung in the old elm beside the entrance—all these things, which the lieutenant's eyes were quick to discern, combined to offer a more homely and more simple welcome.

A silent welcome, nevertheless, borne on the scent of newly-mown, half-gathered hay; a scent which Des Ageaux was destined to remember and to associate ever after with this beginning of an episode.

Slowly he passed under the gateway, leading the halting horse. Fallen hay, swept from the cart by the brow of the gateway, deadened his footfalls; and before he was discovered by any, he was able to appreciate the enclosure, half courtyard, half fold yard, sloping slightly from the house, and shut in on the other three sides by a twelve-foot, tile-roofed wall. At the lower end, on his left, were stalls and sheds and stables and a vague, mysterious huddle of plows and gear and feeding-beasts and farm refuse. Betwixt this mass—to which the night began to lend strange forms—and the great towered house, which loomed black against the sky on his right, lay the slope of the court, slightly broken about the middle by the round-walled marge of a well something Italian in fashion, and speaking of more prosperous days. On it there sat, as the traveler quickly saw, two figures.

And then one only. As he looked, uncertain whether to betake himself in the first place to the stables or the house, one of the two figures sprang from the wall-edge and came bounding to him, with hands upraised, flying skirts, and a sharp cry of warning.

"Go back, Charles!" it cried. "Go back before *monsieur le vicomte* comes!"

Then, at six paces from him, she knew him for a stranger, and the last word fell scarcely breathed from her lips; while he, knowing her on his side for a girl, and young by her voice, uncovered.

"I seek only a night's shelter," he said stiffly. "Pardon me, *mademoiselle*, the alarm I fear I have caused you. My horse slipped on the hill, and is unable to travel farther."

She stood staring at him in astonish-

ment, and until her companion at the well came forward made no reply. Something in this second figure's movements and shape as he crossed the court struck the eye as abnormal, but it was only when he came quite close that the stranger discovered that he was slightly hump-backed, though a mere lad.

"You have met with a mischance," the youth said with awkward diffidence.

"Yes."

"Whatever the cause, you are welcome. Go, Bonne," the lad—he was little more—continued, addressing the girl. "It is better that you should go. Tell my father that a gentleman is here craving shelter. When I have stabled his horse, I will bring him in. This way, if you please!" the lad continued, turning to lead the way to the stables, but casting from moment to moment timid looks at his guest. "The place is rough, but such as it is, it is at your service. Have you ridden far to-day?"

"From Rochedouart."

"It is well we had not closed the gates," the youth answered shyly. "We close them an hour after sunset by rule. But to-day the men have been making hay, and we sup late."

The stranger expressed his obligations, and, following his guide, led his horse through one of the doors of a range of stabling built against the western wall of the courtyard. Within all was dark, and he waited while his companion fetched a lantern. The light, when it came, disclosed a sad show of empty mangers, broken floors, and roof-beams hung with cobwebs. Rain and sunshine, it was evident, entered through more holes than one; and round the men's heads a couple of bats, startled by the lantern-light, flitted noiselessly to and fro.

At the farther end of the place the roof above three or four stalls showed signs of recent repair; and here the young man invited his guest to place his horse.

"But I shall be turning out your horses," the stranger objected.

The youth laughed a little awry. "There's but my father's gelding," he said, "and old Panza, the pony; and they are in the ox-stable, where they have company. This," he added, pointing to the roof, "was made good for the horses of my sister, the abbess."

The guest nodded, and, after examining his beast's injuries, fomented its knees with fresh water; then, producing a bandage from his saddle-bag, he soaked

it in the water and skilfully wound it round the strained fetlock. The lad held the lantern, envy mingled with admiration growing in his eyes as he watched. "You are well used to horses," he said.

"Tolerably. Are not you?" For in those days it was an essential part of a gentleman's education.

The lad sighed. "Not to this sort," he said, slightly shrugging his shoulders. Des Ageaux took note of the sigh and the words and said nothing. Instead, he removed his sword and pistols from the saddle, and would have taken up his bags also, but the young man interposed and took possession of them.

A moment, and the two were crossing the darkened courtyard. The light of the lantern made it difficult to see aught beyond the circle of its rays, but the stranger noticed that the château consisted half of a steep-roofed house and half of the two round towers he had seen; house and towers standing in one long line. Two rickety wooden bridges, dimly seen, led across a moat to two doors, the one set in the inner of the two towers—probably this was the ancient entrance—the other in the more modern part.

On the bridge leading to the latter two serving-men with lights were awaiting them. The nearer advanced, bowing.

"*Monsieur le vicomte* will descend if—" and then, after a pause, and speaking more stiffly: "*Monsieur le vicomte* has not yet heard whom he has the honor of entertaining."

"I have no pretensions to put him to the trouble of descending," the traveler answered politely. "Say, if you please, that a gentleman of Brittany seeks shelter for the night, and would fain pay his respects to *monsieur le vicomte* at his convenience."

The servant bowed, and, turning with ceremony, led the way into a bare, dimly-lit hall open to the steep roof, and not measurably more comfortable or less drafty than the stable. Here and there dusty blazonings looked down out of the darkness, and rusty weapons, left solitary in racks too large for them, gave back gleams of light. In the middle of the stone floor a trestle table, such as might have borne the weight of huge sirloins and great bustards, and feasted two score men-at-arms in the days of the great Francis, supported a litter of well-worn odds and ends, old black-jacks jostling riding-spurs, and a leaping-pole lying hard by a drenching-horn. An

open door on the tower side of this hall presented the one point of warmth in the apartment, for through it entered a stream of ruddy light and an odor that announced pretty plainly where the kitchen lay.

Was this rough place the dining-hall? If the guest felt alarm, he was speedily reassured. The servant conducted him to the left and up a short flight of six steps which rose in one corner of the hall. This apartment, in truth, huge as it seemed in its dreary emptiness, was but one-half of the original hall. The leftward half had been partitioned off and converted into two stories—the lower story raised a little from the ground for the sake of dryness—of more modern chambers. More modern they were, but scarcely more cheerful, to judge from the chamber into which he was ushered.

It was a square room, not unhandsome in its proportions. The hangings on the walls were of old Sarazinois, but worn and faded to the color of dust. Carpets of leather covered the floor, but they were of a like hue, and in holes; while the square stools, covered in velvet and gilt-nailed, which stood against the walls, were threadbare of stuff and tarnished of nails. In winter, warmed by the ruddy blaze of a generous wood fire, well sconced, and filled with pleasant company seated about a well-spread board, such furnishings might have passed muster, and even conduced to ease. But as the dusky frame of a table, lighted by four poor candles—which strove in vain with the vast obscurity—and set with no great store of provision, they wore an air of meagerness not a whit removed from poverty.

The man who, standing beside the table in the light of the candles, formed the life of the picture, blended well with the furnishings. He was tall and thin, with stooping shoulders and a high-nosed face, which in youth had been masterful and now was peevish and weary. He wore a sword and much-faded lace. On the appearance of his guest he moved forward a pace and halted, with the precision and stiffness of clockwork.

"I have the honor," he began, "to welcome, I believe—"

"A gentleman of Brittany," Des Ageaux answered, bowing low. It by no means ruled his plans to be recognized. "And one, *monsieur le vicomte*, who respectfully craves a night's hospitality."

"Which the Château de Villeneuve

l'Abbesse," the *vicomte* replied with grandeur, "has often granted to the greatest, nor"—he waved his hand with formal grace—"ever refused to the meanest. They have attended, I trust," he continued, with the air of one who, at the head of a great household, knows, none the less, how to think for his guests, "to your people, sir?"

"Alas, *monsieur le vicomte*," Des Ageaux answered, a faint twinkle in his eyes belying the humility of his tone, "I have none. I am traveling alone."

"Alone?" The *vicomte* repeated the word in a tone of wonder. "You have no servants with you?"

"Alas, no."

"Is it possible?"

Des Ageaux shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "In these days, *monsieur le vicomte*, yes."

The *vicomte* seemed by a droop of his shoulders to admit the plea; perhaps because the other's eyes strayed involuntarily to the shabby furniture. He shook his head gloomily. "Since Coutras—" he began, and then, considering that he was unbending too soon, he broke off. "You met with some accident, I believe, sir?" he said. "But first, I did not catch your name?"

"Des Vœux," the lieutenant answered, adopting on the spur of the moment one somewhat like his own. "My horse fell and cut its knees on the hill about a mile beyond the ford. I much fear it has also strained a fetlock."

"It will not be fit to travel to-morrow, I doubt?"

The guest spread out his hands, intimating that time and the morrow must take care of themselves; or that it was no use to fight against fate.

"I must lend you something from the stables, then," the *vicomte* answered grandly, as if at least a score of horses stood in his stalls. "But I am forgetting your own needs, sir. Circumstances have thrown my household out of gear, and we sup late to-night. But we shall not need to wait long."

He had barely spoken when the two serving-men who had met the lieutenant on the bridge entered, one behind the other, bearing with some pomp of circumstance a couple of dishes. They set these on the board, and withdrawing—not without leaving behind them a pleasant scent of new-mown hay—returned quickly bearing two more. Then, falling back, they announced by the mouth of the least meager that my lord was served.

The meal which they announced, though home-grown and of the plainest, was sufficient; and Des Ageaux, on the *vicomte's* invitation, took his seat upon a stool at a nicely regulated distance below his host. As he did so, the girl he had seen in the courtyard glided in by a side door and silently took her seat on the farther side of the table. Apparently the *vicomte* thought his guest below the honor of an introduction; for he said nothing, and the girl only acknowledged the lieutenant's respectful salutation by a bow.

The four candles shed a feeble light on the table, and left the greater part of the room in darkness. Des Ageaux could not see the girl well, and he got little more than an impression of a figure moderately tall and somewhat plump, and of a gentle, downcast face. Form and face were comely with the charms of youth and freshness, but to eyes versed in the brilliance of a court and the magnificence of *grandes dames* they were lacking in the more striking characteristics of beauty.

While he gave ear to the *vicomte's* querulous condescensions, the visitor pondered how so gentle a creature—for her gentleness and placidity struck him—came of so stiff and peevish a father; but that was all. Or it might have been all, if, as the thought passed through his mind, his host had not with some abruptness changed the conversation and disclosed another side of his character.

"Where is Roger?" he asked, addressing the girl sharply.

"I do not know, sir," she murmured.

A retort seemed hovering on the *vicomte's* lips, when the youth who had taken Des Ageaux to the stable, and who had lingered without, perhaps to make some change in his rustic clothes, entered and slid timidly into his place beside his sister. He probably hoped to pass unseen, but the *vicomte*, his great high nose twitching, pointed inexorably at him with a spoon held delicately between thumb and finger.

"You would not think," he said with grim abruptness, "that that—that, M. des Vœux, was a son of mine?"

Des Vœux started.

"I fear," he said hastily, "that it was I, *monsieur le vicomte*, who made him late. He was good enough to receive me."

"I can only assure you," the *vicomte* replied with cruel wit, "that whoever made him late, it was not I who made him—as he is! The Villeneuves till his

day, I'd have you know, sir, have been straight and tall, and men of their hands, as ready with a blow as a word. But you see him! You see him! Can you," he continued, his eyes, half closed, dwelling on the lad, whose suffering was evident, "imagine him at court? Or courting? Or stepping a *pavanne*? Or——"

"Father!"

The word burst from the girl's lips, drawn from her, it seemed, by sheer pain. The *vicomte* turned to her with icy courtesy.

"You spoke, I think?" he said in a tone which rebuked her for the freedom on which she had ventured. "Just so. I was forgetting. We live so quietly here, we use so little ceremony with one another, that even I forget sometimes that family matters are not interesting to a stranger. Were my elder daughter here, M. des—ah, des Vœux, yes—my daughter the abbess, who knows the world, and who is not taken commonly for a waiting-woman, she would be able to entertain you better. But you see what we are. For"—with a smirk—"it were rude not to include myself with my family."

No wonder, the guest thought, as he listened full of pity, no wonder the lad had spoken timidly and shyly, if this were the daily treatment he received! If poverty working on pride had brought the last of a great family to this—to repaying on the innocents who shared his decay the slings and arrows of unkind fortune!

The girl's exclamation, wrung from her by her brother's suffering, had gone to the lieutenant's heart, though by no means of the softest. He would have given something to silence the bitter old taskmaster; but experience told him he might make matters worse. He was no knight errant, no rescuer of dames; and, after all, the *vicomte* was their father. So while he hesitated, seeking in vain a safe subject, the sharp tongue was at work again.

"I would like you to see my elder daughter," the *vicomte* resumed with treacherous blandness. "She has neither a plowboy's figure nor a dairymaid's speech. Her manners are really quite like those of the world. She might go anywhere, even to court, where she has been, without rendering herself the subject of ridicule and contempt. It is truly unfortunate for us"—with a bow—"that you cannot see her."

"She is not at home?" the lieutenant said, for the sake of saying something.

He was full of pity for the girl, whose face, now red, now pale, and quivering lips betrayed how she suffered under the discipline.

"She does not live at home," the *vicomte* answered. And then—with curious inconsistency he now hid and now declared his poverty—he added: "We have not much left of which we can be proud since Coutras; but the Abbey of Vlaye is still our appanage. My elder daughter is the abbess."

"It lies, I think, near Vlaye?"

"Yes, some half league from it, and three leagues from here. You have heard of Vlaye, then, M. des Vœux?"

"Without doubt, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"Indeed! In what way, may I ask?"—with a faint tinge of suspicion in his tone.

"At Rochechouart I was told that the roads in that direction were—not over safe."

The *vicomte* laughed in his sardonic fashion. "They begin to cry out, do they, the fat bourgeois who fleece us?" he said. "Not very safe, ha ha! The roads! Not so safe as their back-shops where they lend to us at cent per cent! It is well that there is some one to fleece them in their turn!"

"They told me as much as that," Des Vœux replied with gravity. "So much, indeed, that I was surprised to find your gates still open. They gave me to understand that no man slept without a guard within four leagues of Vlaye."

"They told you that, did they?" the *vicomte* answered; and he chuckled, well satisfied. It pleased him to think that if he and his no longer kept Jacques Bonhomme in order, there were others who could. "They told you not far from the truth. A little later, and you had been barred out even here. Not that I fear M. de Vlaye. Hawks pike not out hawks' e'en"—with a lifting of the head and an odd show of arrogance. "We are good friends, M. de Vlaye and I."

"Still, you bar your gates, soon or late?" the lieutenant replied with a smile.

A shadow fell across the *vicomte's* face. "Not against him," he said shortly.

"No, of course not," Des Vœux continued. "I had forgotten. You have the Crocans also at no great distance. I had forgotten them."

The sudden rigidity of his younger listeners, and the silence which fell—a silence that he could feel—warned him, as soon as he had spoken, that he had

said something amiss. Nor was the silence all. When his host next spoke—after an interval—it was with a passion as far removed from the cynical rudeness to which he had treated his children as are the poles apart.

"That name is not named in this house!" he cried, his voice thin and tremulous. "By no one!" he struck the table with a shaking hand. "Understand me, sir, by no one! God's curse on them, aye, and on all who—"

"No, sir, no!" The cry came from the girl. "Do not curse him!"

She was on her feet. For an instant the lieutenant, seeing her father's distorted face, feared he would strike her. The result was otherwise. The opposition that might have maddened the angry man had the effect of sobering him.

"Sit down!" he muttered, passing his napkin over his face. "Sit down, fool! Sit down! And you"—he paused a moment, striving to regain the glib tone that was habitual to him—"you, sir, may now see how it is. I told you we had no manners. You have now the proof of it. I doubt I must keep you until the abbess, my daughter, pays her next visit, that you may see at least one Villeneuve who is neither clown nor dotard!"

Man of the world as he was, the king's lieutenant knew not what to say to this outburst. He murmured a vague apology, and thought how different all was from the anticipations which the scent of hay and the farm-yard peace had raised in him. This old man, rotting in the husk of his former greatness, girding at his helpless children, gnawing, in the decay of his family's grandeur, on his heart and theirs, returning scorn for scorn and spite for spite, but on those who were innocent of either—this was a picture to the painting of which the most fanciful must have brought some imagination.

Under the surface lay something more; something that had to do with the Crocans. Des Ageaux fancied that he could make a guess at the secret, and that it had to do with the girl's lover; but the meal was closing, the *vicomte's* rising interrupted his thoughts, and whatever interest the question had for him, he was forced to put it away for the time.

The *vicomte* bowed a stiff good-night.

"Boor as he is, I fear you must now put up with my son," he said, smiling away. "He has the tower room, where in my time I have known the best company in the province lie, when good com-

pany was; it has been scarce," he continued bitterly, "since Coutras! He will find you a lodging there, and if the accommodation be rough and your room-fellow what you see him, at least you will have space enough and will follow good gentry. I have known the governor of Poitou and the lieutenant of Périgord with two of the viscounts of the Limousin lie there, and fourteen trucklebeds about them. In those days there was little need to bar our gates at night. Solomon! The lantern, fool! Good-night, sir!"

Des Ageaux bowed his acknowledgments, and followed an older serving man than he had seen, who, bearing a lantern, led him up a small staircase. Roger the hapless followed. On the first floor the guest noted the doors of four rooms, two on either side of a middle passage, which received its light from a window at the end of the house. Such rooms—or rooms opening one through the other—were at that date reserved for the master and mistress of the château, and their daughters, maiden or married. Something of the old system which secluded women, and which a century before had forbidden their appearance at court, still prevailed; nor was the lieutenant at all surprised when his guide, turning from these privileged apartments, led him up a flight of four or five steps at the hither end of the passage, and through a low door.

He was surprised, however, after passing through, to find himself in the open air on the roof of the hall, the stars above him, and the night breeze cooling his brow. The steeply-pitched lead ended in a broad, flat gutter, fenced by a rail fixed in the parapet. The servant led him along the path which this gutter provided to a door in the wall of the great round tower that rose twenty feet above the house. This gave entrance to a small chamber—one of those commonly found between the two skins of such old buildings—that served both for landing and ante-room. From it the dark opening of a winding staircase led upward on one hand; on the other, a low-browed door masked the course of the downward flight.

Across this closet—bare as bare walls could make it—the gray-bearded servant led the visitor in two strides, and, opening a farther door, introduced him into the chamber which, according to his host, had seen so much good company. It was a gloomy, octagonal room of great size, lighted in the daytime by

four deep-sunk windows, and occupying—save for such narrow closets as that through which they entered—a whole story of the tower.

The lantern did but make darkness visible; but Solomon proceeded to light two rushlights that stood in iron sconces on the wall, and by their light the lieutenant discerned three truckle-beds laid between two of the windows. He could well believe, so vast was the apartment, that fourteen had not cumbered its bareness. For a couple of chests, as many stools, a bundle of old spears, and a heavy three-legged table made up, with some dingy and tattered hangings, the whole furniture of the chamber.

The old serving-man set down the lantern and looked about him sorrowfully.

"Thirty-four I've seen sleep here," he said. "The governor of Poitou and the governor of Périgord, and the four viscounts of the Limousin, and twenty-eight gentles in truckles——"

"Twenty-eight?" the lieutenant questioned, measuring in some astonishment the space with his eye. "But the *vicomte* said——"

"Twenty-eight, by your leave," the man answered obstinately. "And every man his dog! A gentleman was a gentleman then, and a viscount a viscount; but since Coutras there is an end of gentry almost. Aye, thirty—was it thirty?"

"Four, you said," Des Ageaux answered, smiling. "Good-night!"

The man shook his head somberly, bade them good-night, and closed the door on them.

An instant later he could be heard groping his way back through the closet and over the roof. The lieutenant, as soon as the sound ceased, looked round and thought he had seldom lain in a gloomier place. The windows were but wooden lattices innocent of glass, and through the nearest a strong shoot of ivy grew into the very room. The night air entered with it, and stirred the ragged hangings that covered a segment of the walls; hangings which, to add to the general melancholy, had once been black—part, it is possible, of the funeral trappings of some dead *vicomte*.

"Do you sleep here alone?" he asked, turning to his companion, who had seated himself despondently on one of the beds.

The lad, oppressed by what had gone forward down-stairs, barely looked up.

"Yes," he began, "since"—and then,

breaking off, he added, somewhat sullenly—"yes, I do."

"Then you don't lack courage!" Des Ageaux replied.

"People sleep well when they are tired," the youth returned, "as I am to-night."

The lieutenant accepted the hint, and postponed until the morrow the questions he had it in his mind to ask. Nodding a good-humored assent, he proceeded to his simple arrangements for the night, placed his sword and pistols beside the truckle-bed, and in a few minutes was sleeping as soundly on his thin palliasse as if he had been in truth a poor gentleman of Brittany—as he once had been, and still might be again.

III.

THE lieutenant awoke, rose on his elbow, and listened. Inured to a life of change, which had cast him many times into strange beds and the company of stranger bed-fellows, he had not to ask himself where he was or how he came to be there. He knew these things with a soldier's instinct, before his eyes were open. That which he did ask himself was what had roused him.

For it was still the dead of the night, and all in the château, and all without, save the hoarse voices of the frogs, seemed quiet. Through the lattices that faced him the moonbeams fell on the floor in white crisscross patterns, which the pointed shape of the windows made to resemble checkered shields—the black and white escutcheons of his native province. These patches of light diffused about them a faint radiance, sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to reveal the outlines of the furniture, the darker masses of the beds, and even the vague limits of the chamber. He marked nothing amiss anywhere, except that which, he now guessed, had roused him.

The nearest lattice of all, the one through which he had noted the ivy growing, stood wide open. He guessed that the breeze, light as it was, had swung it inwards, and that the creak of the hinge, or the coolness of the unbroken stream of air which now blew across his bed, had disturbed him.

Satisfied with the explanation, he lay down with a sigh of content, and was about to sink into sleep when a low, sibilant sound caught his ear, fretted him awhile, and finally dragged him up, broadly awake. What was it? Was it caused by the gentle motion of the loos-

ened ivy on the sill? Or by the wind toying with the leaves outside? Or by the stir of the ragged hangings that moved weirdly on the wall? Or was some one whispering?

The last was the fact. Set on his guard, Des Ageaux peered through the gloom at the nearer pallet, and discovered that it was empty. Then he reflected. The ivy, which grew through the window, would have held the lattice firm against such a faint breeze as was blowing. Then the casement had been opened by some one; probably by some one who had entered that way.

It might be no affair of his, but on the other hand it might be very much his affair. He looked about the room, making no sound, but keeping a hand ready to seize his weapons on the least alarm.

He could discover neither figure nor any sign of movement in the room. Yet the whispering persisted. More puzzled, he raised himself higher, and then a line of yellow light which the low, lumpy mass of one of the truckle-beds had hidden broke on him. It shone under the door by which he had entered, and proceeded, beyond doubt, from a lantern or rushlight in the ante-chamber.

What was afoot? It is not as a rule for good that men whisper at dead of night, nor to say their prayers that they steal from their beds in the small hours. Des Ageaux was far from a timid man, or he had not been lieutenant-governor of Périgord; but he knew himself alone in a strange house, and a remote corner of that house; and though he believed that he held the map of the country, he might be deceiving himself.

Possibly, though he had seen no sign of it, he was known. His host styled himself the Captain of Vlaye's friend; he might think to do Vlaye a kindness—at his expense. Nor was that all. Lonely travelers ran risks in those days; it was not only from inns that they vanished and left no sign. He bore, it was true, not much of price about him, and, riding without attendance, might be thought to have less. But, all said and done, the house was remote, its owner poor, and he was alone and a stranger. It might be as well to see what was passing.

He rose noiselessly to his feet, and, taking his sword, crept across the floor. He had lain down in the greater part of his clothes, and whatever awaited him, he was ready. He approached the door.

Still the whispering on the farther side persisted. But it was low, the sound lacked menace, and before he had laid his ear to the oak some shame of the proceeding seized him.

His scruples, however, were wasted. He could not, even when close, distinguish a word; so wary were the speakers, so low their voices. Then the absurdity of his position, if he were detected and the matter had naught to do with him, took him by the throat. The chamber, with its patches of moonlight and its dim spaces, was all quiet about him; either he must rest content with that, or he must open and satisfy himself. He took his resolution, found the latch, and opened the door.

He was more or less prepared for what he saw. Not so the three whom he surprised in their midnight conference. The girl, whom he had seen at supper, sprang with a cry of alarm from the step on which she was seated; and retreating upward as quickly as the cloak in which she was muffled would let her, made as if she would escape by the tower stairs. The two men—Roger, the son of the house, and another, a taller youth who leaned against the wall beside him—straightened themselves with a jerk; while the taller, who had the air of being two or three years older than Roger, laid his hand on his weapon. A lantern which stood on the stone floor between the three, and was the only other object in the closet, cast its light upward, distorting their features, and exaggerating looks already disordered.

The lieutenant, we have said, was not wholly surprised; yet the elder of the two young men was the first to find his tongue.

"What do you here?" he cried, his eyes gleaming with resentment. "We came to be private here. What do you wish, sir?"

Des Ageaux took one step over the threshold and bowed low. "To offer my apologies," he replied, with a tinge of humor in his tone; "and then to withdraw. To be plain, sir, I heard whispering, and, half roused, half awakened, I fancied that it might concern me. Forgive me, *mademoiselle*," he continued, with an easy and not ungraceful gesture to the shrinking girl, who cowered on the dark stairs as if she wished they might swallow her. "Your pardon also, M. Charles."

"You know my name?" the stranger exclaimed, with a swift, perturbed glance at the others.

"Your name and no more," Des Vœux answered, smiling and not a whit disturbed. His manner throughout was perfectly easy. "I heard it as I opened. But be at rest; that which is not meant for me, I do not keep. You will understand that the hour was late, I found the window open, I heard voices—some suspicion was not unnatural. Have no fear, however; to-morrow I shall only have had one dream the more."

"But dream or no dream," the person he had addressed as Charles blurted out, "if you mention it——"

"I shall not mention it."

"To the *vicomte* even?"

"Not even to him! The presence of *mademoiselle's* brother," Des Vœux continued, with a keen glance at Roger, "were warrant for silence, had I the right to speak."

The girl started, and the hood of her cloak fell back. With her loosened hair and parted lips she looked so comely that he was sorry he had struck at her ever so slightly.

"You think, sir," she exclaimed in a tone half indignant, half awestruck, "that this is my lover?"

His eyes passed from her to the taller young man. He bowed low.

"I did," he said, the courtesy of his manner redoubled. "Now I see that he is your brother. Forgive me, *mademoiselle*, I am unlucky this evening. Lest I offend again—and my presence must, I know, be an offense—I take my leave."

Charles stepped forward. "Not," he said somewhat peremptorily, "before you have assured us again of your silence! Understand me, sir, this is no child's play! Were my father to hear of my presence, he would make my sister suffer for it. Were he to discover me here—you do not know him yet, believe me—it might cost a life!"

"What can I say more," Des Vœux replied with a little stiffness, "than I have said? Why should I betray you?"

"Enough, sir, if you understand."

"I understand enough! If I can do no more than be silent——"

"You can do no more."

"I take my leave;" and, bowing, he stepped back and closed the door.

When he had done so, the three looked eagerly at one another. They were dumb until his footsteps, crossing the chamber, had ceased to sound.

"What is this?" the elder brother muttered, frowning slightly at the younger. "There is something here I do not understand. Who is he? You

told me that he was some poor gentleman adventuring alone, and without servants, and staying here for the night with a lame horse and an empty purse. But——"

"He was not like this at supper," Roger replied apologetically.

"He has nothing of the tone of the man you described."

"Not now," Bonne said. "But at supper he was different in some way." And recalling how he had looked at her when he thought that Charles was her lover, she blushed.

"He is no poor man!" Charles muttered. "Did you mark his ring?"

"No."

"Maybe at supper it was turned inward, but as he stood there with his hand on the door-post, the light fell on it. Three leopards passant, or, on a field vert! I have seen that coat, and more than once!"

"But why should not the poor gentleman wear his coat?" Bonne urged. "Perhaps it is all that is left of his grandeur."

"In gold on green enamel?" Charles asked, raising his eyebrows. "Certainly his sword was of the plainest. But I don't like it! Why is he here? What is he doing? Can he be friend to Vlaze, and on his way to help him?"

Abruptly the girl stepped forward, and, flinging an arm round her brother's neck, pressed herself against him.

"Give it up! Give it up!" she murmured. "Charles, dear brother, listen to me. Give it up!"

"It were better you gave me up," he replied in a tone between humor and pathos, as he stroked her hair. "But you are Villeneuve at heart, Bonne——"

"Bonne by nature, Bonne by name!" Roger muttered, caressing his sister with his eyes.

"And stand by those you love, whatever come of it!" Charles continued. "Would you then have me leave those whom, if I do not love, I have chosen?" he said, with a grimace which she, whose face was on his shoulder, could not see. "Leave them because danger threatens? Because Vlaze gives the word?"

"But what can you do against him?" she answered in a tearful tone. "You say yourself that they are but a rabble, your Crocans—broken men, beggars, and what not, peasants and plowboys, ill-armed and ill-led! What can they do against men-at-arms? Against Vlaze? I thought when I got word to you to come, in order that I might tell you what he

was planning—I thought that you would listen to me!”

“And am I not listening, little one?” he replied, fondling her hair.

“But you will not be guided?”

“That is another thing,” he replied more soberly. “Had I known, it is true, what I know now, had I known of what sort they were to whom I was joining myself, I might not have done it. I might have borne a little longer”—his tone grew bitter—“the life we lead here. I might have borne a little longer to rust and grow boorish, and to stand for clown and rustic in M. de Vlaye’s eyes. I might have put up a little longer with the answer I got, when I craved leave to see the wars and the world—that as my fathers had made my bed I must lie on it. Aye, and more! If he—I will not call him father—had spared me his sneers only a little, if he had let a day go by without casting in my face the lack that was no fault of mine, I would have still tried to bear it. But not a day did he spare me! Not one day, as God is my witness!”

Bonne’s sorrowful silence acknowledged the truth of his words. At length she said timidly: “But if these folk are of so wretched a sort, Charles?”

“Wretched they are,” he answered, “but their cause is good. Better fall with them than rise by such deeds as have driven them to arms. I tell you that the things I have heard as I sat over their fires by night in the caves about Bourdeilles where they lie, would arm not men’s hands only for them, but women’s! It would spoil your sleep of nights, and strong men’s sleep! Poor cotters killed and hamlets burned in pure sport! Children flung out and women torn from homes, and through a whole countryside corn trampled wantonly, and oxen killed to make a meal for four! But I cannot tell you what they have suffered, for you are a woman and you could not bear it!”

Bonne at that moment forgot her fears for her brother. She leaned forward—she had gone back to her seat on the stairs—and clenched her small hands.

“And M. de Vlaye it is,” she cried, “who has done more than any other to madden them and drive them to this! And he also is it who proposes to rise upon their fall—to crush them and say he does the king service, and so win pardon for a thousand crimes?”

But the light had gone out in Charles’ eyes.

“Aye, and win it he will,” he said moodily. “So it will happen! He has seen afar the chance of securing himself, and he will seize it, by doing what, for the time, no other has means to do!”

“He who kindled the fire will be rewarded for putting it out?”

“Aye, aye!”

“But can you do nothing against him?” Roger muttered.

“We may hold our own for a time in the caves and hills about Brantôme, perhaps,” the elder brother answered. “But after a while he will starve us out; and in the open, such folks as we have, ill-armed, ill-found, with scarce a leader older than myself, will melt before his pikes like smoke before the wind!”

Roger’s eyes glistened.

“Not if I were with you,” he muttered. “There should be one blow struck before he rode over us! But”—he let his chin sink on his breast—“what am I?”

“Brave enough, I know,” Charles answered, putting his hand affectionately on the lad’s shoulder. “Braver than I am, perhaps. But it is not the end, be the end what it may, good lad, that weighs me down and makes me coward. It is the misery of seeing all go wrong hour by hour and day by day! Of seeing the cause with which I must now sink or swim, mishandled! Of striving to put sense and discipline into folk who are either clowns, unteachable by aught but force, or a rabble of worthless vagrants drawn to us as to any other cause that might promise safety from the gallows. And yet, if I were older and I had seen war and handled men, I feel that even of this stuff I could make a thing that should frighten Vlaye. Aye, and for a time I thought I could,” he continued gloomily. “But they would not be driven, and short of hanging half a dozen, which I dare not attempt, I must be naught!”

“Do you think,” Roger muttered, “that if you had me beside you—I have strong arms——”

“God forbid!” Charles answered, looking sadly at him. “Dear lad, one is enough! What would Bonne do without you? It is not your place to go forth.”

“If I were straight!”

The girl leaned forward and took his hand. “You are straight for me,” she said softly. “Straight for me! More precious than the straightest thing in the world!”

He sighed, and Bonne echoed the sigh. It was the first time the three had met since Charles’ flight; since, fretted by

inaction and poverty, stung at last beyond patience by the gibes of his father, who, while he withheld the means of making a figure in the world, did not cease to sneer at the son's supineness, he had taken a step which had seemed desperate, and now seemed fatal. For if this Crocan rising were not a *Jacquerie* in name, if it were not stained as yet by the excesses which made that word a terror, it was still a peasant rising. More indulgent fathers than the *vicomte* would have cut off the son who, by joining it, ranged himself against his caste.

Young and high-spirited, moved a little by the peasants' wrongs, and more by his own, he had done this thing. He had rushed on ruin, made good his father's gibes, played into M. de Vlaye's hands—the hands of the man who had smiled down on him a hundred times, and with a sneer made sport of his rusticity. The contempt of the man of the world for the raw boy had sunk into the lad's soul, and he hated Vlaye. To drag Vlaye down had been one of Charles' day-dreams. He had pined for the hour when, at the head of the brave peasants who were to hail him as their leader, he should tread the hated scutcheon underfoot. Now he saw that all the triumph would be M. de Vlaye's, and that by his bold venture he had but added a feather to the hated plume!

Bonne and Roger, mute because their love taught them when to speak and when to refrain, gazed sadly at the lantern. The silence lasted a long minute, and was broken in the end, not by their voices, but by the distant creak of a door. Bonne sprang to her feet, the color gone from her face.

"Hush!" she cried. "What was that? Listen!"

They listened, their hearts beating. Then Roger snatched up the lantern.

"It is the *vicomte*!" he gasped. "He is coming! Quick, Charles! You must go the way you came!"

"But Bonne?" his brother muttered, hanging back. "What is she to do?"

Roger, his hand on the door of the tower chamber, stood aghast. Charles might escape unseen; there was still time. But Bonne? If her father found the girl there? And the stranger was in the tower room—she could not retreat thither. What was she to do?

The girl's wits found the answer. She pointed to the stairs.

"I will hide there," she whispered. "Do you go!" It was still of Charles she thought. "Do you go!"

But the terror in her eyes—she feared her father as she feared no one else in the world—wring her brothers' hearts. Charles hesitated.

"But the door at the top?" he babbled. "It is locked!"

"He will not go up!" she whispered. "And while he is in the tower room I can escape."

She vanished as she spoke, in the darkness of the narrow, winding shaft; and it was time she did. The *vicomte* was scarce three paces from the outer door when the two who were left sprang into the tower chamber.

The lieutenant was on his feet by the side of his bed. As he lay awake he had caught the alarm, he had heard the last hurried whispers, he comprehended their danger. He was not a whit surprised when Charles, without a word, crossed the floor in a couple of bounds, thrust himself recklessly over the sill of the window, clung an instant by one hand, then disappeared.

One moment the shoot of ivy that grew into the chamber jerked violently, the next the door was flung wide open, and the *vicomte*, a sword in one hand, a lantern in the other, stood on the threshold. The light of the lantern, held above his head that he might detect what was before him, obscured his face; but the weapon and the tone of his voice proclaimed the fury of his suspicions.

"Who is here?" he cried. "Who is here?" And again, as if in his rage he could frame no other words, "Who is here, I say? Speak!"

Roger, on his feet, the tell-tale lantern in his hand, could not force a word. He stood speechless, motionless, self-convicted; and had all lain with him, all had been known. Fortunately Des Ageaux took on himself to answer.

"Who is here, sir?" he said in a voice just a tone louder and a shade easier than was natural. "The devil, I think! For I swear no one else could climb this wall!"

"What do you mean?"

"And climb it," the guest persisted, coolly disregarding the question, "nearly to this very sill! I heard him below five minutes ago, and if I had not been fool enough to rouse your son and bid him light, we had had him safe by now on this floor!"

The *vicomte* glared. The story was glib, well-told; but he doubted it. He knew what he had expected to find.

"You lit the lantern?" he snarled. "When?"

"Two minutes back—it might be more," Des Vœux replied. "Now he is clean gone, I fear. Clean gone, I fear," he added, as he stepped into the embrasure of the window and leaned forward cautiously, as if he thought a shot from below not impossible. "I hear nothing, at any rate."

The *vicomte*, struggling with senile rage, stared about him.

"But I saw a light!" he cried. "In the outer room!"

"The outer room?"

"Under the door."

"Shone under both doors, I suppose,"

Des Ageaux replied, still intent to all appearance on the dark void outside. "I'll answer for it," he added carelessly as he turned, "that he did not go out by the door."

"He will not go out now," the *vicomte* retorted, with grim suspicion, "for I have locked the outer door."

He showed the key hung on a finger of the hand which held the lantern. The sight was too much for Roger; he comprehended on the instant that it cut off his sister's retreat. A sound between a groan and an exclamation broke from him. The *vicomte* lifted the lantern to his son's face.

"What now, booby?" he said. "Who has hurt you?" And seeing what he saw, he cursed the lad for a coward.

"I did not feel over-brave myself five minutes ago," the lieutenant remarked.

The *vicomte* turned on him as if he would curse him also; but meeting his eyes, he thought better of it, and swallowed the rage he longed to vent. He stared about him a minute or more, stalking here and there offensively, and trying to detect something on which to fasten. But he found nothing, and having flung the light of his lantern once more round the room, he stood an instant, then, turning, went sharply—as if his suspicions had now a new direction—toward the door.

"Good-night," he muttered churlishly.

"Good-night," the lieutenant answered—but in the act of speaking met the look of horror in Roger's eyes, remembered, and understood. "She is still there," the lad's white lips spelled out, as they listened to the grating noise of the key in the lock. "She could not escape. And he suspects. He is going to her room!"

Des Vœux stared a moment nonplussed. The matter was nothing to him, yet his face faintly mirrored the youth's

consternation. Suddenly, in a stride, he was at his bedside. He seized one of the horse-pistols which lay beside his pillow, and before the lad understood his purpose he leveled it at the open window and fired into the night.

The echoes of the report had not ceased to roll through the tower before the door flew wide again, and the *vicomte* reappeared, his eyes glittering, his weapon shaking wildly in his excitement.

"What is it?" he cried—for at first he could not see, the smoke obscured the room. "What is it? What is it?"

"A miss, I fear," Des Ageaux answered coolly. He stood with his eyes fixed on the window, the smoking weapon in his hand. "I fear a miss—I had a notion all the time that he was in the ivy outside, and when he poked up his head—"

"His head?" the *vicomte* exclaimed. He was shaking from head to foot.

"Well, it looked like his head," Des Ageaux replied more doubtfully. He moved a step nearer to the window. "But I could not swear. I could not swear to it. It might have been an owl."

"An owl!" the *vicomte* answered unsteadily. "You fired at an owl?"

"Whatever it was, I missed it," Des Ageaux answered with decision, and in a somewhat louder tone. "If you will step up here—but I fear you are not well, *monsieur le vicomte*?"

He spoke truly; the *vicomte* was not well. He had had a shock. Cast off his son as he might, hate him as he might—and hate him he did, as one who had turned against his father, and brought dishonor on his house—that shot in the night had shaken the old man. He leaned against the wall, his lips white, his breath coming quickly; and a minute or more elapsed before he recovered himself and stood upright.

He kept his eyes averted from Des Ageaux. He turned instead to Roger. Whether he feared for himself and would not be alone, or suspected some complicity between the two, he signed to the lad to take up the lantern and go before him; and moving stiffly across the floor, he got himself in silence to the door. With something between a bow and a glance—he could not trust his tongue—he was out of the room.

The lieutenant sat on his bed for some time, expecting Roger to return; but the lad did not appear, and after an interval Des Ageaux took on himself to search the staircase. It was untenanted.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS EDITORS.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE NEWSPAPER AND THE REVIEW, THE LONG STRUGGLE TO ASSERT THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, AND THE EDITOR'S RISE TO A POWER AND A PRESTIGE WHICH REACHED THEIR GREATEST HEIGHT IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SEVENTY-ONE years ago, when the editor, as English-speaking people know him, had been something over two centuries in the progress of development, Thomas Carlyle paid him grim tribute. In "Sartor Resartus," after he had spoken of the many kinds of kingship by which men had been ruled in ages past, he says:

The Journalists are now the true Kings and Clergy; henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs; but of Stamped Broadsheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names according

as this or that Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors, gains the world's ear. Of the British Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful enough in its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists,—under the title of "Satan's Invisible World Displayed."

Resentful as this bitter acknowledgment shows Carlyle to have been of the pitch of pride reached by the editors of his time, it may have been some comfort to him to reflect by what stony and thorny roads they had traveled to their crowns. There was indeed a period



DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731), AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE" AND A PIONEER OF POLITICAL JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND.

Drawn by M. Stein from the engraving by Freeman.



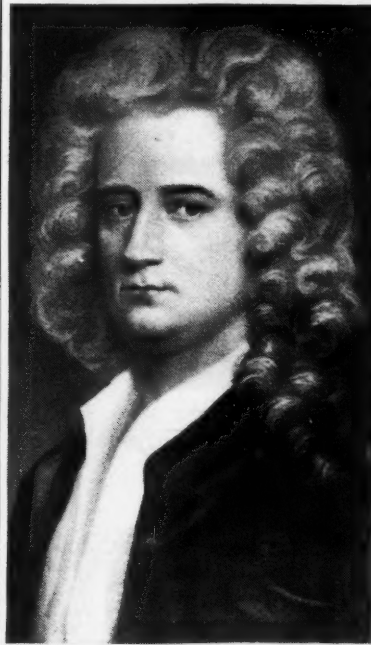
SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729), THE COLLEAGUE OF ADDISON IN PUBLISHING THE TATLER AND THE SPECTATOR.

Drawn by M. Stein from an old print.

when a British ministry awaited with ill-concealed nervousness the verdict of the *Times* upon its acts; when a political philosopher like Richard Cobden stormed because the editor of that mighty sheet seemed to him to consort too exclusively with the great—in John Morley's biography he is shown complaining that Delane, the editor of the *Times*, dines chiefly with ambassadors and cabinet ministers; when the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* moved a British secretary of state to envy as John Black did Lord Melbourne, declining the latter's offer of patronage with the reply, "I am too obliged to you, but I don't want anything; I am the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, I like my business, and I live happily on my income." But that golden period was a long way removed from the days when the dishonest clergyman, William Dodd, later hanged for forgery, lamented that he had "sunk so low as to become an author;" or when one Twyn, for seditious utterances concerning the powers of magistrates, was condemned to be hanged by the neck till almost dead, then to be cut down and mutilated and tortured until that desirable consummation should be quite reached.

It was not a rapid progress from the days when Grub Street was the haunt of the intellectual outcast, and the editor was the victim or the tool of successive governments, to the days when ambassadors accepted editorial invitations with joy and due humility. A new book of martyrs might be written containing the biographies of those who set the type of their small "news-sheets" in attic or in back room, their ears strained for the approach of the officer who might revoke their printing license, their hand hesitating to unbar the door to any comer, so uncertain were they of the errands on which any might come. Between these tremulous beginnings and that fulness of power which Carlyle sneeringly acknowledged, the editor evolved slowly. Sometimes he was the hired man of government officials or of the government's powerful opponents, praising or condemning men and measures as the paymaster dictated—as under the min-

istry of Walpole. He was now purchasable, not by vulgar coin, but by influence and office; now the honest critic, unpurchasable except by party prejudices. Sometimes he was the brilliant ex-



JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), THE FAMOUS ENGLISH POET, ESSAYIST, AND JOURNALIST.

From the portrait by P. Krämer.

ponent of new and unpopular political philosophy as were the radical English editors of the early nineteenth century.

THE FIRST BRITISH NEWSPAPERS.

In the year 1611 Nathaniel Butter issued his *News-letter from Spain*, for which is claimed the honor of having been the first British newspaper. But even before the appearance of this judicious translation from foreign journals, which discreetly fought shy of too much domestic information or opinion, there were other news-letters. Those who needed to know what was going on in other parts of the world employed persons gifted with keen vision, alert ears, and the rare ability to read and write, to live in the centers



FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY (1773-1850), FAMOUS
AS EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW
FROM 1802 TO 1829.

From the portrait by G. Hayter.

from which they desired intelligence, and to send them reports. These, however, were only the great—the kings who wished to know what other kings were doing, the ministers who wished to know what other ministers were doing, and the like. The coffee-room was the center of news for the masses.

The news-letter writers, the pamphleteers, the spies in this court and that, the coffee-room purveyors of information, and Mr. Nathaniel Butter himself, with his cautiously edited news from Spain, paved the way for the political newspapers which soon began to appear. They were spasmodic, at first, for those hostile to the gentlemen in power were always liable to summary suppression—to spring into being again when the gentlemen of the opposition had their political innings. During the Long Parliament, the *Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer* was issued, from which all men might learn that Charles I was a desperate villain, while the *Mercurius Aulicus* showed, with keen, coarse wit, that the Cromwellians deserved execration. These papers and their successors were brief-lived, their

editors laboring under what is doubtless a disadvantage to honest journalism—the knowledge that the defeat of their party would see their property confiscated, their business destroyed, and themselves in prison and perhaps put to death.

DANIEL DEFOE AS A JOURNALIST.

Daniel Defoe, father of the English novel, was also the father of the English newspaper in its modern sense. He issued his first paper from prison, after the manner of John Bunyan. He had



LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), WHO IN 1811 WAS
IMPRISONED FOR ATTACKING THE PRINCE
REGENT IN THE EXAMINER.

From the Maclise Portrait Gallery.

been condemned to Newgate for his utterances in "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," but imprisonment did not abate his fondness for literature. A *Weekly Review of the Affairs of France, Purged from the Errors and Partiality of News-Writers and Petty Statesmen of all Sides*, appeared immediately upon his release in 1704. It continued, fortunately with a changing title, until 1713, and unfortunately with changing policies; the latter to the material advantage of the editor, but to the darkening of his fame.

Beginning an honest journalist, revolutionizing journalism and making it a real force by the brilliancy of his writing, the clearness of his criticism, the energy of his conduct, Defoe found it easier to truckle and more profitable to be a mere time-server. He sold the influence of his sheet regardless even of common consistency, making it his rule to support the government in power at the time, no matter what it might be.

His contemporaries were not his superiors in practical newspaper ethics, though far below him in brilliancy. Defoe, by the way, performed some journalistic feats which would not disgrace the most sensational of his intellectual offspring, as for instance when he interviewed Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, at the foot of the gallows.

ADDISON, STEELE, AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

It was while Defoe's paper was running that those most delightful week-

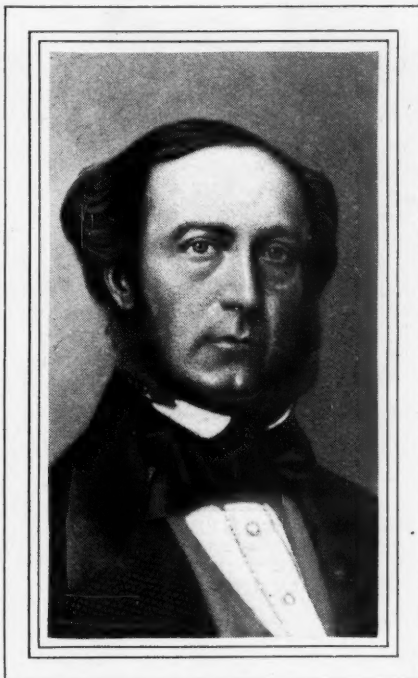
lies made their appearance and ran their destined course—the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* of Steele and Addison. Steele, who was a practical politician with a seat in the House of Commons, gave up the concocting of delightful little essays and the publishing of charming tittle-tattle to edit the *Englishman*, a political sheet which opposed Lord Bolingbroke and combated the saturnine genius who upheld the Tory party in the *Examiner*, Dean Swift. For his political utterances in the *Englishman*, Steele was called to account before the House of Commons, and was expelled from that august body—a pleasanter mode of punishment than that endured by Twyn a century earlier.

Following the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* came a list of periodicals modeled on the work of the two master humorists. Some of these were ventures of one or the other

of the two. Steele, after his expulsion from Parliament, edited the *Lover* and the *Reader*. These were the progenitors of the monthly reviews which were destined to play such an important part in forming English literary taste, and in frightening English literary workers. One of these began in 1731, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Edward Cave set at naught the rule against transcribing parliamentary proceedings.

THE RISE OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Others were the *London Magazine*, begun in 1732; the *Monthly Review*,



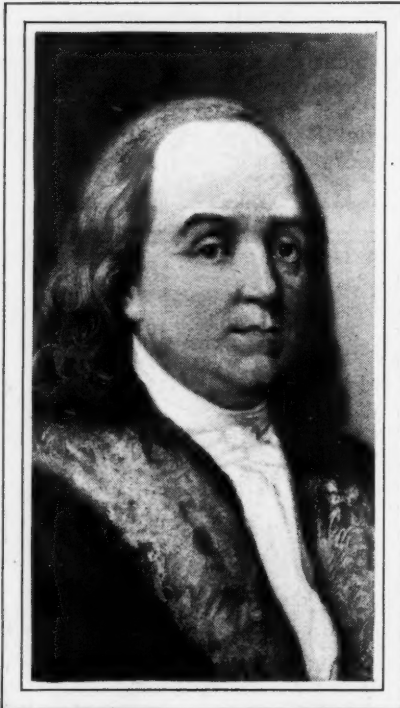
JOHN WALTER (1784-1847), SON AND NAMESAKE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE LONDON TIMES—UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SECOND WALTER THE TIMES REACHED THE ZENITH OF ITS PRESTIGE AND POWER.

From the engraving by D. J. Pound.

edited by Ralph Griffiths, in 1749; Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, in 1750; and finally the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. These last, in the early decades of the nineteenth century, gave a glittering exhibition of the gentle art of making enemies; trenchantly, relentlessly, even flippantly criticizing literature, philosophy, and politics. They headed a revolt against the old school of criticism, and were the outcome of a daring venture inaugurated by Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham.

In the *Edinburgh Review* these four young men criticized men, measures, and books with a free hand and a Whig mind. The *Quarterly Review*, started by John Murray at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott, and first edited by William Gifford, was designed to offset the influence of their brilliant periodical. Both magazines created a furore at the time, and have lived in literary history on account of the animosities they aroused. The *Edinburgh* attacked the Lake School of poets, and made great fun of Byron's "Hours of Idleness"; the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* assailed Keats' "Endymion" venomously.

It was under Walpole that the bribery of English newspapers by the government reached its climax. Between 1731 and 1741 he distributed to authors and publishers more than fifty thousand pounds of the public money—and even at that cost he was not able to keep all his men bought.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790), THE FIRST FAMOUS AMERICAN JOURNALIST, WHO BECAME EDITOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE IN 1729.

One of his supporters, at least in some movements, wrote as "Captain Hercules Vinegar, of Pall Mall," in the *Champion*—the same being Henry Fielding. Fielding, as he averred to his cousin, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had no choice but to become a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. Tobias Smollett was another of the editors of the time, a conscientious Tory hack, editing the *Briton* in the party interests.

JOHN WILKES AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The *Briton*, which failed after thirty issues, was chiefly remarkable for bringing into

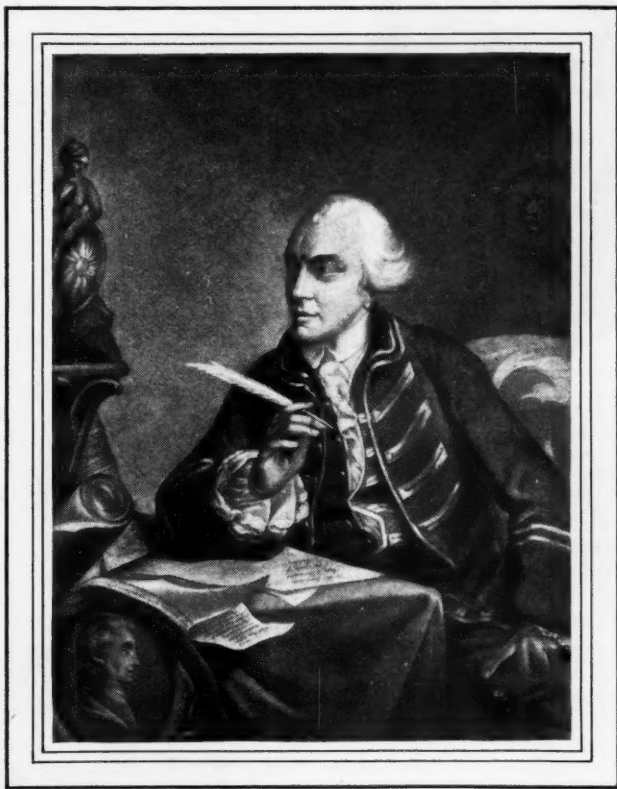
the field of journalism John Wilkes, to whose efforts, though they were inspired by personal motives rather than by far-seeing patriotism, the final liberty of the English press may be ascribed. With vindictive punishments removed from the power of officials, and with the rights of criticism assured, governments had no longer the whip with which to drive editors into line; and the venal editor became, perforce, a useless creature.

Wilkes, "a gay young blade," in the language of his day, was also a man of parts. Attaching himself to Pitt, he was helped to a seat in Parliament; but he did not win the preferments he sought, and, as with many another patriot, his hatred of bribery and corruption increased with his failure to secure any plums. He started the *North Briton* in opposition to Smollett's *Briton*. The *North Briton* revolutionized things. It openly criticized and attacked men by

name; no longer pretending to disguise their personalities under initials.

In 1763, when Wilkes attacked the king's speech, his boldness led to the issue of a general warrant against him. He was arrested and sent to the Tower. But the general warrant was an illegal

sentation, were sent to the king. Delegations, headed by the lord mayor, invaded the palace, protesting against the action taken upon their member. Finally his enemies yielded; and after the turmoil in which he had involved the country, and the expense to which



JOHN WILKES (1727-1797), WHOSE ARREST FOR CRITICIZING THE GOVERNMENT IN 1763 LED TO THE ASSERTION OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND.

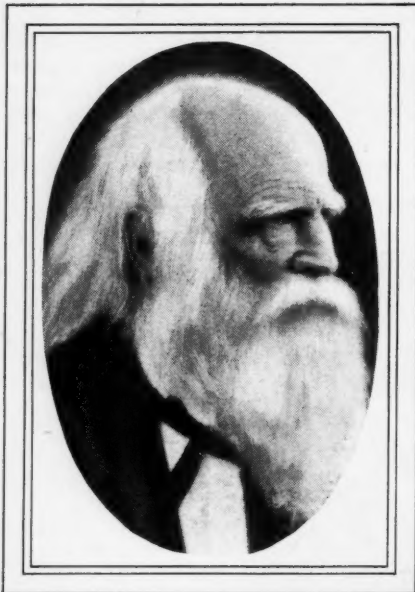
From the portrait by R. E. Pine.

instrument, and Wilkes' suit against the government resulted in the recovery of five thousand pounds' damages.

He was deprived of his place in Parliament, but he became a popular hero. The voters of Middlesex returned him to the House, from which he was again expelled. The seat thus left vacant had to be filled by another election, and that election again resulted in the return of Wilkes. The game of seesaw was kept up. Petitions from the citizens, outraged in their right of repre-

he had put it, the practise of expelling members of Parliament for editorial utterances fell into disuse.

The whole subject of the freedom of the press had received such advertisement, indeed, that societies called "Friends of the Liberty of the Press" were formed. One of their most conspicuous members was the famous advocate, Thomas Erskine, whose pleas for clients arrested for what they had printed eventually led to the framing of the modern English libel law.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), THE FAMOUS POET AND JOURNALIST, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST FROM 1829 TO HIS DEATH.

However, this did not take place until several other editors had suffered more or less, Leigh Hunt and his brother John among them. In 1811 Leigh was thrown into prison for remarks made in their paper, the *Examiner*, concerning the Prince Regent. His observations were certainly caustic enough:

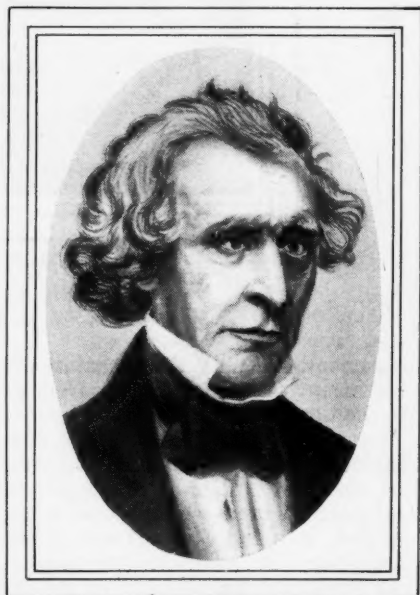
What person acquainted with the true state of the case would imagine that this "glory of the people" was the subject of a million shrugs and reproaches! That this "protector of the arts" had made a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! That this "Mæcenæ of the age" patronaged not a deserving writer; that this "conqueror of hearts" was the dissembler of hopes; that this "exciter of desire," this "Adonis in loveliness," was a corpulent man of fifty! In short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine head over ears in disgrace—a man who had just closed half a century without a single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity?

THE BIRTH OF THE LONDON TIMES.

Meantime, as far back as 1785, the *Daily Universal Register* had been started by John Walter. This was the forerunner of the *Times*. Three years

later it changed its name for the easier one, and proclaimed itself no party organ, but the independent and outspoken critic of all. William Woodhall, of the *Morning Chronicle*, distinguished among journalists for his ability to remember and rewrite long parliamentary debates, found a rival in Walter, who devised the system of sending a corps of reporters to do the same thing. The *Chronicle* and the *Times* long rivaled each other in their news-gathering enterprise and their list of brilliant contributors. Sheridan, Thomas Campbell, Moore, and Coleridge wrote for them. During the Napoleonic wars, the *Times* kept a cutter running between the French coast and England to carry news.

A group of young men who came up from Scotland—Daniel Stuart, James Mackintosh, and others—eventually started the *Morning Post*. It was to Stuart, as editor of the *Post*, that Coleridge once said that he "couldn't give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds;" and it was from Stuart as proprietor of the *Courier* that



JAMES GORDON BENNETT (1795-1872), FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK HERALD, AND FATHER OF MODERN AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

he later begged "any regular situation which might employ me and my pen from nine to two, five or even six days in the week."

Under the second John Walter, who succeeded his father in control of the *Times* in 1803, that newspaper was brought to the pitch of greatness it had

achieved when Carlyle wrote, and its editors had become the powers which the Scotch philosopher called them. Probably never at any other time has a paper been so powerful, or its editor so great a potentate, as the *Times* and its editors in the first half of the nineteenth century. It was a great property. It was so judiciously and prudently managed that it was always on the winning side. Naturally, therefore, every one wished to have its support. It had its enemies and its critics, one of whom said of it: "It fights no uphill battles, advocates no great principles, holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual; it is ever 'strong upon the stronger side.'" Nevertheless, it was a tremendous power under the Walters as owners, and the Delanes, father and son, and Thomas Barnes, as editors.

EARLY JOURNALISM IN AMERICA.

In the United States, too, the editor had to fight a tolerably strenuous battle for freedom of speech. In the seventeenth century we read of the arrest of Benjamin Harris for printing a small quarto paper "contrary to authority." Even in the eighteenth century there was not too much liberality. James

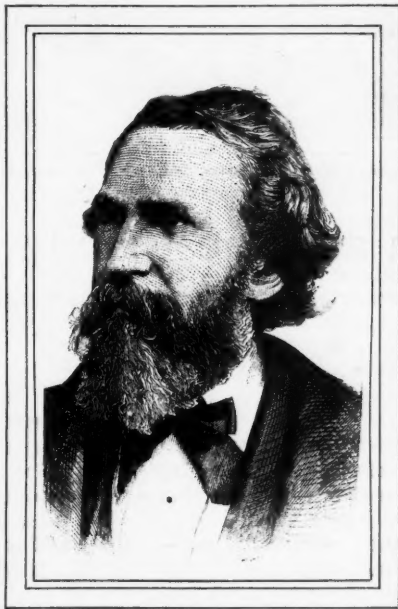
Franklin was thrown into jail for his "contempt of church and state" in the *New England Courant*, and his brother Benjamin had to manage the paper for him during his imprisonment. But the editor's progress to greatness in America was marked by no such melodramatic occurrences as those recorded in

England. Neither can it be said that he ever—even in the palmy days of Greeley, Raymond, Bryant, and Bowles—attained such a position as the English editor once held.

The newspapers organized for the support of some doctrine or party, or some school of thought, found eventually that in order to gather news, to be powerful, to impress their views, to retain their audiences, they had to be rich. To become and remain rich requires conservatism rather than radicalism, conciliatory policies rather than antagonistic ones. But conservatism and

conciliation are not the weapons of those who lead men, who form their thoughts; and so as the property value of newspapers has increased, their value as intellectual forces has diminished. They circulate more widely, but they do not impress so deeply.

Moreover, in the beginning, the newspaper came to a people having a proper veneration for the printed word, and a proper awe for the printed opinion. Nowadays all men read and write. All men form their own opinions, or think that they do. The editor therefore, as a power, reached his apogee about the time when Carlyle wrote of him.



SAMUEL BOWLES (1826-1878), THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JOURNALIST WHO WAS EDITOR OF THE SPRINGFIELD (MASSACHUSETTS) REPUBLICAN FROM 1844 TO 1878.

From a contemporary engraving.



"WHAT IS THAT MAN DOING?" JOANNA DEMANDED OF THE STAGE-DRIVER.

Joanna and the Family Fate.

HOW THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE BAXTERS FOUND HER MISSION IN LIFE.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

IT was the chief article of the Baxter family faith that frivolity ill becomes a woman. All the sisters of the Rev. Elijah Baxter had been serious-minded—pioneer woman physicians, woman collegians, woman suffragists, and the like. His wife, having no sisters, had concentrated the earnestness of a whole family in herself and had married the Rev. Elijah, than which no more conclusive evidence of seriousness could be imagined.

The Baxter girls, up to Joanna, had continued the family tradition fittingly. Cornelia had gone to Japan to convert the inhabitants of that island kingdom to her father's creed, and had there married a brother missionary; Eliza taught mathematics in a Western co-educational college; Sara was the traveling delegate for the Society for the Suppression of Smokers; and Sophia had proved her entire spiritual kinship with the Baxters by marrying a widowed country doctor with seven small children.

When Joanna was born, twelve years after the youngest of her sisters, a baby had been too great a novelty in the parsonage to escape undue petting. This

fact was held, later, to account for much that worried and disheartened the Baxters. But that nature as well as early indulgence was somewhat to blame for Joanna's vagaries was not to be doubted. Her hair was unregenerately curly, and it grew in an alluring and ungodly fashion upon her forehead.

When Joanna came home from college—she had steadfastly, even rebelliously, refused to attend the institution of learning in which Eliza taught mathematics—her parents looked at her with foreboding, and at each other with dismay. From her smart stock to her smart shoe-laces she seemed to them to radiate worldliness. They took prompt counsel together concerning her reformation. They divided the labor, having a premonition of its immensity.

"After you have talked with her seriously about her future," said Mrs. Baxter, "I will speak to her of her dress. Apparently it has been a great mistake to let her spend the last two vacations away from home and to let her buy her own clothes; but I did it for the best. How shall a young woman learn thrift and self-reliance except by such methods?"

"Bring her to me," rumbled Joanna's father.

Joanna floated into the study, all pink flounces and *point d'esprit* fichus. "Isn't this a duck of a negligee, mother dear?" she demanded. "And I've bought you one as pretty, all lavender lawn and white mull. And you've got to do your hair quite differently. I'll show you how."

"Joanna, your father wishes to talk seriously to you."

"I wish you'd call me Jo; all the girls do," remarked the young woman, curling a blown strand of her hair about a lead pencil from her father's desk.

The Rev. Elijah said a few words on the essential vulgarity of nicknames. Then he came to the point of his discourse.

"Joanna, what career, if any, attracts you?"

At that Joanna shook a little chime of silver bells in her throat and laughed.

"A career? Me? Why, I got my degree only by the skin of my teeth! Worked off a sophomore mathematics condition only the week before graduation. Black coffee and a wet towel about my head three nights running!"

"Joanna!"

Joanna looked startled.

"But that's the way we always crammed for exams," she said in hurt protest.

When Joanna's eyes showed hurt and her lips quivered, not even the sense of the awful seriousness of life could keep her father to his discourse. He cleared his throat and said:

"There, there, we'll talk of that later."

When he had finally elicited the information that her "life-work" was a subject to which Joanna had given no thought, he sighed.

"I fear you do not take existence seriously enough, Joanna. You are twenty-two. You should have formulated some notion of what you wish to do to leave the world a better place than you found it."

"Oh, I dare say I'll get married some day," said Joanna casually. "Are there any amusing men in town?"

"Amusing!" gasped Mrs. Baxter.

"Amusing!" thundered Mr. Baxter.

Having thus precipitated the catastrophe, Joanna learned in three minutes that she was designed, in default of any nobler choice on her own part, as a helpmeet for the Rev. Lemuel Towers, of Lucknow, India.

"He is at home on the first visit in eight years," said her father. "He is—his estimable first wife is no more. In the mission field a man needs a wife. He has been—er—impressed with your pictures, and er—what we have told him of your—your true character. He once met your sister Cornelia. He wishes an opportunity to win your—regard."

Joanna had recovered her breath.

"Stop!" she commanded imperiously. "It is horrible! How can you want to send me away from you, away from my home? And I won't marry him! I won't marry any minister! I won't! I hate them all—all but you, father! And I hate all worthy aims, and high purposes, and careers, and sacred responsibilities! I want just to have a good time, and people to love me and let me love them. And I'd sooner marry a bookmaker, a billiard-marker—"

She began to sob tempestuously. Then, at the parental command, she left the room desecrated by her blasphemies.

Three days later, having contumeliously refused to make her appearance whenever the Rev. Lemuel Towers came to the parsonage, she was shipped to Eliza in the Rocky Mountains. Eliza had always had influence with her, her parents recalled thankfully. Perhaps Eliza could bring her to a proper frame of mind; at any rate, she could take the young rebel out of the ministerial household until the July missionary convention was safely over.

II.

"WHAT is that man doing?" Joanna demanded of the stage-driver in whose taciturn company she was finishing the journey to Eliza.

She indicated a stalwart figure standing astride of two rocks in the clear,

rushing stream beside which the road twisted through the mountains.

"Fishin'. Can't you see's much as that?"

"Oh, of course," murmured Joanna, abashed. "I see the rod now."

At that second the fisherman wound his reel swiftly, and there flashed in the afternoon sunlight a glittering something at the end of the slender line.

"Good catch!" roared the stage-driver above the rumble of his wheels and the foaming of the water. The fisherman looked up to wave an acknowledgment of the compliment; but seeing Joanna, her slim body bent forward, her young face smiling and interested, he pulled his battered cap off his head and stared until the wagon disappeared at the next bend.

"Who is he?" asked Joanna.

"Dunno. Campin' a-mile or two up here. Brought up his own things, so I didn't have no chance to get acquainted with him. Here we are;" and he swung into sight of the picturesquely rough hotel where Eliza awaited her sister.

Eliza had so diligently cultivated the family view of the value of time and the seriousness of occupation that her virtuous routine allowed small leisure for the interjection of the unexpected, like a sister's sudden visit. She explained this, affectionately enough, to Joanna, and Joanna accepted the situation with a courteous forbearance.

Nevertheless, her heart was a little heavy as she wandered alone, the next morning, through the woods behind the hotel. She had refused to join in Eliza's two hours of Italian reading, and Eliza had apparently not considered the possibility of foregoing that personal improvement. Joanna sighed, remembering Eliza's manner. It is rather hard when all that one asks of destiny is the privilege of amusing and being amused, of loving and being loved, to find all the world too busy and too earnest for these trivial reciprocities.

She made no effort to read the book which she had brought with her. On the spacious heights, with yet higher heights above and a crystalline blueness crowning all, with pines and aspens marshaled up and down the slopes, and grasses and wild flowers and sun-

flecked shadows flooring all the mountains, mere existence was enough. Occupation seemed an impertinence. All rules of conduct, even thought itself, were suspended here. To be one with the sunshine, the air, and the great space—that was enough.

Hunger, of course, roused her from this Nirvanic ecstasy. She looked at her watch, sighed, arose, and wandered back toward the hotel.

The trail seemed longer than she had remembered it, but she had a conviction that no other path had crossed it. That conviction had gradually given way to doubt, and that to desperation, when finally she saw ahead a gleam of canvas and the curling of smoke. A man bent over a fire, cooking.

"Pardon me——" began Joanna clearly. The man turned—the tall, strong, smooth-shaven, homely fisherman of yesterday.

"Oh!" said Joanna limply. "It's you!"

"And you!" he answered kindly. Joanna blushed.

"I beg your pardon," she said formally. "I want to find my way to the Cascade Hotel. I was—or I thought I was—in the woods just behind it; but I seem to be astray."

"You are somewhat out of your road," he answered as formally. "But I shall be very glad to take you to the point where you took the wrong turn——"

"The wrong turn?" mused Joanna.

"The right turn!" declared the young man firmly.

They looked at each other and laughed.

"I don't want to interfere with your luncheon," Joanna began again politely.

"If I could persuade you to share it!" begged the young man deferentially. "I fear you will be too late for a decent meal at the Cascade House."

Joanna hesitated. She thought of the Rev. Elijah and her mother, of her array of excellent relatives, and of the ordinary conventions of ordinary life. Then she looked about her, and knew that this was not the world as she had known it. She deliberately brushed aside all other considerations.



"OH!" SAID JOANNA LIMPLY. "IT'S YOU!"

"If you only would give me a bite!" she said. "I'm starving!"

"Perhaps," he remarked tentatively, as Joanna devoured trout with hot biscuit and coffee, "perhaps I had better introduce myself."

Joanna gave a swift look around her—at the small clearing in the pines, the tent, the heights beyond. There rushed over her again the feeling that this was a world apart from all the cut and dried rules of behavior. She wanted to forget the conventions; those which she had known had been harsh ones. She stopped him with a hasty gesture of her hand.

"Please don't," she begged, or commanded. "I wish to pretend that things are all as I want them to be, and I can't if I have to know a lot of stupid facts. No. This is my own desert island—mountain, then. I am a sort of Robinson Crusoe person, and you—you're just Friday!"

"Your man Friday."

Joanna had the grace to blush at this. She hid the blush, however, behind a biscuit, which she consumed with great deliberation. Then she said distinctly:

"And now, if you will be so kind as to set me on the road home, I shall be very grateful."

III.

ELIZA'S routine of study was very little interrupted during July, and, as she wrote to her parents, Joanna seemed healthy and fairly contented, though occasionally pensive. One's spirits, however, she added reassuringly, were liable to be variable during the first part of one's residence in so high an altitude. Joanna had developed a fondness for fishing. Eliza regretted to inform them, as she herself bewailed all slaughter of animals, whether for sport or food. Joanna also took long walks, sometimes with the other guests at the hotel, more often alone. Doubtless, in the opportunities for reflection thus afforded her, she was reaching conclusions concerning her future.

While Eliza wrote the third letter to this purport, Joanna was walking with quick, nervous, determined steps

through the wood behind the hotel. As she swung into the path toward the camp of the man Friday she flushed to her temples. She kept repeating to herself what a woman on the piazza had said last night—"the sort of young person who picks up acquaintances in haphazard style."

She walked on bravely and directly. She had never gone unaccompanied beyond the crossroads since the first day. He had always met her, by a happy chance, somewhere on the hills. But she advanced without mercy upon herself. She had something to say, and she was going to say it that day. When she came in sight of the camp, and saw him cleaning his pipe, for a second her heart failed her. She was also conscious, in the brief pause, of a great, thrilling fondness for pipes. How she had loved to see him smoke his!

He looked up at the sound of her approach, and sprang to his feet, to come hastily and happily toward her.

"You said yesterday that you wouldn't come out with me to-day," he cried, "or I should have been lurking about in the woods."

"I know. But I've come."

She spoke heavily, and paused. Then she hurried on quickly.

"I've just come to my senses," she said. "I've—I've been crazy—this last month. Crazy with freedom and obstinacy. I'm just out of school, you see, for one thing—and for another, I wanted to protest against the view of things at home. And so—well, you know what I've done."

"You've been the most——"

"No, no, don't stop me. I want to say it all and go away. I've acted the way I have, I've picnicked with you, fished with you, tramped with you, a stranger, out of bravado and——"

"Was it nothing but bravado?" asked the man Friday, very pale himself now.

"Oh, yes! The sweetness of it, the beauty of it—I can't say what I mean, but it was like dewy mornings. Oh, I've liked it, I've liked it very much, and it never seemed to me for a minute horrid and common and vulgar. But last night I began to see how you must think of it, of me——"

"Have I done anything to make you believe that I thought anything unworthy of"—he hesitated and looked at her, then looked around him—"of this?"

"No, no, but you might some time come to think of me as——"

"What I think of you now, I shall think of you always. And that is this—oh, child, don't you know? That you are the one woman for me, the one woman? If you reproach yourself for our meetings, I am to blame. I should have told you who I was, should have gone to that gossiping old hostelry of yours and met you with all the rites—no, hang it, I should not have done anything of the sort! Why should I have spoiled an idyl? I didn't want you to know who I was at first. It makes an immediate difference in people's attitudes to learn that one is a clergyman. I wanted to be just a fellow human for a while, just a man. What is the matter, child, my dear?"

For Joanna, after one wild look at him, had burst into a hysterical laugh. It ended in a sob, smothered on his shoulder.

IV.

"YES"—the Rev. Elijah spoke to a congratulatory caller with a certain pompous placidity—"yes, Joanna is to leave us. Of course you have heard of Dr. Graham's work in New York? They tell me that his city missionary program is the finest one there. He is young to be rector of so important a church as St. Jude's on the Avenue. Of course"—and the Rev. Elijah sighed—"we could have wished that he was of our own denomination, but the affections cannot be coerced, you know. And Joanna's life-work as his wife will be a very earnest one. None of our children, we are humbly proud to say, has failed to find a useful, serious mission in the world."

LOVE'S HERALDRY.

Ah, he will come to-night! I know the signs.
The marble moon is rosen-ringed; the vines
Take up the wind's prophetic heraldry:
Deeper the curtsy of the columbines.

Upon my lips the garden berries leave
Such flavors strange and sweet as do deceive
Their leafy parentage; a whip-poor-will
Sings on the cote where doves are wont to grieve.

A star falls out of heaven, and the arc
Of following fire—an Eros finger-mark
Of glory—shines to guide my love to me
Out of the desert of dividing dark.

A thrush, with twilight canticle unspent,
Unstops his throat in sleepy wonderment,
And sings a dream—a dream that is a call
From waiting heart to heart awaited sent.

A subtle sound I fancy everywhere;
A footfall soft as flowers on summer air
Awander; or the step of jasmine, heard
Climbing, on tendril-feet, a stony stair;

The spirit sounds of silence love combines
With bird-dream, nod of flower, and whispering vines—
Of love the faint, prophetic heraldry—
Ah, he will come to-night! I know the signs.

Aloysius Coll.

In at the Finish.

A GAME OF "DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND" AT THE MEADOWTHORPE COUNTRY CLUB.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

I.

THE tap-room at the Meadowthorpe Country Club is a cozy place, especially of a winter's evening when the wind howls out-of-doors and the rain beats upon the quaint diamond-paned windows in fitful showers. There is a big open fireplace, big enough to drive the traditional horse and cart through, and you light your pipe and stretch your legs before the blazing logs and forget every care you ever possessed. If by chance you have been hunting or playing golf all day, and have just dined—they do you well at the Meadowthorpe—the chances are that a delightful drowsiness will creep over you, and unless you are in company it is more than likely you will do as I did one January evening, and fall asleep.

I was sitting in a high-backed antique chair. Tom Halliday, whose guest I was, had gone off to play billiards, leaving me to smoke my after-dinner pipe in peaceful solitude until I was awakened by Wilkins' harsh laugh. I don't know whether I hate Wilkins because of his laugh, or whether I hate the laugh because of Wilkins. At all events, I liked neither of them the better because I was rudely disturbed in the midst of a vague dream of the morrow, in which I was leading the Meadowthorpe first flight in a fast cross-country gallop, while Helen Leslie's blue eyes smiled approval at me from some coign of vantage such as only dreams afford. It was a very silly dream, no doubt. I had no business to imagine myself outriding the hard riders of the Meadowthorpe hunting set, and I certainly was taking a great liberty in dreaming about those laughing blue eyes of Helen Leslie's—the prettiest eyes in the prettiest face in all Meadowthorpe.

Still, it was provoking to be awa-

kened, and by Wilkins. Several times, while talking to Miss Leslie, it seemed to me that Wilkins had made himself unnecessarily intrusive. Also he had spoiled two or three of my best stories by failing to see the point or laughing—with that harsh, unpleasant laugh of his—at the wrong time.

Although a comparative stranger to Meadowthorpe, I had hunted quite a little in England and with other hounds on this side of the water, a fact of which Wilkins must have been made aware, judging by the conversation which I now accidentally overheard. He was talking to Dick Peters, a boon companion of his, and they were in the reading-room adjoining. They could not see me on account of the high back of the chair in which I was sitting, but I could distinctly hear every word they said.

"This fellow Thornycroft thinks he's the whole show," sneered Wilkins. "He actually tried to freeze me out this afternoon with Helen Leslie."

"I don't fancy you froze, did you?" asked Peters—a wretched little toady.

"Not your uncle! But I'll show you to-morrow. It's his first go with the hounds."

"Can he ride?"

"Thinks he can, no doubt. Never saw a bounder like him that didn't, but he hasn't been up against Horse-Killers' Day yet."

"Is to-morrow the drag?"

"Yes, you know Bradbury runs a drag once a month. Says it gives the fool-killers a chance to kill their horses and possibly themselves. He says they may even kill the hounds, if they can ride over them."

"Not much chance of that, the way Bradbury lays a drag. It's nothing but a steepchase, and a stiff one, too."

"That's so—but I'm having something to say about this drag to-mor-

row." Wilkins chuckled, and I am sure he winked. I could almost hear him do it.

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes. Bradbury has gone up to the city for a few days, and I have it all fixed up with Tim, the huntsman. The drag will be laid over the stiffest course the Meadowthorpe crowd ever rode. They'll be hung up to dry all along the line, and my fine friend Mr. Thornycroft will be among the 'also rans.'"

"But how about getting over such a beastly country yourself?" queried Dick Peters, not unnaturally.

"I'll get over all right." There was a brief silence, during which I am positive that Wilkins winked again. "You just watch me to-morrow," he said knowingly. Another silence followed, after which Wilkins was apparently inspired with a burst of confidence. "I'll give you a tip worth having, Dick, if you want to be in at the finish to-morrow," he said. "Don't follow too much in the line of the hounds, but look for little pieces of white tape tied to the fences. When you see one of those, never mind how ugly the place looks, but ride at it like the devil. You'll get through if you don't get over."

"Oh, ho! That's your game, is it?" chuckled Wilkins' toady. "And is Miss Leslie going to ride?"

"Sure. That's why I'm taking so much trouble to hang up this freshie."

"H'm!" I said to myself in the depth of my comfortable chair. "Is that so? Well, your game is not a new one, my friend, though it is sometimes successful. We shall see what the morrow brings forth!"

Then I quietly withdrew to the billiard-room, leaving Wilkins and his friend entirely unaware of my unintentional eavesdropping.

II.

I HAD looked forward with no little pleasure to my first day with the Meadowthorpe hounds, although I was perfectly aware that a drag hunt was not in high favor with some of the Meadowthorpe set. I had just commenced my visit at Halliday Hall, where a delightful house party was as-

sembled, a member of which—and not the least important one, either—was Helen Leslie. Miss Leslie and I had met before. In fact, we were old acquaintances; but I had never before enjoyed a similar opportunity to see her constantly—and, in short, to fall in love with her.

From my point of view one could not do the first and avoid the second. She was a charming girl, as crisp and fresh as the morning breezes which blow at Meadowthorpe, and moreover a sports-woman. It was only natural, therefore, that I should wish to circumvent Wilkins' Machiavellian plan to "hang me up." At first I was tempted to make public the conversation I had overheard, and so turn Wilkins' gun upon himself, but upon second thought I lit upon what seemed to me to be a better plan.

The meet was fixed for three in the afternoon of the next day. Shortly after breakfast, I started out with the avowed intention of taking a stroll over the country. I passed by the kennels, and, seeing Tim, the huntsman, I asked him whether he could tell me where the drag would be laid.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said Tim, with a touch of his cap. "Mr. Bradbury always gives his orders direct to Murphy, who lays the drag. This time I had orders to send Murphy to Mr. Wilkins for his instructions. Hounds meet here at the kennels, and I think the throw-off will be down in Simpson's Meadow, yonder."

"Thank you, Tim," I said as I swung myself over a fence and trudged toward Simpson's Meadow.

Whatever Tim knew, I felt sure he had told me as much as he intended to tell, and that was all I should get out of him. But as I pressed through Simpson's Meadow, and out of it again, I kept a strict lookout. Presently my vigilance was rewarded by the sight of what I was looking for—a small and insignificant bit of white tape fluttering on the top rail of what seemed to be an almost unjumpable fence.

I inspected it carefully and found, just as I expected, that the top rail had been sawed almost through. A mere tap would break it. I made a mental

note of the place, and moved the white tape three panels away, to a point where the good stout fence stood as rigid and unbreakable as the day it was put up. This done, I proceeded happily upon my way, following a blazed trail of white tapes, and invariably changing their position. Moreover, I carefully marked the course of the sawed fence by means of green twigs and other signs which I could not fail to recognize.

I was late for luncheon at Halliday Hall. Moreover, I was a trifle weary, having covered little less than ten miles in my morning's walk. But I was in an excellent humor, and by the time I had donned my hunting clothes and was riding toward the kennels, with Helen Leslie by my side, I had quite forgotten my fatigue.

Miss Leslie rode a sweet little chestnut mare of her own, called Sweetheart, while Tom Halliday had mounted me with a rangy gray gelding, Silversmith, said to be an excellent jumper and stayer, though a trifle hot-headed. At the crossroads near the White Horse Inn, our party was joined by Wilkins. The latter, who was mounted upon a good-looking bay horse, rode on the other side of Miss Leslie, while I ground my teeth in helpless rage every time she spoke to him. So far, Silversmith and I had got along famously together; but now he suddenly became possessed of unrighteous impulses and an ungovernable mouth. In my trouble with him, however, I was consoled by thinking how Wilkins' well-laid plans were sure to go astray. It caused me to chuckle inwardly with delight.

III.

THE great thing about a drag hunt is that no time is wasted while the hounds are poking about in cover looking for Master Reynard. Promptly on schedule time Tim cast his pack—a draft of the least valued of the famous Meadowthorpe Kennels—across the drag. With a whimper which quickly grew into a loud chorus, the hounds went off at racing pace across Simpson's Meadow.

Both Wilkins and I offered our services to show Miss Leslie the way, but

that young woman laughingly declined our proffers, and declared her intention to "ride her own line."

I should have liked to hold back somewhat, as became a visitor to the hunt. Besides, I wanted to see how Wilkins would make out with his little bits of white tape. But Silversmith was rearing and plunging with me, and finally I found that I could no longer restrain him. We crossed Simpson's Meadows well in the front rank of the field, and I found myself riding for the panel in the fence which I knew to be sawed through.

Bang! It was not a bad place even before the rail had been sawed; but the knowledge that it was weak made me ride at it carelessly, and Silversmith took the top rail with him. As he did so, I looked back, but could not see either Miss Leslie or Wilkins, although many others were taking advantage of the partial gap which I had created.

The pace, however, as the great Nimrod wrote in describing his famous Leicestershire run, was "too good to inquire about any one." There was no time to lose—at least, Silversmith seemed to be of that opinion, for he got his head down and galloped as hard as he could.

Some distance ahead were the steaming hounds, the music of their tongue floating back on the breeze; but I noted, not without a thrill, that I was actually leading the field. Even Tim, the huntsman, was behind me, though I did not know then, as I do now, that Tim never rode hard on "Horse-Killers' Day." He was pretty sure to overtake his hounds at a check or the finish; and even if anything did happen to them, they were "only the drag hounds."

But my blood was up, and I rode to win. To tell the truth, I forgot all about the white tapes or the weak places in the fences, but more or less unconsciously I rode at the latter every time. And invariably Silversmith broke the top rail.

Finally we came up to the hounds. There was an artificial check, and their noses were in the air, casting for the scent. One by one the rest of the field came up on well-blown horses, among

them Miss Leslie and Wilkins. I thought the lady regarded me with rather an amused twinkle in her eyes, which puzzled me not a little. As for Wilkins, I could not distinguish whether his expression denoted anger or delight. He seemed to be excited about something. Both congratulated me on my performance. Of course I disclaimed any credit myself, but insisted that Silversmith had carried me to the front willy-nilly.

Presently Tim once more laid his hounds on the scent, and again we were off. Once more did Silversmith assert his strength of will—and mouth—and bore me to the front. On the gray rascal flew, galloping like a racer, but scarcely deigning to jump at all. I was compelled, perforce, to ride him at the fence panels which I knew to be weak.

I had hoped to see Wilkins upset himself over some of the stiff places where the white tape was tied, but I had no opportunity of doing so. Once, and only once, did I catch a glimpse of him, and then his big hunter was taking a big fence very cleverly about fifty yards to my left.

Soon, however, I had distanced all my competitors, and when at last, with many triumphant yelps, the hounds came upon the drag-man with the "worry," I was alone in my glory.

I strove to appear becomingly modest when the rest came up and congratulated me on being first at the finish of such a speedy burst. But I was greatly annoyed to see Wilkins whisper something into Miss Leslie's ear, whereupon they both laughed immoderately. She did not ride home with me, as I had anticipated she would, but went on ahead with Wilkins. I observed them gloomily in the distance.

I was not a little surprised to see them stop at one of the fences which Silversmith and I had smashed with the assistance of the man who had half sawed them through. Wilkins got down from his horse, and pointed out to Miss Leslie where the rail had been almost sawed through. Then she laughed again, and quite suddenly it occurred to me that Wilkins was actually trying to make her believe that I had caused the rails to be sawed.

I watched them stop at several other jumps, for the way home led over the course we had just covered, and was fully convinced of this. Then I rode quietly and soberly back to Halliday Hall and took the first train that left for town. For the first time in my life I had to admit that I had been played for an easy thing.

I had seen quite enough of Meadowthorpe—for that season.

LOST ROMANCES.

OLD, crumbling brownstone house austere,
What lost romances you might tell,
What tales of joy and hidden tear!

What faces once from you did peer,
What tragedies about you fell,
Old, crumbling brownstone house austere!

What ghosts of laughter, and what drear
Grim shades of love in you must dwell,
What tales of joy, or hidden tear!

What story, chaptered year by year,
Your staid front binds to-day so well,
Old, crumbling brownstone house austere!

Sad eyes I see, strange footsteps hear;
Through each dark haunted room may knell
What tales of joy, or hidden tear!

For wrapt in gloom and silence here
A book you stand, o'er-scored pell-mell—
Old, crumbling brownstone house austere—
With tales of joy, and hidden tear!

Arthur Stringer.

A New Form of Voodoo-Worship.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

HOW THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC TAKES UP A CERTAIN WORD OR PHRASE, AND MAKES IT A FETISH OF VULGAR ADULATION, TILL A ONCE HONORED TERM BECOMES UTTERLY DEBASED BY FOOLISH OVER-USE—THE SAD FATE OF SUCH WORDS AS "ARTIST," "BRILLIANT," AND "HERO."

AS it is the nature of human kind to perform acts of idolatrous worship, and as we have no royal family to serve as a safe-conduit for this passion, our native idolators have been forced to set up for themselves all sorts of fetishes which they worship in private and in public. Some men pay court to prize-fighters, while the women of their species adore "desirable people." Others worship *matinée* actors, and still others bow themselves before every known variety of "culture." There are even a few, a very few, who burn incense in front of literature.

A CULT THAT DEBASES ITS IDOLS.

A favorite form of fetish-worship is a passion for certain words and phrases. The devotees of this cult do not, like those of other popular crazes, abase themselves reverently before the objects of their idolatry. On the contrary, they seem to wish to drag down honorable words and significant phrases from their places of honor in the language; and then, having bandied them about from tongue to tongue, to trample them down into the mire of disuse and to reach up for new ones on which to practise their vulgarizing arts.

Time was, for example, when the words "art" and "artist" stood for something that was dignified and of good repute. Nowadays, "art" seems to center in the dry-goods stores, where it is dealt in on "art floors" half a mile square, and finds suitable expression in red plush and nickel-plate. As to the "artists," they have invaded almost every calling, however prosaic and menial. There is, or recently was, a boot-

blackening stand in New York bearing the legend:

DROP YOUR NICKEL IN THE BOX, AS
THE ARTIST IS NOT ALLOWED TO
RECEIVE THE COIN.

The word "professor" has had a hard time since it was torn down from its high scholastic estate, and compelled to do duty for barbers, dancing-masters, roller-skaters, and oyster-openers. To-day, anybody who can produce any sort of sound from a supposedly musical instrument acquires the title by common consent.

The word "society" once meant the whole human family; now it has come to signify merely those whose receptions and dinners are described in the daily papers. The corruption of this once comprehensive and dignified term is in a measure responsible for the degradation of other words and phrases which were originally intended for the exclusive use of the polite world.

PHRASES MADE IN ENGLAND.

The term "house-party," for example, enjoyed a long and honored life in its native country, where it served to characterize the hospitality of the noble and the great. To the plebeian imagination it brought visions of Ouida-like splendor and luxury, in which officers of the Guards, countesses, dukes, millionaires, and even princes of the blood are mere pawns in the game that goes on in splendid drawing-rooms and under the shade of stately oaks. For more years than I can tell this phrase bore on its face the hallmark of aristocracy, but it could not hope to escape for all time the demor-

alizing touch of the great modern army of fetish-worshipping vandals.

One of them saw it in a novel—he could not have been near enough to hear it—and straightway stole it from the printed page, that he might worship it with his fellows. The new idol proved a popular one, and in less than three months the worthy New Jersey commuter could not invite his bookkeeper out to spend Sunday, and sleep in the room with the eldest boy, without hearing his eldest daughter allude to the occasion as a “house-party.” In short, the phrase was subjected to the same vulgarizing worship that previously transplanted the word “function” from the English court circular and compelled it to do duty in the petty chronicles of our cheapest and most vulgar society.

And now the “week-end” party is having its innings in the bright lexicon of the suburbs. We are always railing at class privileges in this country, and at times I may have joined in the hue and cry myself; but I should sleep easier if I could be assured that the aristocracy should retain an exclusive right to words and phrases of their own coinage.

I have less pity for the term “swagger,” which has also been debased by the idolaters. It was a mere distortion of an old word, and in its modern form was born to go wrong. The degradation of “smart,” however, appeals distinctly to my sympathies, as it was of good Yankee origin and fitly characterized certain qualities which have always been held in high repute among the New England hills. I do not object to a “smart” tin-peddler, but a “smart function” has a nauseating sound. I approve the term “smart people” only when it is applied, as it often is, by criminals to their own profession.

THE SADDEST CASE OF ALL.

But, after all, there is no word in the language which has been brought from such high estate to such abject humiliation as that splendid one in four letters which brings thoughts of Leonidas, Horatius, Drake, Washington, Nelson, Lincoln, and Lee.

From the very earliest period of

Greek history the word *heros* has come down in stately dignity from one age to another, without losing anything of its original strength and majesty except its final letter. In all that time it has never touched any man except to give him honor. It found in Boadicea and Joan of Arc the female of its species. But at the time of our little war with Spain, the word-worshippers got hold of it, and in an incredibly short space of time stripped from it every vestige of the honor and respect with which it had been clothed since Agamemnon besieged Troy, and left it naked to the contempt of the world.

The people awoke one morning to find a word that had once been used to characterize the god-like warriors of ancient Greece applied right and left to fake war-correspondents, amateur photographers, clerks, contractors, and sutlers—those brave boys who were not afraid to charge a Cuban patriot a dollar for a pickle under the shadow of Morro Castle. In short, there were very few people—outside of the regular army of the United States—who did not contrive in one way or another to daub themselves with the title. Perhaps some future historian will tell the world who did the real fighting in that war; but it will not be until after the dust kicked up by these self-advertising “heroes” has so far settled as to permit a glimpse of the gleaming Krag-Jorgensens and the bluecoats who shouldered them so quietly and valiantly.

The fate of one of the “heroes” of 1898 is pathetically like that of some of the other idols that have been debased by their worshipers. In the performance of his regular duty, this individual carried a message to the captain of the Maine. The yellow press promptly dubbed him a hero, published his photograph, and in a very short time transformed an honest, simple-hearted sailor into “Brave Bill” something or other, the museum freak. But heroes of all sorts, the real as well as the fake, are as short-lived as grasshoppers in this country, and one morning Brave Bill, without a dollar in the world, and no longer fit to earn one, made an end to himself in Central Park.

Of all cases of word-perversion that have come to my notice, I know none more flagrant than that which has robbed the term "culture"—meaning the enlightenment acquired by mental and moral training—of every vestige of its ancient significance, and reduced it to such a pitifully low estate that it has become a mockery and by-word. The origin of the term is obvious. It is a metaphor from the tillage of the ground. "We ought to blame the culture, not the soil," says Pope in the "Essay on Man."

Time was when no one was looked upon as cultured who had not been subjected to a mental process not unlike the laborious digging and delving to which the tiller of the field must resort; and it was considered far more important to have the mind plowed up than merely raked over. The culture of today, however, is nothing more than a top dressing, which merely affects the vocal organs, without any regard to the gray matter that is supposed to lie behind them. Our cultured people are rated by the volume and rapidity of their utterances rather than by their wisdom and truth.

"You must meet Mr. Jones; he's such a cultured gentleman! He spoke for two hours and a half last night on the subject of municipal reform, and he's so fond of talking about Ibsen and the intellectual drama!"

Such is the way in which young men of this school of culture are often characterized by their admirers. And woe be to him who has the effrontery to ask if Mr. Jones has ever spent two hours and a half in thinking about municipal reform, or Ibsen, or anything else!

When applied to women in society, culture and credulity have come to be almost synonymous words.

"You must meet Mrs. Chatters and try to get on her list!" is the cry of the simple-minded. "She's such a cultured woman! She entertains Mr. Flopdoodle every Sunday night. You know how delightfully he writes on art. Mr. Squirt-gun also attends her receptions, and you know he's a great dramatist, only the managers are so commercial that they won't produce his plays because they're too good for the people."

It is at Mrs. Chatters', too, that we meet that little band of culture's disciples who agree to call one another "brilliant."

AN ERA OF CHEAP "BRILLIANCE."

I can well remember the time when it was something of a distinction to be called "brilliant"; but that was before "brilliant" writers, and "brilliant" conversationalists, and "brilliant" women of society, and "brilliant" followers of the various arts were as numerous in the conventional walks of life as they are now. In those days the word was not subjected to the indignity of over-use. It was considered strong enough to stand alone, and did not need the support of a qualifying adverb. Nowadays, however, when so many are "brilliant," one must be the "most brilliant" conversationalist, or actress, or humbug of some sort, to attract any attention.

So thoroughly have the idolators accomplished their foul work with this once respectable word, that comparatively few persons of the younger generation have any idea of its true meaning. To be a really brilliant writer—and it is in relation to modern literature that the word has been subjected to its worst misuse—one must possess wit, or the poetic and imaginative quality. The author of the "Rollo Books," for instance, was a useful and entertaining writer of fiction, but he can hardly be described as brilliant; neither are the industrious scribblers whose novels fill the bookshops, but who are absolutely lacking in the qualities that I have mentioned.

Brilliant writers we have a plenty nowadays, and with them have come a swarm of brilliant actors, brilliant critics, brilliant dramatists, brilliant financiers, brilliant lawyers, and brilliant doctors. Fancy entrusting yourself to the mercies of a "brilliant" surgeon who wanted to sustain his reputation! Meanwhile—thanks chiefly to the rapid spread of this form of culture—society has become extended to such a degree that I fully expect to hear of brilliant manicures, brilliant massage operators, and brilliant green-grocers before we are many years older.

The Intervention of Mrs. Hilary Penrose.

A SOCIAL DRAMA WHOSE CHARACTERS ARE TWO WIVES AND TWO HUSBANDS.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

I.

IT was the whim of Mrs. Hilary Penrose to set up a yellow breakfast-room with a deep window, and, upon bright days, to have the cozy table placed close beside this window. She rather fancied the effect of sunshine upon her ruddy hair, and she immensely fancied her prim little city garden, with its one tree. But she was an unselfish soul, and if there were women guests in the house she was considerate of early morning nerves and complexions. At such times she moved to the fireplace and shut out the tree.

Mr. Hilary Penrose read his newspaper happily wherever he was put, for he was of that admirable order of husbands who do not notice, or, when they do notice, do not mind.

This happened to be a window morning, and when Mrs. Penrose had finished her letters she drummed upon the table, and gazed pensively out at the tree. Then she took up a cream-colored note. "From Nina Tevis," she said. "Just listen an instant. 'My dear Mrs. Penrose'—it used to be Polly—'will you allow me to accept your invitation to dinner on Saturday evening for Mr. Tevis? With a less popular hostess I should hesitate, but I know that an extra man will not put you much out. I believe I have forgotten to say that it will be utterly impossible for me to come. Very sincerely yours, Nina Tevis.'"

There was a moment during which Penrose stared. "By Jove!" he said at length.

"Exactly," chimed his wife. "And she was my maid of honor."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

She hedged a little before replying.

"Oh—I don't know. They're not happy, I'm afraid."

"Out with it," said Penrose.

She sat up straight and clasped her hands. "Paul's coming here too much," she said clearly.

There was an instant's silence, then Penrose smiled. "Is he in love with you?" he asked easily.

"He wants cheering up; I'm lively," she said, the earnest look that became her softening her brilliant face. "There's some trouble at home. Nina spends her evenings putting the baby to sleep."

"Thought that sort of thing had gone out," said Penrose. "I can't call to mind any occasion when you neglected me to put Buttons to sleep."

"Buttons is a lamb, and goes without putting. But that's just one instance. Nina shuts herself up; Paul mopes. Then he goes out. Nina cries."

"That last a bit of embroidery?" put in Penrose.

"No, a fact! Her eyes show it—and she a beauty!"

Mrs. Penrose sighed. Secretly, she longed to be tall and dark. "Then people might believe my hair was its own color," she argued to herself. But argument availed not; her hair remained undoubtedly red. Presently she broke out again.

"Nina has ideas about the baby—a mother's tender care and what not. Hires a nurse, and doesn't let her touch the child without gloves. Drives when it is asleep—always at an unfashionable hour. She's a slave, and I'm told that it is clever at howling for her."

"Poor Paul!" put in Penrose.

"It wasn't so bad at first," went on his wife excitedly. She spread out her hands dramatically. "But it is domestic suicide now—and she is really a dear girl, you know."

"From your account I never should have guessed it."

"Of course not! You don't guess anything. You are a lawyer. But she

is, all the same, and——" Here a queer little catch in her voice stopped her a moment. "I'm fond of her, and—she seems down on me." She drummed on the table-cloth. "It will have to be stopped. Now, if you became stuffily polite to me, I'd soon find the reason why. And if you spent a lot of time with another woman, either she or I should withdraw, Mr. Penrose."

"What a deal I'm learning!" he put in admiringly. "Does she—er—love her husband?"

Mrs. Penrose put one finger upon the cream-colored note.

"Jealous!" she remarked significantly. "It has simply got to be stopped." She thumped the table with her small fist.

"Bravo, Polly!" applauded her husband. "As a stump speaker——"

"Hilary, you must do it," announced Mrs. Penrose.

"Oh, Lord! Tell a man not to come to the house, for no reason that can be given, all because he has the good sense to prefer my home and family to his own? Not on your life!"

Penrose looked at the clock and picked up his newspaper. His manner implied finality.

"I knew you wouldn't," said Mrs. Penrose. "I knew when I asked you."

"Why waste breath?"

"Well, I've made up my mind to try it, then," she went on. "I have the shadow of a working plan." She trailed about the table and touched his shoulder lightly. "Dear old man, back me up, will you?"

"Will I?" He got up and kissed her deliberately, with some amusement and much tenderness in his eyes. "I will, no matter what depths of disaster you run into." He turned at the door. "I abhor advertisements," he called back, "but bear in mind that lawyers who belong in the family come cheaper."

II.

In a heliotrope afternoon gown that would have bestowed an added courage upon Jeanne d'Arc herself, Mrs. Penrose fluttered airily into the Tevis drawing-room, and awaited an answer to her card.

She had come upon the delicate business of sticking her finger in her neighbor's pie. She had come at once in order to get it over quickly. She had come impulsively, out of the depth of her old love for Nina, and she determined that no coolness upon Nina's part should freeze the tender olive-branch she had brought to offer her.

"Mrs. Tevis is engaged with the baby, but will be down presently, madam, if you care to wait," came a voice from the doorway.

Mrs. Penrose flushed.

"Well, really——" she began, and then recovered herself. "Oh, very well, I will wait," she concluded.

Fifteen good minutes were vouchsafed Mrs. Penrose as a restorative to good temper, fifteen minutes during which the clock in the hall came out nobly in its profession, and the sunlight filtered into the rose-colored drawing-room. At last, however, Nina trailed down, very pale, head held high, reluctance in every movement.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she began formally, "but the baby——"

"Oh, of course, the baby," put in Mrs. Penrose cheerfully. "You needn't tell me at all. It objected when you tried to slip away. Didn't it, now?"

"It did," nodded Nina, a trifle wearily.

"Buttons does the same thing," confided Mrs. Penrose. "By the way, Buttons misses you. You never come, somehow. But she takes it out on Paul." Mrs. Penrose, watching keenly, saw Nina's chin go up, and a clear pink show in her cheek. She decided that she might continue. "Also, by the way, my dear, what have you done to yourself?" she said. "You're looking wretched."

Nina moved restlessly.

"I am a little tired," she said quickly.

"It's a sin to be tired," said Mrs. Penrose, "when one is a beauty, and you can be so pretty—you used to be. I'll give you an idea—get a new maid."

Nina flushed.

"There are more important things in life than looking pretty," she answered with spirit. "Devotion to one's child, for instance."

It was the opening Mrs. Penrose wanted.

"Nonsense, my dear Nina," she said. "Be devoted to your child. It's not a bad plan. But be devoted in pretty clothes and good hair-dressing. Now, your pompadour to-day is one month behind the fashion. It counts with a husband." For a moment Mrs. Penrose trembled at her own temerity. There was a look in Nina's eyes that gave warning; but Mrs. Penrose ignored it. "Paul likes pretty people," she added casually.

"We will not discuss Paul's likes, if you please," said Nina through set lips. She was trying desperately to be polite; meanwhile, she was hating this new Polly with her whole soul.

"Did you go to the Carters' dinner dance?" she asked evenly.

"I did," answered Mrs. Penrose, "and I must tell you what I heard," she went on, not to be turned from her purpose. "Billy De Witt asked me——" she laughed artificially. "I can't get it out—it's about you, you know."

"Tell me," said Nina, sitting up very straight.

Mrs. Penrose hesitated. "Well, he asked me if—if—there was any talk of a divorce."

Nina started to her feet.

"How can you, how can you?" she cried. "You must be a cruel woman—talking, talking until I could go mad! Can't you see that I'm not myself? And yet you must wound me, insult me——" Her voice broke. "Will you please go?" she said.

Mrs. Penrose had risen to her feet. "Nina, you don't mean——" she began slowly.

"Oh, I do, I do," cried Nina. "You are not the old Polly. You are somebody that's strange and hard. You don't know how you've hurt me!" She put up her hands to cover her eyes. "Oh, there is no one left—no one, no one!"

She sank down into her chair again and began to sob wildly. Mrs. Penrose did not even glance at the door. In an instant she was down upon her knees beside Nina, warm arms about her, patting her, soothing her, stroking her hair, whispering, "There, there,"

as one does to a frightened child. Her own eyes were misty as she did so, and her heart was tender within her.

Presently Nina, still crying bitterly, but feeling a little comforted by the petting and the whispering, lifted her head from the arm of the chair and dropped it upon Mrs. Penrose's shoulder.

"Oh, Polly," she whispered, "how could you?"

"There—now it's all right," said Mrs. Penrose, very low. "I got your note—no, don't move, dear—I want to talk to you just so. I've thought for some time that you had a—trouble. I thought that it was about Paul, perhaps. You see, men do not realize about a baby; they love them, but not in the same way that we do. And you know you did neglect Paul. Don't you know it, dear?" Mrs. Penrose patted Nina's cheek softly. "And he became forlorn and lonely. Then he began to come to us, when you left him alone; and you—imagined things. You had strange notions in your silly little head, didn't you?"

Nina pressed her head hard into Mrs. Penrose's shoulder.

"Well, they were absurd, you know, simply absurd. Now, you are coming to my dinner?"

"I haven't spoken to Paul," Nina confessed very low, "for a week."

"A week! What's a week? Now, you are coming to that dinner, and you are to be a radiant beauty. And you are to make it up with Paul. I've a little plan——"

Nina sat up and shook her head dubiously. "He might not want to," she sighed.

"You're to make him want to, child. That's my little plan. Now listen."

Whereupon Mrs. Penrose talked without stopping for half an hour, sitting upon the floor, utterly forgetful of her best afternoon gown, and of Hobson's wrath when his horses were kept standing.

Sage was the advice she gave, her small face brilliant, her red hair flying, her heliotrope hat awry. When they parted, Nina touched Mrs. Penrose softly.

"Polly, you're a dear," she whis-

pered, and Mrs. Penrose laughed happily as she ran down to the carriage.

III.

To immolate herself upon the altar of her friendship was to Mrs. Penrose an act of sacrificial joy. She was willingly eager to prove the depth of her good faith.

"Bring me the blue frock, Isabeau," she said, as she dressed for her dinner.

The maid turned in stupefaction. "But, *madame*—" she began, ready for argument.

She was a Penrose fixture, and privileged. Her mistress cut her short.

"At once, the blue frock, Isabeau," she said firmly.

Isabeau folded her lips. Being French and diplomatic, she brought first a glittering white gown that had just come home, and spread it in the correct light.

"In case *madame* thinks twice," she remarked. Then, high disdain in her shoulders, she fetched the blue and hooked Mrs. Penrose into it, protest in every movement.

"It gives *madame* a jaundice," she remarked bitingly.

"Something white for my hair, Isabeau," commanded Mrs. Penrose.

"White, *madame*! *Ciel*! It is a German taste that *madame* develops. Black, now—or jewels! With prayers I entreat!"

"I wish to look badly. Hurry, hurry, Isabeau. I am late as it is."

With tears in her voice Isabeau told the story later to the housemaid. "'I wish to look badly, Isabeau,' she said to me. My poor, pretty *madame*! I fear her end approaches. The mind is already gone."

Meanwhile Mrs. Penrose, greeting her guests, singled Billy De Witt from their number, as the one most likely to answer her purpose.

"Billy, a word in your ear," she said. "I want you to do something for me."

"Fair queen! Your slave," answered Billy theatrically.

"Rubbish! But see here—you are to take in Nina Tevis. Yes, of course, the beauty—there is only one Nina.

You are to be utterly, indescribably, outlandishly devoted to her, as only you know how to be."

Billy looked pleased.

"Why?" he remarked, grinning.

"Never mind why, that's not your business. You are simply a stop-gap, you understand—a mere side issue. But I think you should enjoy it."

The Tevises were the last to arrive, and a little hum went over the room when people caught sight of Nina, in a wonderful gown of old lace.

"Why, they told me she had gone off in her looks," said the De Lancy girl's mother. She spoke in an injured tone.

"She's a dream," declared Billy De Witt.

A terrible old Russian asked to be presented to her; and when Nina smiled upon him, he actually unbent and made her a pretty speech—the first he had allowed himself in America.

Mrs. Penrose, with Tevis beside her, pointed to this with her fan.

"It's a good thing you don't care," she said confidentially. "Even that nice old bear! And Billy De Witt is daft over her."

Tevis started at her a moment. He was in the habit of taking things coolly.

"Will you tell me," he asked at length, "what in heaven's name you are talking about?"

"Why, Nina, to be sure," went on Mrs. Penrose. "She's a bit of a flirt, you know. You don't mean to say that you didn't?" she added in a horrified whisper.

"I did not," said Tevis.

"What stupidity! But never mind, now. There, go over and quiet Miss Bolton; she is always noisy when not at her ease. She's shy, poor thing. Brace her up, Paul."

"Who is to take you in?" asked Tevis, lingering.

"The Russian! Thank Heaven, he likes to eat. You are on the other side, Paul. Now, mind about the Bolton girl."

Tevis took his place at the table with a mind not entirely serene. He found himself diagonally opposite his wife, for Mrs. Penrose had great faith in Billy De Witt. The fact that Mrs. Penrose herself was beside him failed

of its usual effect, for she was not entertaining. She was chained down to the Russian, who talked to her with no halt or hesitation. The Bolton girl was impossible on all subjects save *matinées*, a form of amusement which Tevis detested.

He found himself looking across to Nina, and wishing vaguely that she were different—more like other women, lively, talkative, interested in people. Of course, it was not true that she flirted. The idea was absurd. And yet it was not unattractive. He decided that he would rather like Nina to flirt. It would leave him a free hand.

Presently he became aware of Billy De Witt. That gentleman was wasting no time. He refused two courses in order to devote himself to Nina properly. At first his neighbor was bewildered; but a look from Polly enlightened her. She sat, demure eyes cast down, a rose flush on her cheeks, a small smile upon her lips at Billy's absurdity, and she was every instant acutely conscious of Paul opposite, staring.

And to Tevis it occurred at last that Nina was flirting—with the daintiest touch, to be sure, but flirting unmistakably. There was no doubt about De Witt. There was nothing dainty about him. Plainly he was enjoying the time of his life, and Tevis suddenly hated the sight of him. He forgot the Bolton girl. He even forgot Mrs. Penrose. His chief desire was to wring Billy's neck.

The dinner was an interminable bore to him. The music, later, in the drawing-room, got on his nerves. He talked for a time to Mrs. Armitage, the latest divorcée, in the hope that Nina would notice, but the woman's chatter wearied him, and Nina was too well occupied to notice. At last Mrs. Penrose beckoned him.

"Buttons is on a tear," she confided. "She woke up, and knew at once there was something on. She adores a crowd, and she yelled to come down. Do go up, Paul, and settle her gently. Wait in my little den a moment; I'll send her in there."

Buttons, even Buttons on a tear, went far ahead of Mrs. Armitage or the Bolton girl. Tevis took himself off to

the little den gladly. Here were deep heliotrope chairs and a cozy fire; here was quiet. Above all, here was not De Witt.

It was quite ten minutes before Tevis heard Mrs. Penrose's voice in the hall.

"No, I can't come. Just go in for a moment, there's a dear. I'll be along presently." Then, in a lower tone the speaker added: "And do try to be good, child. I think the time to be good has come."

Tevis heard the door open, and some one was pushed into the room. Then the door slammed shut. He rose, expectant of Buttons. Nina, in her lace gown, was leaning against the dark wood of the door.

"Oh!" she said, at the sight of her husband.

For days they had not spoken to each other. But after her first start she stood quiet.

"Er—is it a fire," asked Tevis at length, "or a burglary? There seems to be some haste."

"It was Polly," answered Nina. "She pushed me in." Her hands were trembling and she clasped them behind her. "I—I'll go," she added.

"Please don't," said Tevis abruptly, and then stopped. He was staring at her rather fixedly. "That's Polly's sort," he went on, more easily. "She does push people along."

"Polly's a dear," said Nina steadily.

Tevis fidgeted with an ivory knife on the writing table.

"I thought you were a bit down on her," he said absently.

"I was," said Nina in her sincere voice. "I thought you—liked her."

Tevis glanced up quickly, then down again to the toy in his hands.

"Well," he said, "did you care?"

Nina drew in her breath sharply.

"Care?" she said, and her voice broke. "Why, Paul, you must know!"

Tevis dropped the knife and took a step forward. Suddenly he wanted to be friends with her, more than he wanted anything else in the world.

"Nina," he said very low, "do you still—love me? Was that the reason—" He came very close. He put out his hand to her, then drew it back. "Do you—want to make up?"

Nina looked up at him bravely, but her lip quivered.

"Do you?" she whispered. "I'm sorry." And she stretched out both hands to him.

IV.

MR. HILARY PENROSE, in search of the joys of a pipe and slippers, found a thoughtful Mrs. Penrose gazing at the fire in her little den. For quite five minutes after his advent she said nothing, and Hilary, mystified, but wise withal, bided his time. At last it came.

"Did it go all right?" asked Mrs. Penrose listlessly.

"It went," said Penrose, puffing serenely.

"Terrible bores, the women," said Mrs. Penrose in a languid tone.

"Not up to the usual lot," agreed Penrose. "Why?"

"Oh, just an idea of mine. Nina shone, though, didn't she?"

"She did." Penrose thought a moment. "By the way, how about them—the Tevises?" he inquired at length.

Mrs. Penrose stood up. "Well, I think it's all right," she said slowly; "at least, for the present. They are going to Florida."

"You brought the thing off?" said Penrose, puffing.

His wife smiled.

"I think so," she nodded.

"Well, then, what's the matter?" asked Penrose abruptly.

Mrs. Penrose moved to a mirror. Thoughtfully, she regarded herself. Thoughtfully, she pulled the white butterfly from her hair.

"Was I very dowdy?" she asked.

Penrose stared in surprise. "You looked bang up, I thought," he said sincerely.

Mrs. Penrose wheeled and came over to him. She patted the top of his head tenderly. He knew it was coming.

"It was only that—oh, the thing was easier to manage than I had expected," she said rather shyly. "I think my vanity has tumbled."

"H'm," said Penrose, "you don't say!" Then, abruptly: "Honest, Polly, was Tevis falling in love with you?"

Mrs. Penrose flushed, frowned, then laughed. "Don't be absurd, Hilary," was all she said.

And Penrose never understood why she trailed to the fire, and thrust the white butterfly into the depths of it; nor why she laughed again, as she did so.

THE MYSTERIES OF FATE.

ONE prays for life; Love holds her hand,
The boat to take her nears the land;
White lilies float, her senses reel,
'Tis Death himself stands at the wheel.

One prays for death, through waves of doubt
That beat her drifting bark about;
The ship that to her help is led
Is freighted down with love instead.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to Stanley Weyman's new novel, "*The Abbess of Vlaye*," which begins on page 816. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "*Double Harness*," which began in the December number, and is continued on page 882 of the present issue, is another remarkable story. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

PRIZE TOPICAL POEMS

The Result of the Competition for March

A BALLADSKI OF BATTLEVITCH.

(First Prize Poem.)

OUT in waters Asiatic, with a courage
high, ecstatic,

Lo, our little brother Japanese is strip-
ping off his clothes;

With a nerve sublime, gigantic, and in
confidence quite frantic,

He is aching for a chance to rap the
Muscovitish nose.

For the Russian diplomatic, debonair,
aristocratic,

Threatens him with repetition of the
spider and the fly;

And with railroad-enterprising, immi-
gration, colonizing,

Shows a most alarming tendency to
swallow earth and sky.

Seeing which, the Japaninkski whispers
low: "I do not thinkski

We can stand for any bluffski from this
fine Slavonic hand;

Yet if now we let him vex us, we may get
the solar plexus,

And be Romanoff'd and Skobelev'd and
gobbled-off the land.

"So we'll spin negotiations, speak him
fair of arbitrations;

We will treat of ultimatums and the
'favored nation' law;

But we'll buy some little cruisers, heavy-
manned by foreign bruisers,

And when he's least expecting it, we'll
smash him in the jaw!"

While the Jap is cogitating thus, the
Russian Bear is waiting;

He's afraid the bland Mikado may have
aces in his shoe;

And with fear his heart corroding, he re-
calls with sad foreboding

When in Berlin he was up against the
German and the Jew.

"Holy Michael! Saint Paulinski!

When our generals, Daroshinski,

Todlebenski, Kantchukoffsky, bridle-
deep in paynim gore,

Plowing through the Turkish masses
opened wide the Balkan passes

And their prize, Constantinople, lay in
front with open door,

"Then rose up the League of Nations to
annul our expectations;

Then Von Bismarck and Disraeli wept
in sorrow with the Turk,

And declared he must not perish, they
would wet-nurse him and nourish—

They would guard that ancient sinner
in his philanthropic work.

"What though mine the toil and trouble,
mine the waste of blood and rouble,

When I fought against the Moslem in
defense of Christian blood,

At this highly Christian powwow I was
forced to do the kowtow,

Or prepare to meet the onrush of an
Anglo-Saxon flood.

"Though I'll doubtless be a winner if I
hit this little sinner,

There is danger that the outcome will
be pretty much the same;

For 'tis like that John Bulloffsky and
your Uncle Samuelkoffsky,

May regard it as their mission to butt
in and spoil the game!"

W. J. McElroy.

THE ONLY ONE THAT'S IT.

(Second Prize Poem.)

KING COLE, they say, was merry in the
good old bygone days,

Holding bacchanalian revel in a nicotin-
ian haze;

With pipe and bowl, the good old soul de-
clined to think of cares,

While his little German orchestra dis-
coursed the latest airs.

The merry Hal of England, if the things
they say are true,
Was as jovial a monarch as e'er lived be-
neath the blue.
But for all-around good fellowship you
surely must admit
That King Graft of fair Columbia is the
only one that's It!

Old Greece's Alexander wept for other
worlds to lick,
And Xerxes, one unpleasant day, beat
Neptune with a stick;
Canute, the legend runneth, took a chair
down on the beach
And defied the English Channel just to
come within his reach.
But our last anointed ruler, when he finds
he's getting shy
On unsubdued surroundings, doesn't
stop, or storm, or cry;
Moral law and courts and statutes hold
no terrors—not a bit—
For King Graft of fair Columbia—he's
the only one that's It!

King Graft holds sway despotic o'er a
multitude of men—
From the grafters high in office to the
grafters in the pen;
He has dealt in wares as varied as a big
department store,
And he keeps his own "want column"
for discovering still more.
He has run the scale chromatic through
a gamut that's as wide
As a whole Pacific Ocean, with a sea or
two beside.
And though Folks may try to break him,
he just winks and murmurs "Nit!"
For King Graft of fair Columbia is the
only one that's it!

From the East the press despatches now
reiterate the tale
That he's dealing in devices for distribu-
ting the mail;
As an unobtrusive side-line he's been ped-
dling cotton gloves
For the wearing of our soldiers when
they court their lady-loves.
Like an ermine-clad octopus he's been
grabbing real estate
That poor Lo, the lowly Injun, had been
licensed to locate.

For exploiting public property's a
"stunt" that makes a hit
With King Graft of fair Columbia—he's
the only one that's It!

Oh, he's very democratic, though he's
sceptered, robed, and crowned,
And the spots he's not invaded cover
mighty little ground.
From the council halls of Standing Rock
to Gotham's storied piles,
From the dank and frappé northland to
the Indies' coral isles,
Housed in hovel, flat, or mansion you
may find the hosts he's fed,
And his legions are as loyal as the ones
that Caesar led.
They have made a new commandment
which the case appears to fit:
"Serve King Graft of fair Columbia—
he's the only one that's It!"

If his minions ever enter through the
pearly gates on high,
They'll be grafting a concession for an
air-line to the sky;
They will start a grafting syndicate for
time-locks on the fold;
They'll electroplate the paving blocks
and sell 'em for pure gold.
Or, if they strike the other place, 'twill be
the same down there;
They'll make Mephisto pay their price
for super-heated air.
They've all learned well their lesson, and
they never doubt a bit.
That King Graft of fair Columbia is the
only one that's It!

Frank Glover Heaton.

DOWN THE HILL IN CREDIT- VILLE.

(Third Prize Poem.)

SAID Marcus Downe of Spoteash Town
To pretty Mamie New:
"My love I'd speak, but twelve a week
Will scarcely keep us two."
She whispered low: "A thing I know
Besides the age of Ann;
Just down the hill is Creditville,
And the instalment man."

So down the hill in Creditville
Marc bought—for a dollar down,
And a note for ten, with a mortgage end—
A wedding-ring and gown.

The preacher said: "You two I wed!
Five dollars is my fee;
But you only pay ten cents a day;
That's satisfactory."

Then Marcus bought a house and lot
On the instalment plan;
He closed a deal for an automobile
As big as a moving van;
He hastily wrote for a sealskin coat—
A present for his wife;
And, with a gown from Paris town,
Insurance on his life.

'Twas easy to get a cabinet,
And pots, and pans, and tins;
Rugs, and chairs, and shoes—six pairs;
Hammers, and tacks, and pins;
Books, and songs, and dinner gongs;
Pills, and powders, and hay;
Tables and beds, blankets and spreads,
And all for a dime a day.

Early and late at Marc's side gate
Some sort of a wagon stood,
Unloading machines, or magazines,
Or a case of breakfast food.

But finally his salary
The payments wouldn't meet.
Back to the store went goods galore,
And Marc went into the street.

"We'll start anew—I still have you!"
Marc pacified his bride.
"You'll have her when," a voice broke
in,

"My bill is satisfied!"
'Twas the preacher man. In a moving
van
He took Marc's bride away.
Now Marcus Downe of Spotcash Town
Has nothing more to say.

James R. Noland.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.—The interest in our topical verse contests continues to increase, and in the one that closed on January 15 we received poems from eleven hundred and eighty competitors. Again, too, there was a distinct advance in the average quality of the work submitted, though we do not regard the three successful pieces as at all superior to the prize-winning trio of last month.

Much, or even most, of the verse that we receive is open to the criticism that it is not sufficiently topical. A topical poem, according to our definition, is one that refers in a humorous or satirical way to some leading topic or topics of popular and timely interest. Competitors should bear this clearly in mind. It is useless to send us verses that are not humorous or satirical, and that do not deal with some subject that is worth noting as a present-day development.

These competitions are open to the world, with the single stipulation that the poems submitted must be in the English language. Anything arriving too late for one contest is considered as being entered for that of the following month. The first prize for this month goes to Pittsburg; the second to Irvington, Indiana; the third to Kansas City.

We receive a good many letters inquiring about the "conditions" of the contests. Such inquiries are entirely needless. There are no "conditions" beyond the extremely simple ones stated here.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.—The fifth contest of the series will close on Monday, March 14. The first prize will be ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS; the second, fifty dollars; the third, twenty-five dollars. Any poem which, though not winning a premium, is found available for publication, will be purchased at a fair price. Envelopes containing verses should be marked "Topical Poem Competition," and addressed to the office of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. Each contestant should be careful to enclose a stamped envelope for the return of unsuccessful poems.

The Woman in the Case.

THE STORY OF REDDY MCGUIRE AND THE SHERIFF WHO WOULD NOT WAIT FOR HIM.

BY FRANK N. STRATTON.

I.

REDDY MCGUIRE swung wearily from his saddle, leaned his gun against one of the cottonwood trees, hung a brace of plump birds across its muzzle, and stretched his lean, lank length in the thick grass at the river's brink.

"They'll be along in an hour," he soliloquized, watching the gray mustang graze.

He rested his long chin in his tanned hands and beat a slow tattoo on the soft prairie soil with the toes of his cowhide boots as he meditated. The gleam in his gray eyes, the smile on his freckled face, indicated that Reddy was happy; his prolonged drooping of his eyelids, the steady gravitation of his red head toward the earth, indicated that he was also drowsy.

When the head finally rested on the folded arms, the two men who had been watching him from the cover of the thicket down the river rode swiftly forth, and Reddy, rudely awakened, struggled to his feet to tug impotently at the steel manacles on his wrists; to glare furiously into the smiling faces of his captors.

"Dan!" he cried. "Dan Rowe!"

"That's me, Reddy," responded the shorter man pleasantly. "And this is Ike Fenn, my dep'ty. Mebbe you remember Ike, too. Sorry to spile your nap, Reddy, but we're in a desprit hurry to get away before your friends come up. They might put up a kick, and there's only two of us."

Reddy's head had dropped on his breast; the freckled face had grown pale; the thin lips were tightly set.

"I suppose it's for the—shooting," he said, not looking up.

"Sure. Been follerin' the wagons for a week waitin' for you to straggle."

"But he pulled first," the captive protested firmly. "Dan, I had to shoot!"

"How'll you prove it?" asked the sheriff. "I don't say that it wasn't a good riddance, but he was a big duck in the puddle, and besides——"

The sheriff winked complacently at Ike, who grinned knowingly.

"There's the reward," said Reddy cynically, finishing the sentence.

"That's our business; eh, Ike? Ain't holdin' down this office for our health, are we? If a man s'posed to be dead takes chances on comin' through the State, and we, bein' out after smaller game, accidently catch a glimpse——"

"Look here, Dan; you know my record was good till this was forced on me. Why can't you——"

"Come, Reddy; climb that mustang; there's a long ride before us. If you're reasonable you can ride in the saddle like a man; if not, you'll ride across it, like a log. Take your choice."

With a look of despair on his face, the captive slowly clambered into his saddle. For one moment he gazed eastward, where a long train of white-topped wagons, dimly seen through the gathering twilight, writhed sinuously across the rolling plain like some gigantic serpent of the sea; then he struck the gray mustang with his heels and galloped madly down the river. Almost a mile the three rode silently, side by side, concealed within the fringe of trees.

At intervals came the faint squeaking of the distant train, the lugubrious howls of prowling coyotes, the melancholy hooting of owls. Suddenly the captive raised his head and moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"Dan," he said sullenly, "I want to see your papers. How do I know this is regular?"

"Don't worry 'bout the papers, sonny," the sheriff chuckled, tapping his breast pocket. "I've got 'em all right. Had 'em for three years. You'll see 'em—what's the matter, Ike?"

The deputy, with a sharp pull, had thrown his horse upon his haunches. With one long arm he was pointing to the hill far ahead that ran to the river's edge, intersecting the fringe of trees.

Upon the summit of the hill, in bold relief against the evening sky, a plumed and half-nude horseman rode in rapid circles, waving a fluttering blanket high above his head. The sheriff caught the bridle of Reddy's mustang and wheeled toward the river at their right. Then he halted quickly, with an oath. From the crest of the bluff across the stream great rings and curling wreaths of drifting smoke, the wireless telegraphy of a savage foe, rose lazily in the still and sultry air.

"We're up against it, Ike," the sheriff growled. "The red buzzards have scented that train—they'll be swarmin' through these trees in five minutes!"

The deputy shifted his revolver further to the front and peered about him anxiously.

"Dassen't leave th' trees; they'd spot us in the moonlight," he muttered. "Jest one thing to do—sneak back to the train. Mebbe it's strong enuff to fight 'em off."

"We'd lose Reddy," the sheriff whispered. "His friends would never let us take him."

"Mebbe we kin dodge past the wagons an' git away on t'other——"

The sheriff lifted his hand warningly. Up the river, from a point they had just passed, arose the sounds of splashing water, the snort of a pony, and low, guttural words of command.

"They'll cut us off!" exclaimed the sheriff, whirling his horse up-stream. "Come, quick!"

Reddy, clutching his bridle-reins with manacled hands, held the mustang back. In the shadows his eyes blazed like those of a wounded grizzly.

"To the wagons?" he hissed. "Never—with these things on my wrists. She don't know; she mustn't know. It would kill her—now. Take

these cursed things off first; before I'll go back this way, I'll give the alarm, and we'll all die right here!"

A gleam of cunning triumph shone in the sheriff's eyes. He leaned toward Reddy, unlocked the handcuffs and dropped them into his pocket.

"Have to risk it, Ike," he whispered, "but I reckon we hold trumps; there's a woman in the case."

II.

BACK up the river the three trotted stealthily, with every sense alert.

"Hope your friends has seen them signals, too, and rounded up the wagons," the sheriff muttered to Reddy. "If they're caught hands down, the jig's up!"

Reddy did not reply. He was leaning over the mustang's neck, peering eagerly in the direction of the train.

A perilous quarter of a mile was safely passed.

"Looks like we'd slip through," said the deputy.

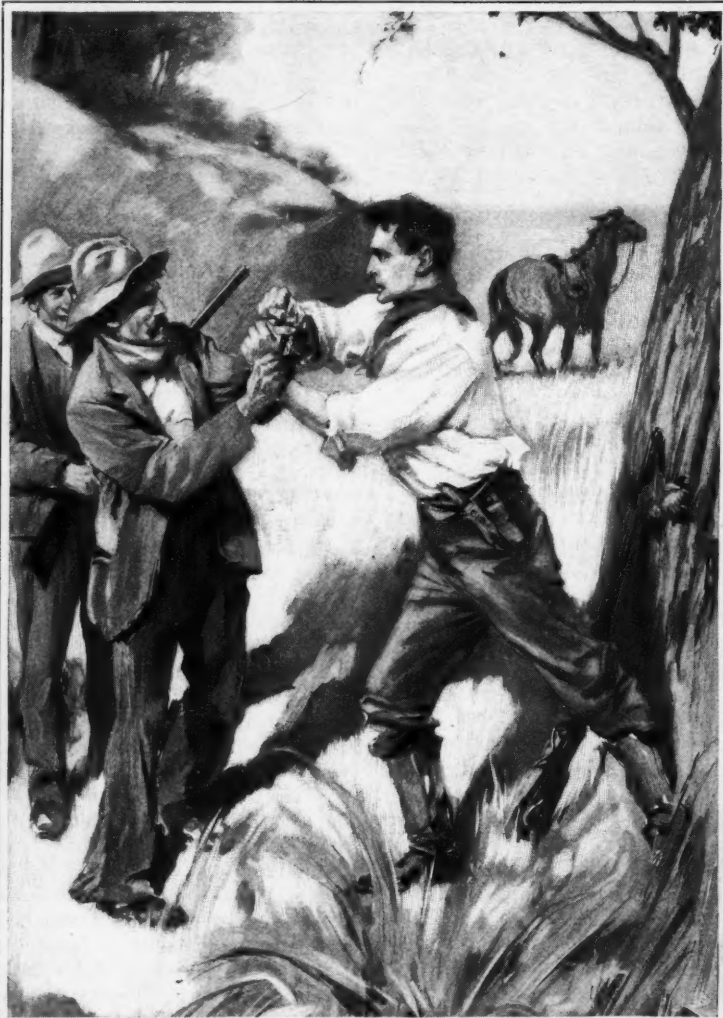
As he spoke, from the river-bank at their left came a flutter of feathers, a rising cluster of hideous faces, yells of wild surprise, and a mob of human vipers crashed like a hurricane toward the three.

"Straight for the wagons!" the sheriff yelled. "The devil gets the hindmost now!"

Out from the trees, over the rolling prairie, burst the desperate chase. For a time the three raced neck and neck, then the gray mustang forged ahead. A scattering volley of shots rang out, and Reddy, glancing backward, saw the deputy, far in the rear, throw up his hands and fall from his saddle; saw the whole mad mob sweep over him, save two who leaped eagerly from their ponies to complete their work.

Shuddering, he galloped to the summit of the next swell and gave a low cry of joy. At the foot of the slope, far below him, their white tops gleaming in the moonlight, lay the wagons, drawn in one great, protecting circle, ready for the attack.

Half way down the slope another volley rattled in his ears, and he turned his head to see the sheriff's horse, fifty



"THAT'S ME, REDDY. AND THIS IS IKE FENN, MY DEFTY."

yards back, pitch headlong, roll over, and lie still; to see the rider struggle to his feet, cast one glance toward the train, then grimly turn, his weapons in his hands, to die amid the foe.

Then did young Reddy McGuire, his wrists still smarting from the handcuffs, wheel the gray mustang right about and charge straight up the slope. High above the exultant yells his boyish voice rang clear and shrill:

"Ready, Dan! I'm coming to pick you up!"

Quickly the sheriff turned and crouched to grasp the outstretched hand, to make the upward leap; then, with the double burden, the gallant mustang wheeled again and dashed panting down the slope, a scanty bow-shot from the furious foe.

A desperate hundred yards they raced, and then the great, white-backed

tarantula down in the valley bristled with shining steel and stung with flashing fire. Before it, snorting ponies galloped riderless. The red mob wavered, wheeled, and whirled away, beyond range of the avenging rifles, and hearty Anglo-Saxon cheers went up as the gray mustang galloped safely home.

A tall, gaunt, hook-nosed man, with eyes like beads of burnished steel, grasped Reddy's hand.

"Mighty close call, stranger," he said to the sheriff, scanning him searchingly as Reddy hurried to one of the wagons. The sheriff glanced, scowling, toward the spot where his deputy had gone down.

"Lend me a rifle," he growled savagely. "I'll get even before this fight's over!"

The hook-nosed man grinned and waved his hand to the north.

"Guess it's over now—fer us," he said.

Following the gesture with his eyes, the sheriff saw, far northward, a shimmering line of blue and brass moving rapidly toward the bluffs across the river, up whose sides scurried squads of retreating marauders.

"Cavalry," observed the hook-nosed one. "Reckon they seen the signals, too. Them wards of the guv'ment'll have to jump lively er there'll be some more good Injuns afore mornin'."

III.

AN hour later, when the camp-fires were blazing cheerily, Reddy, coming from his wagon, was confronted by the sheriff leading Ike's horse.

"The coast's clear," said the sheriff in a low tone, watching the young fellow furtively. "We'd better be goin'."

"Goin'? I thought—maybe—you'd given that up."

The sheriff shook his head.

"You've got another think comin', Reddy."

Reddy's face turned pallid; the cords of his neck swelled and writhed; he drew back, and his hand dropped to the revolver at his belt. The sheriff drew a paper from his pocket and took a step toward the wagon from which Reddy had just emerged.

"Want to hear what this says? I'll read it—aloud."

"Stop!" cried Reddy, choking. "I'll go. I'll take the chances of a trial. Give me a little time—to say good-by."

"Ten minutes is long enough to fix up some kind of a story. I'll wait here," replied the sheriff gruffly.

He watched his retreating victim curiously; then he walked stealthily around the outer side of the corral and peeped through the flaps of Reddy's wagon. At the further end, on a rude pallet, lay a young girl whose dark, disheveled hair spread like a cloud about her pale, wan face. One wasted arm was around Reddy's neck, and the great, deep-sunken eyes stared questioningly up at him as he bent over her, whispering, clasping her hand.

Suddenly the coarse blanket that covered the girl was stirred and lifted at her side by something unseen. A muffled wail rose from beneath, and the girl, with a smile of pride and joy, turned feebly toward the sound.

The sheriff walked slowly away.

"Well, I'll be cussed!" he growled. "A kid—a wife and a kid! And him always too bashful to look a gal in th' face! What d'ye think of that?"

He halted at a deserted fire, drew a paper from his pocket, and gazed at it abstractedly.

"A kid," he repeated softly. "A blamed little red-faced, helpless kid—with its mammy fightin' death, and its daddy fightin' this!"

He stirred the smoldering fire with his boot, dropped the paper on the coals, and watched it as it blazed and turned to a little heap of ashes that a puff of wind lifted and whirled away far over the prairie. Then he strode to his horse, swung into the saddle, and trotted up the slope. At its summit he turned and looked down into the camp. In the shadow of the wagons he saw the dim form of Reddy hastily saddling the gray mustang, and he laughed aloud.

"Sorry to disappoint you, sonny, but you're too slow—I can't wait," he chuckled. "Good-by, Reddy, and good luck to you—and the kid—and the little woman!"

He leaned forward, struck his horse with the spurs, and galloped off.

The Making of Railroad Officials.

BY J. AUBREY TYSON.

THE "SPECIAL APPRENTICES" AT THE ALTOONA CAR-SHOPS—
HOW COLLEGE GRADUATES AND SONS OF PROMINENT AMERICANS GET THEIR PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR HIGH PLACES IN THE RAILROAD WORLD.

THERE was a time when Americans, from the European viewpoint, lacked distinction. It was traditionally assumed that the people of the United States had suffered the spirit of commercialism to rob them of their nobler instincts and to stunt their intellectual development.

Now, however, the American captain of industry is the man of the hour. His achievements have excited universal wonder and admiration. The world has come to recognize the fact that the victories of peace are no less honorable than those of war. It has learned, too, that the truly great industrial leader must have the intellectual power, the courage, the indomitable will, and the mastery of detail that have gone to make a Napoleon, a Cromwell, a Frederick of Prussia.

The prestige and dignity of a business career, and the rewards of commercial success, are greater to-day than ever before, and greater in the United States than in any other country. No doubt this is partly due to the mental equipment of the average young American who embarks on a practical career—an equipment which is the result of an academic education combined with such a thorough training as is only to be had in office or workshop.

The advantage of having as officials college-bred men who have been specially trained in the various details of departmental work is recognized by most of the great American corporations, and the college-bred apprentice has opportunities for advancement such as are enjoyed by no other class of his fellow workers.

The Pennsylvania Railroad may be taken as a typical instance of a great

industrial organization that "makes its officers to order" in this way. The company has on its payrolls a force of men that is considerably larger than the entire personnel of the United States navy. This vast army of employees needs a large corps of officers. Just as the Federal government has a West Point and an Annapolis to turn out its admirals and its generals, so the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has in the Altoona car-shops a training-school which is scarcely less exacting in its discipline, curriculum, and prescribed period of study than are the national military and naval academies.

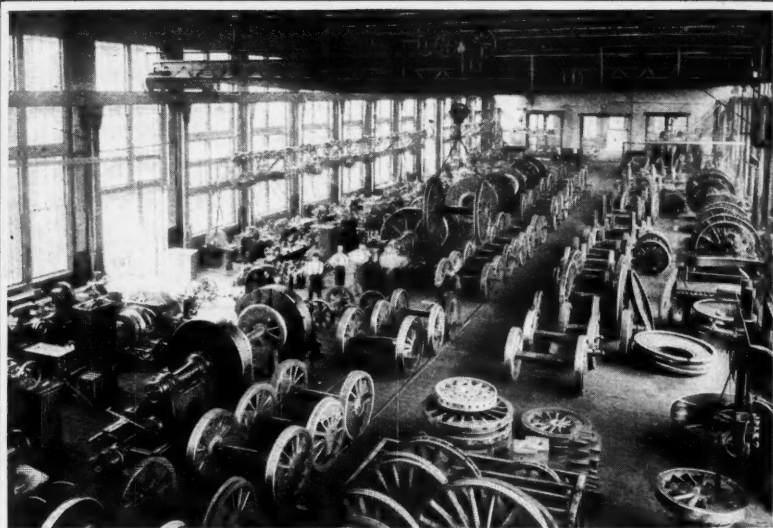
The course of study prescribed at West Point and Annapolis is completed within a period of four years, and little more than an ordinary grammar-school education is required to make a candidate eligible for admission. A similar period of service is required of the special apprentice in the Altoona car-shops, but prior to his admission he must have been graduated from some college or university. It will be seen, therefore, that while it is possible for a young man to become an officer of the army or navy about the time that he attains his majority, the future railroad official can scarcely expect to complete his course of training before he is twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

THE LIFE OF A RAILROAD APPRENTICE.

During this period his life is that of an ordinary mechanic. For ten hours a day, three hundred and four days in the years, he works in the dust, grime, grease, and din of shops whose smoke makes it almost impossible for a resident of the city of Altoona to see his shadow at any time of the day. For

his labor he receives wages which range from fifteen cents an hour, during his first year, to twenty-two cents an hour in his fourth year.

ular. The special apprentices are appointed by the general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the regulars by the master mechanic of the Altoona



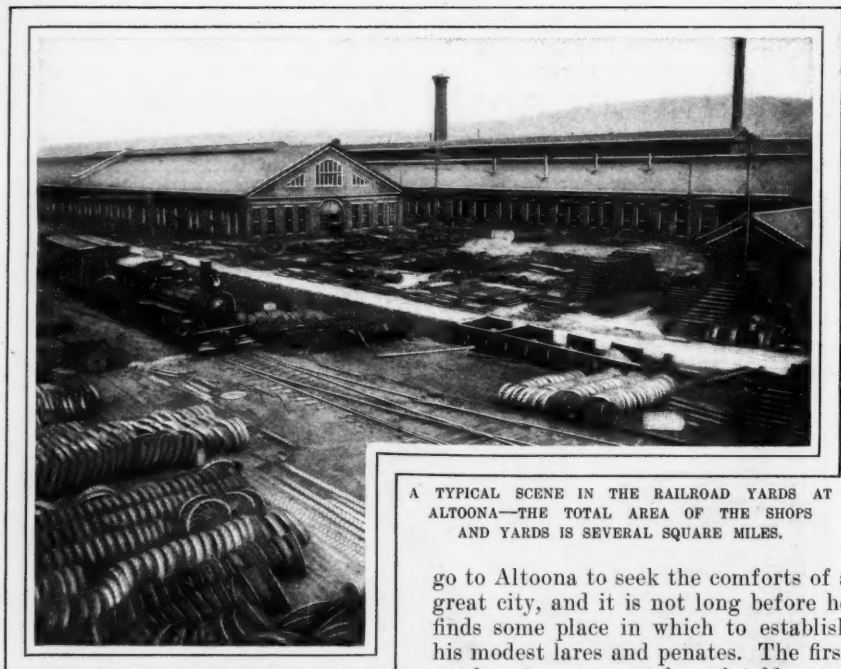
THE MACHINE SHOP, IN WHICH THE APPRENTICE PASSES THE SECOND STAGE OF HIS COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

One would naturally infer that the severity of such a curriculum would scarcely appeal to any save the sons of men who have been inured to the hardships of a railway mechanic's life. The visitor to the shops is likely to be surprised when he is informed that many of the grimy young men whom he sees crawling into the still warm fireboxes of locomotives, sweating within the glare of white-hot furnaces, wielding hammers in the ear-splitting boiler-room, or decorating the interior of a new parlor car, are sons of United States Senators, of multimillionaires, of distinguished jurists, of clergymen, of railway presidents, and of foreign dignitaries. Such they are, however, and in the car-shops there is no aristocracy. Not until the four years of service are completed does the special apprentice enter into his own.

The apprentices at Altoona are divided into two classes—special and reg-

shops. While the specials are required to have a college education, the regulars are selected rather for promise of fitness as workmen than with an eye to the higher executive positions in the service of the company. The regular receives wages ranging from five cents an hour during the first year, to fifteen cents an hour in the fourth year.

Though specials and regulars have the same period of apprenticeship, the training of the former is rather more varied than that of the latter. Thus, while the special is required to serve only six months in the erecting shop, six months in the machine shop, and three months in the vise shop, the regular must serve one year in each. The time thus saved by the special is spent in departments to which the regular is not eligible. At the present time there are at Altoona twenty-three special apprentices and one hundred and twenty-three regulars.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE RAILROAD YARDS AT ALTOONA—THE TOTAL AREA OF THE SHOPS AND YARDS IS SEVERAL SQUARE MILES.

Applications for positions as special apprentices far outnumber the company's demand for such material. The successful candidate must pass a rigorous examination. Not only is he required to demonstrate his mental fitness to bear the responsibilities for which he is to be so carefully trained, but he must satisfy the company that his moral character leaves nothing to be desired.

Upon arriving at Altoona, the newly-appointed apprentice must first select his lodgings. To a young man accustomed to the luxuries of a well-appointed city home, and to the comfortable environments of a university student, the quest is likely to be disheartening. The hotels to be found in smoky Altoona are not palatial, to put it mildly, nor would the viands they provide please the palate of a Lucullus. The boarding-houses are scarcely better. Most of them are conducted by widows of railroad workmen, and while their fare is rather better than that of the local hotels, it cannot be prescribed as an antidote for homesickness.

But the special apprentice does not

go to Altoona to seek the comforts of a great city, and it is not long before he finds some place in which to establish his modest lares and penates. The first meal or two may not be palatable, perhaps, and the atmosphere of the town has a tendency to depress him; but when he goes home from his first day's work in the shops, he will probably find that a healthy appetite gives the evening meal a seasoning which no chef at Delmonico's or Sherry's could surpass.

Before he has been at work a week, the spirit of depression that came over him at first begins to give way to one of lively interest in his environments. The ringing of countless hammers on roaring boiler plates and singing anvils becomes as music to his ears. He begins to have a respect for the rough-mannered men under whose direction he works. Every hour he sees results attained that seem to put the fabled labors of Vulcan to shame. One by one he sees the shapely locomotives rise from the characterless heaps of metal that strew the floor of the great erecting shop, and glide easily away as they start forth on a career that has in it quite as much of poetry as of prose. And, one by one, other locomotives, worn by overwork, damaged by collision, or victims of strange complaints that are almost as varied as those which

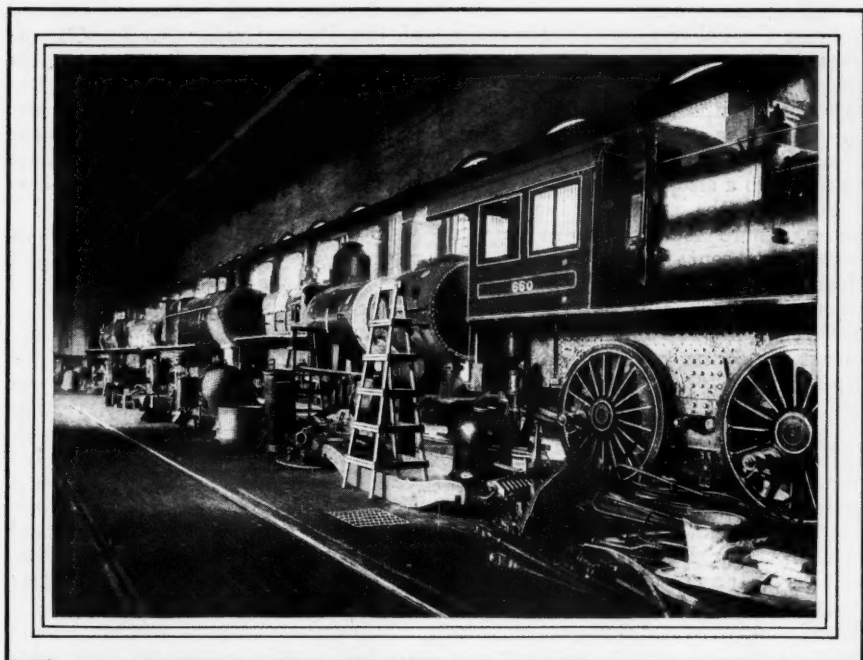
afflict the human race, come limping back for that relief which the grimy men of Altoona always are prepared to give to them.

MAKING THE ROUND OF THE SHOPS.

The special apprentice is first sent to the erecting shop, where he begins by studying the different parts of a locomotive and the work they are re-

how to operate the great lathes that shape steel as a planing mill shapes wooden boards. These powerful machines must be handled with the utmost delicacy of touch, for in many cases the divergence of a fraction of an inch would spoil a valuable piece of metal.

Having thus completed the first year of his course, the apprentice is sent to the vise shop, where the next three



THE ERECTING SHOP, IN WHICH LOCOMOTIVES ARE BUILT AND REPAIRED, AND IN WHICH THE APPRENTICE BEGINS HIS COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

quired to perform. This learned, he is ordered into some defective boiler, perhaps, where, working under the direction of an experienced man, he proceeds to make the necessary repairs. In a few days his hands become rough and calloused, and when he sees his reflection in burnished brass or steel, a feeling of despair may creep over him as he wonders what one of his old cotillion partners in Cambridge or New Haven would think if she could see him now.

When his period of service in the erecting shop is complete, the special apprentice goes to the machine shop for another six months. Here he learns

months are spent learning how to fit and polish driving-rods and how to finish and adjust valves. Next he goes to the air-brake shop, where, for two months, he is employed in fitting and polishing the various parts of the brakes used on the Pennsylvania system. He spends two months more in the blacksmith shop, learning how to operate the big steam hammers, to handle the heavy sledges, and to tend the great forges. During this period of his apprenticeship he is frequently sent out with repair crews when wrecks are reported on the division in which the Altoona shops are located.

After spending the next two months in the foundries, where he learns to cast and mold those parts of a locomotive that are not forged, he is sent for two months to the boiler shop. The work in this department is the most trying that he has thus far been called upon to perform. The din of hundreds of hammers swinging against the metal of boilers is deafening and nerve-racking, and often makes him a temporary victim of insomnia.

From the boiler shop the apprentice goes to the car-shops, in which he spends four months in the freight shop and two months in the passenger car-shop. Here he masters the construction of all varieties of rolling-stock from a hand-car to a sleeping-car.

Four months spent in the round-house, where locomotives in regular service are sent to be inspected and cleaned during the intervals between runs, prepare him for three months' work as a fireman on the road. This brings his course of mechanical training to an end.

THE FINISH OF THE COURSE.

He has still another year of his apprenticeship to serve, however. He now doffs his overalls and jumper for the last time, and takes up the business side of railroading. First he serves for two months in the office of the shop clerk, where he becomes familiar with the ordering and issuing of supplies. He then enters the office of the motive power clerk, where he remains for the next two months—long enough to enable him to obtain an understanding of the system by which locomotives are built, distributed among the various points on the line, and kept in proper repair.

Five months in the test room and three months in the drawing room—which, in spite of its name, is not a place for the reception of guests—complete the curriculum. In the test room he learns how metals are tested prior to their acceptance for the various shops. In the drawing room he studies the architectural branch of locomotive and car construction.

Upon finishing his four years' course, the special apprentice receives a certificate which practically insures him re-

munerative employment for a lifetime. He is at once assigned to important work, and from that time on his advancement is assured so long as he is faithful to his duties. Besides the Pennsylvania, other railroads are glad to have the services of a man who holds the certificate of a special apprentice in the Altoona shops.

Among former apprentices who have attained distinction as railway officials are the late Frank Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania; A. E. Mitchell, superintendent of motive power of the Northern Pacific; J. N. Barr, assistant to the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; H. F. Ball, superintendent of motive power of the Lake Shore; Henry Bartlett, superintendent of motive power of the Boston & Maine; Wallace W. Atterbury, general manager of the Pennsylvania; R. N. Durborow, superintendent of motive power of the Pennsylvania; and scores of others who are equally well-known.

Among the special apprentices now at Altoona are Clarke Thomson, a son of the late president; Charles Black Gray, a son of Judge Gray, formerly United States Senator from Delaware; Van Rensselaer Choate King, a son of David H. King, of New York; Edwin Henry Newbury, son of Henry Fitch Newbury, of New York; and Yoshio Yamamoto, a graduate of the Imperial University of Japan.

The latest census of the Altoona shops shows that their total number of employees, in all divisions, is nine thousand six hundred and twenty. During 1902—the latest year for which figures are at hand—they constructed one hundred and forty-eight locomotives, one hundred and fifteen passenger cars, and one hundred and thirty-one freight cars, besides repairing a very much larger number. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, turn out more new engines, but in other respects the Altoona plant operates on a much larger scale.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that the training of the apprentices, both regular and special, is under the supervision of the veteran master mechanic, George W. Stratton, who first entered the Altoona shops in 1861.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

New York's New Bridge.

The new suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn cannot claim the title, so dear to this record-breaking age, of "the greatest in the world," because its main span is considerably shorter than either of the two central divisions of the Forth Bridge, in Scot-

land. It is, however, a very fine and interesting example of modern engineering work, and in some respects it excels all other structures of the kind.

It surpasses the old Brooklyn Bridge, hitherto the largest in America, in almost all particulars. Its lofty steel towers—which will be still loftier when they receive their ornamental caps—



WILLIAM L. BUCHANAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

make the stone piers of the other great suspension bridge look out of date. Its main span is only a trifle longer—sixteen hundred and five feet against exactly sixteen hundred—but its construction is stronger and more modern, and it will carry at least fifty per cent more traffic. Instead of two roadways, a promenade, and a railway, it will have four wider roadways—two for wagons and two for trolley-cars—two promenades, a railway, and probably two cycle paths. It will undoubtedly be the busiest bridge in the world. It is calculated that as soon as it comes into full use it will be crossed by a hundred and fifty million passengers annually.

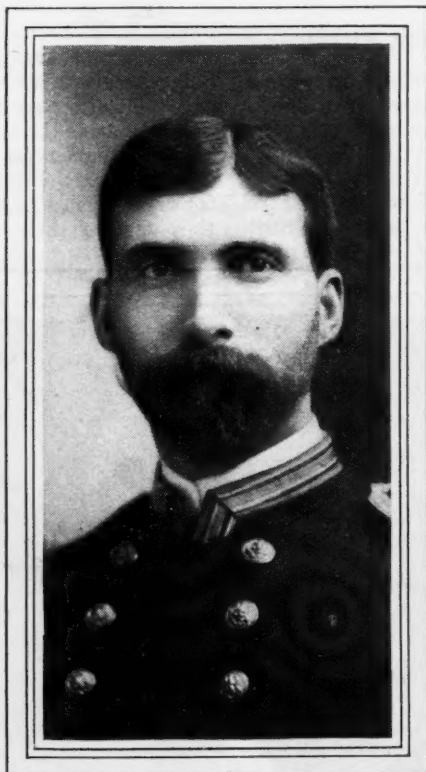
As a comparison, it may be recalled that the Brooklyn Bridge was opened on May 24, 1883; fourteen years were spent in building it, and it cost a little more than sixteen millions of dollars. The Forth Bridge, opened in 1889, cost about the same amount, but was erected in less than eight years. The new link between the two chief boroughs of New York, which seems likely to be known as the Williamsburg Bridge, was begun in October, 1896, and will represent, when finished, an expenditure of eleven million dollars. Like most great engineering works, it took its toll in human blood, thirty lives being lost in its construction. When it was declared open by Ex-Mayor Low, on De-

cember 19, only one roadway was completed, and some time will pass before the entire structure is ready for use.

The Policy of Pope Pius.

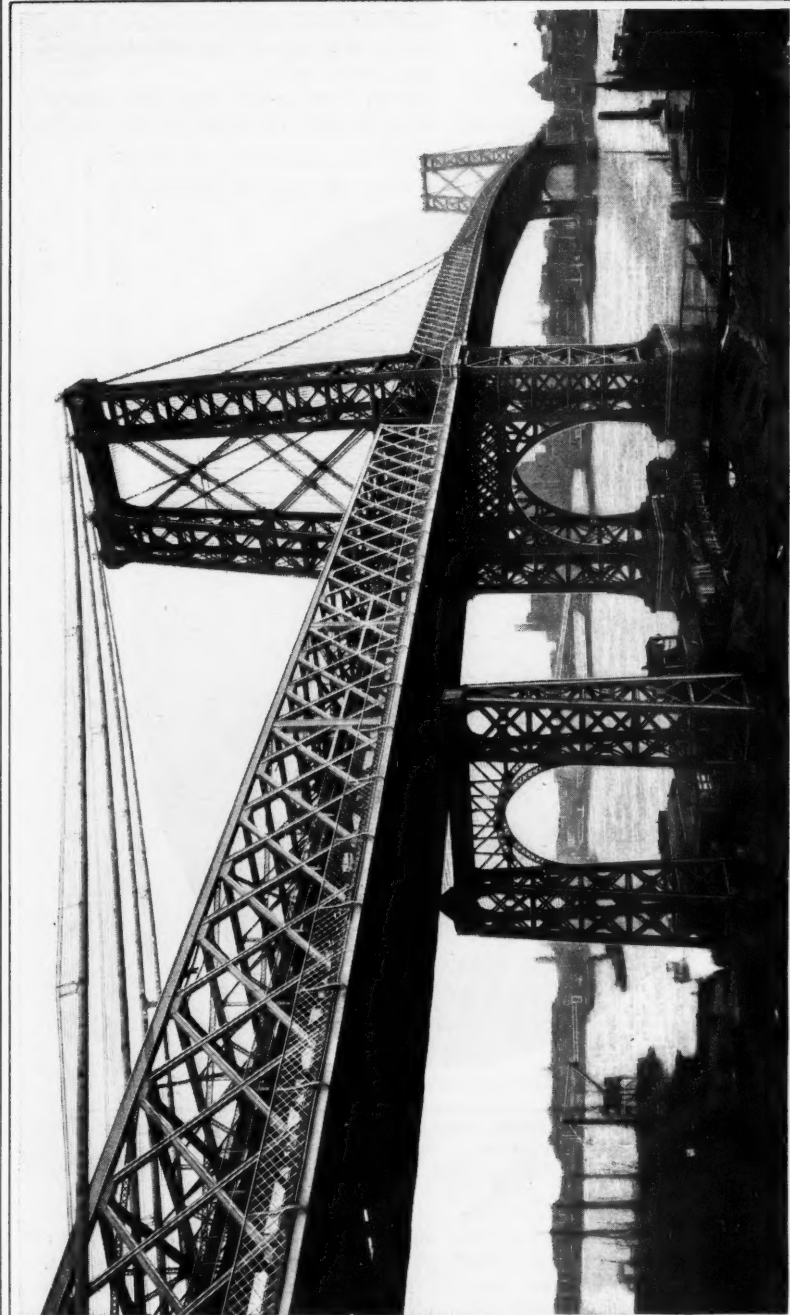
When the death of the aged Leo ended his long tenure of St. Peter's chair, and Cardinal Sarto was chosen to succeed him, there was much discussion of the possible changes which the new pope might make in the Vatican's attitude toward the world at large. It was freely predicted that Pius X, a man of the people, whose training was that of a parish priest, would be very different, as head of the Roman church, from Leo XIII, the aristocrat, the learned scholar, and the courtly diplomat. It was widely expected that this Lombard peasant who had been Bishop of Mantua, Patriarch of Venice, cardinal and pontiff, would initiate some distinctively modern and democ-

cratic line of action. People speculated—some with fear and some with hope—upon the possibility that he might recognize the temporal sovereignty of the House of Savoy, thus ending the bitter feud that has so long divided church and state in Italy, and releasing the wearers of the tiara from their self-imposed imprisonment within the narrow limits of the Vatican. Others thought that the hour and the man had come for some decisive move in answer



REAR-ADMIRAL WASHINGTON LEE CAPPS, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED REAR-ADMIRAL BOWLES AS CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, AND WHO IS THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER OF HIS RANK.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, WHICH SLIGHTLY EXCEEDS THE OLD BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN LENGTH OF SPAN AND GREATLY EXCELS IT IN CAPACITY FOR CARRYING TRAFFIC—THOUGH STILL UNFINISHED, THE NEW BRIDGE WAS FORMALLY OPENED BY MAYOR LOW ON DECEMBER 19 LAST.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

to the anti-clerical crusade to which the present French government has committed itself.

So far, none of these predictions has been justified. The new pope has adhered strictly to the conservative policy

both men and things; but after two years of administration he ruled as he wished and showed himself to be master in all matters."

Pius X has taken one very significant step. He has not retained the services



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X (GIUSEPPE SARTE), WHO ON FEBRUARY 4 COMPLETED HIS FIRST HALF YEAR ON THE PAPAL THRONE.

From his latest photograph by Alinari, Florence.

of his predecessor, who in turn maintained the traditions inherited from Pius IX. It is interesting to recall what was said of him by a friend who knew him well in his earlier days:

"When the Bishop of Mantua and the Patriarch of Venice entered upon his office, he left everything as it was,

of Leo's secretary of state, the astute and experienced Rampolla, but has appointed to the post a very young man—for Mgr. Merry del Val is only thirty-nine, considerably junior to any other member of the college of cardinals. The new secretary is a Spaniard by nationality, belonging to a family

which, like a good many others in Spain, is said to be of Irish origin; but he is a thorough cosmopolitan, with a good deal of the Englishman about him. He was born in England while his father was attached to the Spanish em-

the new régime will bring no new departure in the policy of the Vatican.

The King of Italy in England.

The visits of kings are, of course,



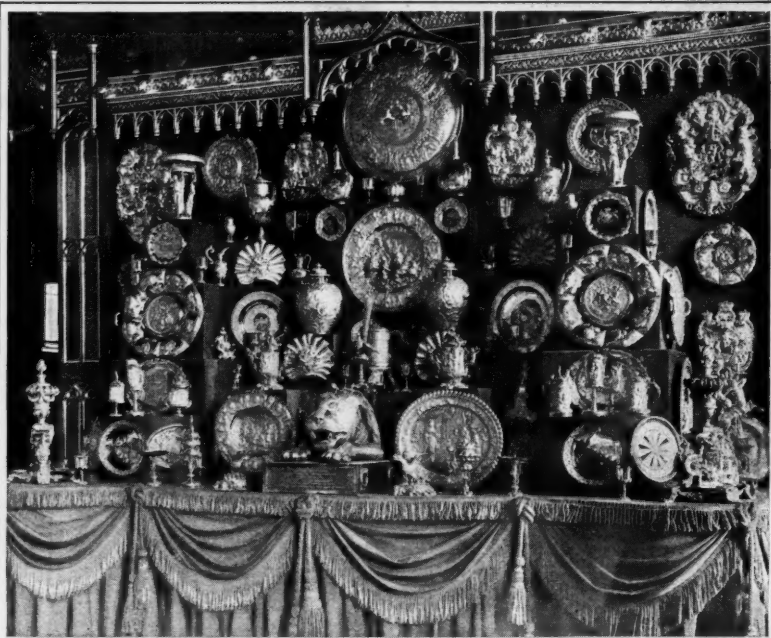
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, WHOM POPE PIUS HAS APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE—THE NEW SECRETARY IS A REMARKABLY YOUNG MAN FOR HIS OFFICE, BEING LESS THAN FORTY YEARS OLD.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

bassy in London, got most of his education there, and speaks the language without a trace of accent. He has also visited the United States and Canada.

Pius X has been in office just half a year, his new secretary for some four months only. It is too soon to say that

matters of more than mere social import. Edward VII, during his three years on the British throne, has given a striking demonstration of the way in which these exchanges of royal courtesies may be used as a factor in the politics of the world.



KING EDWARD'S GOLD PLATE ARRANGED ON A BUFFET IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, THE BANQUETING-ROOM OF WINDSOR CASTLE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE STATE DINNER IN HONOR OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

From a photograph by Russell, Windsor.

At the time of the South African war much was said about the alienation of foreign sympathies from Great Britain. Isolation can never be a source of strength; but if England's position was rendered weak, and possibly even perilous, three or four years ago, by the general unfriendliness of other powers, the situation has undoubtedly changed to-day. Mainly through her king's personal tact, one after another of the continental capitals has given marked demonstrations of good will toward Britain. Never before, perhaps, has she enjoyed so thorough an understanding with the great republic that is her nearest neighbor—a nation whose friendship is more valuable to England, as its enmity would be more dangerous, than that of any other in Europe.

Italy, too—a formidable sea power whose influence would very possibly decide any struggle for the command of

the Mediterranean and of the highway to the orient via Suez—has been renewing a traditional amity that dates back to the days when Naples was guarded by Nelson's fleet. The opportunity was given by King Edward's journey to Rome, which was followed by the young Italian sovereign's return visit to London—where he received a splendid popular welcome—and to Windsor in November last.

Two interesting photographic souvenirs of the festivities at Windsor are reproduced on this page and the next. One shows a royal shooting party in the great wooded park surrounding the magnificent castle which during most of eight centuries has been the home of England's monarchs. In the center of the group stand the two kings—the debonair sovereign of Britain, hearty and at his ease, a big cigar in his ungloved hand; beside him the prim Ital-

Captain Legge. Captain Holford. Prince Christian. Lord Churchill. Lord Clarendon. Count Carmeli Trinita. Captain Campbell.



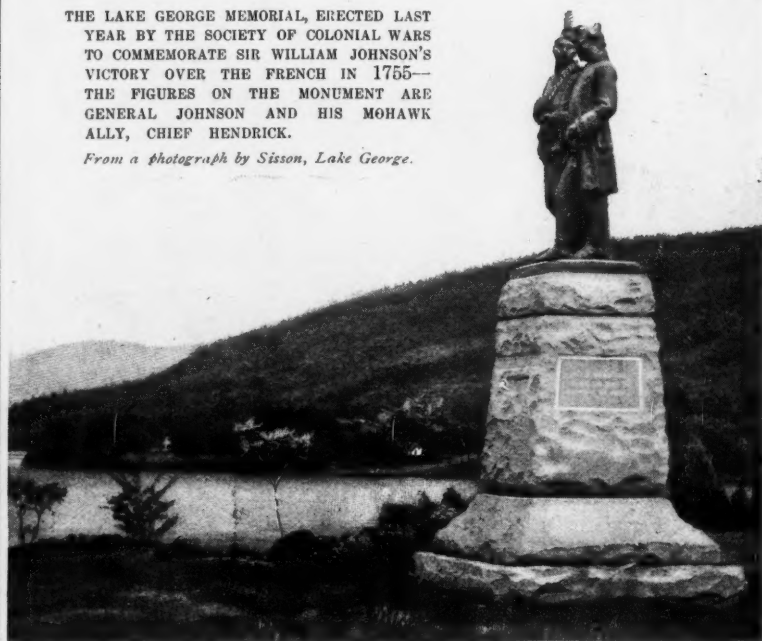
Duke of Connaught, Queen Elena, Queen Alexandra, King Victor Emmanuel, King Edward, Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria,
THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND ITALY WITH THEIR SHOOTING PARTY IN THE PARK AT WINDSOR, ON NOVEMBER 20 LAST.
From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

ian, drawn self-consciously erect to the full height of his sixty or sixty-one inches. Queen Elena, a full head taller than her lord, though not standing next to him, is near enough to make the difference of stature tolerably apparent.

gold, many of the pieces being silver gilt; but some, on the other hand, are set with magnificent jewels, and almost all have historical associations that enhance their interest and value. For example—it is impossible to specify

THE LAKE GEORGE MEMORIAL, ERECTED LAST YEAR BY THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS TO COMMEMORATE SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON'S VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH IN 1755—THE FIGURES ON THE MONUMENT ARE GENERAL JOHNSON AND HIS MOHAWK ALLY, CHIEF HENDRICK.

From a photograph by Sisson, Lake George.



One of the glories of Windsor Castle is its splendid collection of gold plate. Of this there was a full display on the evening of the state banquet in honor of King Edward's Italian visitors. The dinner was held in St. George's Hall, the scene of many a historic festivity since Edward III built it as a banquet-room for the knights of his newly-founded order, the Garter. On the long central table, which seats a hundred and fifty guests, no meaner metal than gold was to be seen; and at each end of the hall was a great buffet displaying pieces not required for table use. A photograph of one of the buffets appears in the engraving on page 878.

Not all of this royal plate is of solid

more than a few instances—in the center of the buffet shown in our engraving, on the lowest tier, are the two chief ornaments of the throne of Tippoo Sahib, which were part of the spoil captured at the storming of Seringapatam by the British troops in 1799. One is a tiger's head of solid gold, with teeth of crystal; close beside this is the sacred golden bird, thickly studded with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, that formed the finial of the gorgeous canopy beneath which the Hindoo tyrant reclined in the days of his power.

The two silver gilt andirons at either end of this same tier were made for Charles II, whose monogram they bear.

At the top of the buffet, in the center, hangs a shield designed by Flaxman after Homer's description of the shield of Achilles. Other pieces date back to each century from the fifteenth to the nineteenth.

On the other buffet, which is precisely similar in general appearance, there are trophies that recall the two most momentous of all the triumphs of Britain's arms. One is probably the least pretentious, but perhaps the most interesting, piece in the entire collection. It is a small, plain golden porringer which Napoleon used at breakfast on the morning of Waterloo—and never subsequently, for the British soldiers captured it in his carriage that evening. The other is a splendid golden flagon which came from the galleon of Medina Sidonia, the Spanish admiral in command of the ill-fated Armada of 1588.

The Lake George Memorial.

The monument shown in the engraving on the opposite page is an unusually interesting one. It is a successful work of art. It stands amid scenery as historic and as picturesque as any in America. The movement for its erection, which was due to the Society of Colonial Wars, was a commendable instance of patriotism and public spirit. Its dedication, on the 8th of last September, was a notable and impressive ceremony.

The event it commemorates is probably not one of those that would commonly be listed among the salient landmarks of American history. And yet, in its influence on the destiny of this continent, the battle of Lake George was almost unsurpassed in importance. With Wolfe's more famous and spectacular victory at Quebec, four years later, it may fairly be said to have decided the long struggle between the two strongest nations of Europe for supremacy in the New World. In 1750, the English-speaking colonists held little more than a fringe of coast along the Atlantic; the French were supreme in the vast region to the north and west of them. In 1760 the banner of France had come down finally and forever.

"A few thousand hardy pioneers and frontiersmen," said Senator Depew in his oration at the unveiling of the monument, "were fighting both for an empire and for the civilization and institutions which should govern it. The benefits of the war to the American people cannot be overestimated. It was the school of revolution. It accustomed the colonies to act in common where they had common interests. It brought their public men into familiar intercourse, and established that strongest of ties among the people of the country—the comradeship of soldiers in the camp, the march, and the battle."

Other speeches were delivered by the Governors of New York, Vermont, and Connecticut, and by the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. "As we look over this peaceful scene," remarked Governor Odell, in his somewhat sententious style, "this historic spot, the skirmish line of our nation, we should all feel grateful for the exhibition of courage and daring which taught our foes that the sturdy tillers of the soil had courage when the battle was for the home and the fireside."

The inscriptions on the monument itself tell the story in less pretentious diction. Upon one face they say: "The Society of Colonial Wars erected this monument to commemorate the victory of the colonial forces under General Johnson and the Mohawk allies under Chief Hendrick over the French regulars, commanded by Baron Dieskau, with the Canadian and Indian allies." And on another side of the pedestal: "Defeat would have opened the road to Albany to the French."

The bronze figures of the sturdy Irish general—for Johnson came from County Down—and the Mohawk chieftain, who is represented as counseling him, were modeled by Albert Weinert. They are of heroic size, nine feet in height. The elevation that the monument crowns is a few rods north of the river at Fort George, overlooking the beautiful lake which the Indians called Horicon, and the French St. Sacrement, but which General Johnson renamed after his sovereign, the second George of England.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GRANTLEY IMASON, a rich banker, a man of thirty-three, marries Sibylla Chiddingfold, whose father was rector of the English village of Mildean. Though he loves her dearly, she realizes, a year or so later, that she makes less difference to him than she had looked to make. She seems outside the man's innermost self.

Sibylla has one mighty hope on which she lives—the expected birth of their child—but in one of her despairing moods she goes for a gallop on a horse her husband has forbidden her. A runaway and a severe fall follow, and Imason returns from London to confront a serious situation. In the opinion of the Mildean physician, an operation will be necessary, one which will save either the wife or the child. Imason at once orders the doctor to think of but one thing, and one only, his wife; and to the protestations of his wife's old nurse, Mrs. Mumble, he snaps his fingers and says with savage bluntness: "Against her, I don't care that for the child."

The alarm proves a false one, and Sibylla's little son is a healthy boy. But the rift in the happiness of his father and mother grows steadily wider until they are on terms of polite and frigid estrangement.

The other characters in the story are Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother, who is carrying on a boy-and-girl flirtation with Dora Hutting, the seventeen-year-old daughter of his father's successor as rector of Mildean; and several friends of Grantley Imason—Tom and Harriet Courtland, a lamentable paradigm of matrimonial infelicity; John Fanshaw, a stock-broker, and his wife Christine; Mr. and Mrs. Raymore; Richard and Janet Selford, a gushing but quarrelsome pair, with a sharp-tongued daughter of sixteen, named Anna; and Walter Dudley Blake, a good-looking and unattached young man of leisure, who is eager to offer Sibylla Imason a perilously warm sympathy. Fanshaw, in great straits for money, persuades his wife to go and ask a large loan of Lord Caylesham, a rich friend. Christine goes and gets the money, but all against her better judgment, for an old scandal—which had never come to her husband's ears—once connected her name with Caylesham's. Fanshaw calls upon Harriet Courtland, in a well meant endeavor to establish better relations between Tom and herself, but Harriet gets into one of her terrible rages, and the truth about Fanshaw's wife and Caylesham comes out.

Meanwhile, young Blake is persuading Sibylla that all the happiness left her in life must come through him. The present instalment opens with his arguments.

XII (Continued).

"YOU'VE made my love for you my whole life," Blake insistently declared. "You knew you were doing it. You did it with full knowledge of what it meant. I say you can't draw back now!"

He had worked himself up to a pitch of high excitement. There was nothing wanting in his manner to enforce his words. His case was very exceptional indeed to him. And so it seemed to Sibylla, believing in his love because of the love she had herself to give, yearning to satisfy the hunger she had caused, to make happy the life which depended utterly on her for joy, and the man who could tell her, and make her feel, how absolutely he hung on her.

The long fight first against Grantley, latterly against herself, had worn and

almost broken her. She had no power left for a great struggle against her lover now. Her weariness served his argument well. It cried out to her to throw herself into the arms which were so eagerly ready for her. One way or the other the battle must be ended, or surely it would make an end of her.

But where was an end if she stayed with Grantley? That life was all struggle, and must be so long as it endured. Who could find rest on a flinty wall?

She was between that monstrous image she had made of her husband, and the shape which Blake presented to her as himself—far more alluring, not a whit less false. But for the falseness of either she had no eyes.

"I want your promise to-day," he said. "Your promise I know you will keep."

He had become quiet now. There was

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins—This story began in the December issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

an air of grave purpose about him. The excitement and the ardor had done their work with her; this succeeding mood, or manner—for he had lost all distinction between what he felt and what he made himself seem to feel—had its place and was well calculated to complete his victory.

"I will send you my answer to-night," she said.

"It means all that I am—everything in the world to me. Remember that!"

And he urged her no more, leaving with her these simple, sincere-sounding words to plead for him.

That was what the answer meant to him. What would it mean to Grantley Imason? She asked herself that as she sat silent opposite to him at dinner. It chanced that they were alone, though of late she had schemed to avoid that. And to-night she could not speak to him, could say nothing at all, though his raised brows and satirical glance challenged her.

Things might be uncomfortable, but why lose either your tongue or your manners, Grantley seemed to ask? You might have a grievance—real or imaginary, as you please—against your husband, but why not converse on topics of the day with the gentleman at the other end of the table? He seemed to be able to do his part without any effort, without any difficulty to avoid open war, and yet never to commit himself to any proposition for peace. All through the years, thought Sibylla, he would go on suavely discussing the topics of the day—while life went by, and love and joy and all fair things withered from the face of the earth.

The servants disappeared, and Grantley's talk became less for public purposes.

"I wonder how old John got on with Harriet Courtland," he said in an amused way. "He was uncommonly plucky to face her. But upon my word, the best thing from some points of view would be for him to fail. At least, it would be the best if old Tom wasn't such a fool. But as soon as Tom sees a chance of getting rid of one woman he saddles himself with another."

"Could he have got rid of Lady Harriet?"

"They might have arranged a separation. As it is, there'll be an open row, I'm afraid."

"Still, if it puts an end to what's intolerable?" she suggested, as she watched him drinking his coffee and smoking his

cigarette with his delicate satisfaction in all things that were good.

"A very unpleasant way out," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Would you have endured what Mr. Courtland couldn't?"

He smiled across at her. The sarcastic note was strong in his voice as he asked:

"Do you think me an impatient man? Do you think I've no power of enduring what I don't like, Sibylla?"

She flushed a little under his look.

"It's true," he went on, "that I endure vulgarity worst of all; and Harriet Courtland's tantrums are very vulgar, as all tantrums are."

"Only tantrums? Aren't all emotions—all feelings—rather vulgar, Grantley?"

He thought a smile answer enough for that. It was no good arguing against absurd insinuations, or trying to show them up. Let them alone, in time they would die of their own absurdity.

"Grantley, would you rather I went away? Don't you find life unendurable like this?"

"I don't find it pleasant," he smiled, "but I would certainly rather you didn't go away. If you want a change for a few weeks, I'll endeavor to resign myself."

"I mean go away altogether."

"No, no, I'm sure you don't mean anything so—forgive me, Sibylla, but now and then your suggestions are hard to describe with perfect courtesy."

She looked at him in a wondering way, but made no answer; and he, too, was silent for a minute.

"I think it would be a good thing," he went on, "if you and Frank betook yourselves to Mildean for a few weeks. I'm so busy that I can see very little of you here, and the country air is good for nerves."

"Very well; we'll go in a day or two. You'll stay here?"

"Yes, I must. I'll try and get down now and then, and bring some cheerful people with me. Blake will come sometimes, I dare say. Jeremy won't till he's rich and famous, I'm afraid."

In spite of herself, it flashed across her that he was making her path very easy. And she wondered at the way he spoke of Blake, at his utter absence of suspicion. Her conscience moved a little at this.

"Yes, I'm sure you'll be better at Mildean," he went on. "And—and try to think things over while you're there."

It was his old attitude. He had noth-

ing to think over—that task was all for her. The old resentment overcame her momentary shame at deceiving him.

"Are they so pleasant that I should wish to think them over?"

"I think you know what I mean; and in this connection I don't appreciate repartee for its own sake," said Grantley wearily, but with a polite smile.

A sudden impulse came upon her. She leaned across toward him and said:

"Grantley, have you seen Frank to-day?"

"No, I haven't to-day."

"I generally go and sit by him for a little while at this time when I'm free. Did you know that?"

"I gathered it," said Grantley.

"You've never come with me, nor offered to."

"I'm not encouraged to volunteer things in my relations with you, Sibylla."

"Will you come with me now?" she asked.

She herself could not tell under what impulse she spoke—whether it were in hope that at the last he might change, or in the hope of convincing herself that he would never change. She watched him very intently, as if much hung on the answer that he gave.

Grantley seemed to weigh his answer, too, looking at his wife with searching eyes. There was a patch of red on his cheeks. Evidently what she had said stirred him, and his composure was maintained only by an effort. At last he spoke.

"I'm sorry not to do anything you ask or wish, but as matters are I will not come and see Frank with you."

"Why not?" she asked in a quick half-whisper.

His eyes were very somber as he answered her:

"When you remember that you're my wife, I'll remember that you're the mother of my son. Till then you are—an honored and welcome guest in this house, or in any house of mine."

Their eyes met; both were defiant, neither held a hint of yielding. Sibylla drew in her breath in a long inhalation.

"Very well, I understand," she said.

He rose from his chair.

"You're going up-stairs now?" he suggested, as if about to open the door.

"I'm not going up-stairs to-night," she answered as she rose. "I shall go and write a letter or two, instead."

He bowed politely as she passed out of the room. Then he sat down at the

table again and rested his head on both his hands. It took long—it took a very long while. She was hard to subdue. Hard it was, too, to subdue himself—to be always courteous, never more than permissibly ironical, to wait for his victory. Yet not a doubt crossed his mind that he was on the right track, that he must succeed in the end, that plain reason and good sense must win the day. But the fight was very long. His face looked haggard in the light as he sat alone by the table and told himself to persevere.

And Sibylla, confirmed in her despair, bitterly resentful of the terms he had proposed, seeing the hopelessness of her life, fearing to look on the face of her child lest the pain should rend her too pitilessly, sat down and wrote her answer to Walter Blake. The answer was the promise he had asked.

The images had done their work—hers of him and his of her, and young Blake's fancy picture of himself.

XIII.

"WELL, have you managed to amuse yourself to-day?" asked Caylesham, throwing himself heavily on a sofa by Tom Courtland, and yawning widely.

He had dropped in at Mrs. Bolton's after dinner. Tom had spent the day there, and had not managed to amuse himself very much, as the surly grunt with which he answered Caylesham's question sufficiently testified. He had eaten too much lunch, played cards too long and too high, with too many "drinks" interspersed between the hands; then he had eaten a large dinner, accompanied by rather too much champagne, and then had played cards again till both his pocket and his temper were the worse.

There had been nothing startling, nothing lurid, about his day. It had just been unprofitable, boring, unwholesome. And he did not care about Mrs. Bolton's friends—not about Miss Pattie Henderson, nor about the two quiet young men who had made up the card party. His face was a trifle flushed, and his tooth-brushy hair had even more than usual of its suggestion of comical distress.

"Been a bit dull, has it?" Caylesham went on sympathetically. "Well, it often is. Oh, I like our friend Flora Bolton, you know—as long as she doesn't get a fit of nerves and tell you how different she might have been. People should never do that. At other times

she's a good sort, and just as ready to ruin herself as anybody else—nothing of the good old traditional harpy about her. Still, perhaps it works out about the same."

It certainly worked out about the same, as nobody knew better than Tom Courtland. He was thinking now that he had paid rather high for a not very lively day. The only person he had won from was Miss Henderson, and he was not sure that she would pay.

The card-party at the other end of the room was animated, and even a little noisy. Mrs. Bolton was prone to hearty laughter; Miss Henderson had a penetrating voice, and usually gave a little shriek of delight when she won; the two young men were rather excited. Caylesham regarded the whole scene with humorous contempt. Tom Courtland sat in moody silence, doing nothing. He had even smoked till he could smoke no more. He had not a pleasure left.

Presently Miss Pattie threw down her cards and came across to them. She was a tall, ladylike-looking young woman; only the faintest trace of cockney accent hung about her voice. She sat down by Caylesham in a friendly way.

"We hardly ever see you now," she told him. "Are you all right?"

"All right, but getting old, Pattie. I'm engaged in digging my own grave."

"Oh, nonsense; you're quite fit still. I say, have you heard about me?"

"Lots of things."

"No, don't be silly. I mean, that I'm going to be married?"

"No, are you, by Jove? Who's the happy man?"

"Georgie Parmenter. Do you know him? He's awfully nice."

"I know his father. May I proffer advice? Get that arrangement put down in writing. Then at the worst it'll be worth something to you."

Miss Pattie was not at all offended. She laughed merrily.

"They always said you were pretty wide-awake, and I believe it," she observed. "He'll have ten thousand a year when his father dies."

"In the circumstances you mention he won't have a farthing a year till that event happens, I'm afraid, Pattie. A man of strong prejudices, old Sir George."

"Well, I'm sure I've got letters enough to—"

"That's all right. I shall watch the case with interest." He yawned again and rose to his feet.

"Tom's pretty dull, isn't he?" asked Miss Pattie with a comical pout.

"Yes; Tom's pretty dull, certainly."

"I'm sleepy," said Tom Courtland.

"So am I; I shall go home;" and Caylesham walked off to bid the lady of the house good-night.

The lady of the house came into the hall and helped him on with his coat. It appeared that she wanted to have a word with him—first about the wisdom of backing one of his horses, and secondly about Tom Courtland. Caylesham told her on no account to back the horse, since it wouldn't win, and waited to hear what she had to say about Tom.

"I'm distressed about him, Frank," she said. "You know I do like Tom, and I never saw a man so down in the mouth." Her face was rather coarse in feature and ruddy in tint, but kindly and good-natured; her concern for Tom was evidently quite genuine. "What a devil that wife of his must be!"

"She has her faults. Perhaps we have ours. Be charitable, Flora."

"Oh, you can be as sarcastic as you like. Heaven knows I don't mind that! But I'm worried to death about him, and about what she'll do. And then there's the money, too. I believe he's hard up. It's very tiresome all round. Oh, I don't care much what people say of me, but I don't want to go through the court again, if I can help it."

"Which of the two courts do you refer to?" he asked, as he buttoned his coat. "Bankruptcy or—"

"Either of them, Frank, you old fool," she laughed.

"Send him back to his wife. You'll have to soon, anyhow—when the money's gone, you know. Do it now, before those two men come and stand opposite to see who goes in and out of the house."

"But the poor chap's so miserable, Frank. And I like him, you see."

"Ah, I can't help you against honest and kindly emotions. They're not part of the game, you know."

"No, they aren't; but they come in. That's the worst of it," sighed Mrs. Bolton. "Well, good-night, Frank. We shall get through somehow, I suppose."

"That's the only gospel left to this age, Flora. Good night."

He had not been able to help Mrs. Bolton much; he had not expected to be able to. That things could not be helped and must be endured was, as he had hinted, about the one certain dogma of his creed. The thing was, then, to endure them as easily as possible, to feel

them as little as one could, either for oneself or for other people.

In truth, it was not the least use distressing himself about Tom Courtland. Still, he was rather worried about the affair, because Tom, again, was not thoroughly suited to the part he was now playing. Plenty of men were, and they demanded no pity; but poor old Tom was not. He could not spend his money without thinking about it; he could not do things without considering their bearings and their consequences; he could not forget to-morrow. He had none of the qualifications. His tendencies were just as little suited to the game as were Flora Bolton's honest and kindly emotions. Tom was preeminently fitted to distribute the bacon at the family breakfast and to take the children for their Sunday walk, to work away at his politics in a solid, undistinguished way, and to have a good margin in hand when he came to make up the annual budget of his household. But Lady Harriet had prevailed to rout all these natural tendencies. A remarkable woman, Lady Harriet!

Suddenly Caylesham saw ahead of him a figure which he recognized by the light of the street-lamps. It was John Fanshaw going in the direction of his home. It was rather late for John to be about, and Caylesham's first idea was to overtake him and rally him on his dissipated hours. He had already quickened his steps with this view when he decided that, after all, he would not accost John. It might look as if he wanted to be thanked for his loan. Anyhow, John would feel bound to thank him, and he did not desire to be thanked. So he fell behind, and followed in that fashion till his road home diverged from John's.

But the encounter had turned his thoughts in a new direction. Tom and Lady Harriet were no more in his mind, nor was Flora Bolton. He was thinking about Christine as he turned into his flat, and feeling sorry that she had felt so much dislike to taking the money from him. It was all right that she should dislike it, but still he was sorry for her.

Christine's small, dainty face had always kept so much of the child about it that it had the power of making him very sorry for her, just because she was sorry for herself, apart from any good reasons at all. He was uncommonly glad that he had never brought any trouble on her head, anyhow. His feelings, however well-schooled they might be, would

not easily have faced a great distress on Christine's face. Even now, when everything had been over so long, he would not like to see that. But as he got into his dressing-gown the somber hue passed from his mind. Either there was nothing to worry about, or it was no good worrying. Everybody would get through somehow. He went to sleep over a novel.

John Fanshaw pursued his homeward way heavily and slowly. He had gone straight from the Courtlands' house to the quietest of his clubs, and sent a messenger to his wife to say that he was going to dine there, and that she was not to sit up in case he were late back.

He wanted to think the thing over, and he did not want to see Christine. The latter feeling was terribly strong on him now. It seemed to engulf both his anger and his consternation in a simple sense of repulsion. He could not even try to doubt; Harriet Courtland's passionate taunt and her passionate remorse—her remorse most of all—had carried, and continued to carry, absolute conviction; and memory, hideously active and acute, still plied him with confirmatory details.

After these six years he remembered things which at the time he could hardly have been said to know; they emerged from insignificance and took on glaring meanings. How had he been so blind? He had had many quarrels with Christine—over money and so forth; he had blamed her for many faults, sometimes justly, sometimes not. This one thing he had never suspected, no, nor dreamed it of her. It seemed to shatter at one blow all his conceptions of their married life. He was confused and bewildered at the thought of it; it cut away foundations and tore up deep-grown roots.

He found himself wishing that he had known of the thing at the time. It would have been a fearful shock, but by now he would have grown used to it. Something would have been done, or, if nothing had been done, the thing would have become ancient history, a familiar fact to which they would have adjusted themselves. It was awful to be told of it now, when it seemed too late to do anything; when the wound was so old, and yet the smart of it so fresh!

And she had been such a good wife—yes, on the whole. Their bickerings had been only bickerings, and he had often been as much to blame as she. She had been a loyal friend and a comforting companion. He had liked even her acid little speeches. He had always thought her not very demonstrative, perhaps, but

very true—true as steel. Cold, perhaps—he had felt that and resented it sometimes—but always true. He had never had a misgiving as to that in all his married life.

When he got home he went straight to his study and sat down at his writing-table. It was one o' clock, and Christine would have gone to bed; he was glad of that. He made an effort to collect his mind, because the immediate question was not of what Christine had done, not of the blow to him, not whether he wanted to see Christine or even could bear to see her, not of the change all his life and all his ideas had undergone. There was plenty of time to think of all that later on. He must think now of the other thing—of how he stood, and of what he was going to do.

He took out his keys and unlocked the despatch-box that stood on the table. After pausing to take a drink of whisky and water, he opened the upper drawer and drew forth Caylesham's check for fifteen thousand pounds. It had been post-dated to the Monday—it was already Monday now. In nine hours it was to have been credited to his account at the bank, ready to answer his obligations, to discharge his commitments, to reassure his creditors, to drive away all the clouds which had obscured the fair fame of his firm. Caylesham's check and Grantley's were to have been salvation. Grantley's alone was no use. And Caylesham's—he held it in his fingers and looked at it with a poring scrutiny.

Twice he reached for an envelope, in the mind to send it back—to send it back either with the truth or with a lie. Once he took hold of either end as if to tear it across; but a paralysis fell on his fingers. How should he send back, how should he destroy, that all-potent little slip of paper. It meant credit, honor, comfort, peace—perhaps even life. His imagination pictured two scenes—going to the City, to his office, next day, with that slip of paper—and going without it. The sketch was enough; his thoughts were busy to fill in the details. One picture meant a gradual ascent from out of all his troubles—the other a fall into a gulf of calamity unfathomable. His hand refused to destroy or to send back the check.

But if he kept it, used it, owed salvation to it? What would that mean? He was dully conscious that the act would be in some sort a condonation. But a condonation of what? A condona-

tion going how far? Imposing what attitude and what course of conduct on him? How far would it condition his bearing toward Caylesham, how far affect his estimate of himself? Above all, how far dictate his relations to Christine? He knew very well what would come of destroying the check or of sending it back. He could not reason out what he would stand committed to if he kept and used it.

Ah, this horrible question could not have arisen, either, if he had known of the thing at the time. It was fearful to be told of it now.

"It's a terrible situation for a man to be placed in—terrible!" he said aloud.

The thought flashed across his mind that he could pretend not to know. He could give Lady Harriet a caution; he could tell her he attached no importance to her words; she would take the hint and be glad. Caylesham would suspect nothing. He could keep the check. And Christine? Could he make that pretense to Christine?

He was sitting shrunk low into his chair, the check still in his fingers, when the door opened softly, and Christine came in. She had heard him open and close the front door, and had wondered why he did not come up-stairs. His delay, taken with his staying out all the evening, made her ask whether anything had happened.

She was in a white dressing-gown, which she had thrown on when she got out of bed, and little slippers of white fur. She looked very small, very dainty, very childish; her hair was like a child's, too, brushed smoothly away from the forehead.

"Why, John, what's kept you so late? And what are you doing here?" She came some steps toward him before she saw what it was that he held in his hand. Then she smiled, saying: "You're gloating over that check, you foolish man!"

He raised dull slow eyes to her.

"Yes, I've got it here," he muttered.

Christine walked to the rug; his table was on one side of the fireplace, and she was within five or six feet of him.

"What are you doing with it?" she asked, with an impatient ring in her voice. She did not enjoy the sight of the check, and had hoped to be able by degrees to forget it.

"It's dated for Monday. I ought to pay it in in the morning."

"Well, why not? Of course you'll pay it in." A sudden hope rose in her.

"Nothing's occurred to make it unnecessary?"

He shook his head heavily and laid the paper down on the table.

"No, nothing," he said, and then his eyes rested on her again.

"John, aren't you well?" she asked.

Her littleness and her childishness made no appeal to his tender feelings. Their contrast with what she had done, with the way she had deceived and betrayed him, roused all his repulsion again; and with it came now a man's primitive, fierce anger. It was impossible for him to pretend not to know.

"Go away," he said, in a thick, harsh whisper. "Go to bed—I don't want you. I want to be alone."

Her eyes seemed to grow large; a fearful apprehension dawned in them.

"What's the matter? What have I done?" she asked, trying to summon her wits, wondering at what point she was attacked.

Already her thoughts were on Caylesham, but she did not yet see whence suspicion could have come. He gave her no clue. His eyes had fallen to the check again; he kept shuffling his legs about and fidgeting with his short, stiff beard.

"Ah," she cried suddenly, "you went to Harriet Courtland's to-day! Has she said something about me? John, you wouldn't believe what she said against me?"

He made no answer. In truth, she needed none. She knew Harriet Courtland, who had been her friend and in her confidence. It had not been considered safe to send Raymore, because Harriet would have taunted him about his erring son. She knew what Harriet, blind with rage, had found to taunt John Fanshaw with. She was hardly conscious of resentment against the traitor. It was all too hopeless for that; and it all seemed too inevitable. From the moment she had agreed to go to Caylesham for the money, her forebodings had told her that calamity would come. It was like opening the grave; now the dead bones had come to life. She felt as if she could not struggle against it, could not protest or deny. She did not see how anybody could believe her denial.

"Why haven't you gone? I told you to go. In God's name, go," he growled threateningly. "Leave me alone, I tell you!"

She gathered her dressing-gown closer round her. She felt as if the cold struck through it to her body. She felt utterly

prostrated—and, oh, so terribly, so helplessly sorry for poor old John! She hated leaving him alone, and wished there was somebody else there to console him. She made an advance toward him, holding out her hands.

"Don't come here! Don't come near me!" he said in a low voice.

She drew back; her eyes were on him and full of pity. Now the check came into her mind.

"And that?" she whispered.

"I think I shall kill you if you don't go," he said, with a sudden unsteadiness in his voice that warned her of danger.

"Oh, I'll go," she murmured disconsolately. "I'll leave you alone." She put her hands up before her face and gave a choking sob. "It's all no use now!"

She began to walk across the room, her face covered in her hands, her dressing-gown trailing on the floor behind her. But when she had got half way, she turned on him in a fit of weak petulance.

"I didn't want to go to him. I tried not to. I did all I could to avoid going to him. It was you who insisted. You made me go. How could I help it? I hated it. And now"—she came a step toward him, and her voice changed to a very humble, sad pleading—"it's very long ago, dear John, many years ago. It was all over many years ago."

He did not speak. He motioned her away with his hand; her appeal did not seem to reach him at all. For all he did, he might not have heard it. With a long sigh she turned away, and walked unsteadily to the door. When she reached it, she turned again, and looked at him. He was putting the check back in the despatch-box with awkward, trembling hands.

She went slowly up to her room and sat down before the dying embers of the fire there. For a time her brain was numb. When she found herself thinking again, she was thanking God for the loneliness of her home and the barrenness of her marriage. There were no children, anyhow, to look on, to wonder, to speculate on what had happened, gradually to grow into knowledge of it, perhaps to see their mother put to open shame. Whatever happened, she alone would bear it. Where the fault had been the punishment would lie. It would not fall on innocent heads.

No; but John would send back the check—he must send it back now. It would be a fearful thing to keep it,

knowing what he did. And if he sent it back, all that happened then would be on her head, too! He mustn't send it back!

She started up once in a panic, ready to rush down and implore him to keep it, implore him to commit the baseness of keeping it. No; she could not do that. If she were never to speak with him again, her last word ought to be to beseech him to send it back. Yet to send it back was ruin. Between the remorseless alternatives of calamity and degradation her mind oscillated in helpless indecision.

Through long hours of the night John Fanshaw wrestled with himself. And when at last he crawled up to his dressing-room, flung off his coat and waistcoat, put on his slippers, and stretched himself exhausted on his bed, he declared that he could come to no conclusion; that it was too hard for him. He was trying to deceive himself. There was a conclusion which he would not own, which had crept and insinuated itself into his mind, while he struggled against it and denied it to himself.

He could not send back nor destroy the check. He could not face the City without it, could not endure the calamity and the ruin which the loss of it would mean. But neither would he face that fact and what it meant—that he was to become a party to the transaction, to recognize, to condone, and to pardon. He had no right to keep his anger, his indignation, the repulsion which made him drive Christine from his presence, if he were her accomplice. If he kept and used the check, what right had he to moral indignation, to a husband's just anger, to a true man's repulsion at the shame and the deceit? Yet he would not give up these things. He hugged them in his heart, even while he hugged the idea of the check, and all the virtue of the check, in his mind. He would be saved, but he would not touch the hand that saved him, because in saving him it had become defiled.

That conclusion did not bear examination; but conclusions which do not bear thinking of are none the less thought out. They take possession of the protesting mind, they establish themselves there. Then they seek sophisms, excuses, pleas for themselves. They point to the good results which spring from them. Time and familiarity rob them of some of their ugliness. They grow habitual. They govern actions, shape lives, and condition character. John Fanshaw

would have it both ways—salvation by his wife's sin, and horror at it.

So Harriet Courtland would have love and loyalty, though she bridled not her evil rage. So Mrs. Bolton would think honest and kindly emotions could flourish in a life like hers. So Grantley Imason asked all her inmost life and love of another, though the lock was kept turned on his own. So Sibylla would give the rein to impulse, and persuade herself that she performed a duty. So young Blake would seek to be made good by the enjoyment of his darling sin.

Only dainty little Christine looked open-eyed at the pleasure she had won, and at the ruin it had made. She saw these things clearly as she sat sleepless through the night. And when she watched her husband start for his work the next morning, though he had told her nothing, though not a word had passed between them, she knew well that Caylesham's check was in his pocket and would find its way to the bank that day.

John was to have his salvation. It was to be hers to pay the price and bear the punishment.

XIV.

JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD had established himself in London, greatly to his satisfaction. He had hired a bedroom in Ebury Street, an attic, and had made friends with one Alec Turner, a journalist, who lodged in the same house. Alec Turner took him often to the Metropolitan Radical Club, and had proposed him for membership. Here he could eat at moderate charges, play chess, smoke, and argue about all things in heaven—assuming heaven—and earth, which anyhow was full of matter for argument. And at Ebury Street he was not only within easy reach of the Imasons in Sloane Street, but equally well in touch with the Selfords in Eccleston Square, and the Raymores in Buckingham Gate. A third-class on the underground railway from Victoria carried him to Liverpool Street, whence he proceeded to the dye-works near Romford, in Essex.

For the dye-works project was taking shape. Jeremy had been down to Romford several times to look round and see what the processes were like. He had digested the article on dyeing in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and had possessed himself of the "Dictionary of Dyeing" and the "Manual of Dyeing." His talk both at the Metropolitan Radical Club and at the houses he frequented

was full of the learning and the terminology of dyeing—things you dyed, and things you dyed the things with, and the things you did it in, and so forth. He fascinated Eva Raymore by referring airily—and at this stage somewhat miscellaneously—to warm vats, and copperas and lime vats, to insoluble basic compounds, to mordants and their applications, to single and double muriate of tin. You could go so far on the article without bothering about the "Dictionary" or the "Manual" at all, but then Eva did not know that, and thought him vastly erudite.

In fact, Jeremy was in love with dyeing, and rapidly reconsidered his estimate of the beautiful—the beautiful as such, even divorced from utility—in the scheme of nature and of life. On Alec Turner's recommendation he read Ruskin and William Morris, and thought still better of the beautiful. Incidentally, he became a socialist of the extreme wing, but that is not so much to the present purpose.

He soon made himself at home both at the Selfords' and at the Raymores', dropping in freely and casually, with an engaging confidence that everybody would be glad to see him and pleased to allow him to deposit his long, angular body in an armchair, and talk about dyeing or the social Armageddon. He was interested in other things, too—not so much in pictures, but certainly in dogs. He had country lore about dogs and their diseases, and so won Mrs. Selford's respect.

He found Anna Selford's keen mind an interesting study, and delighted to tease the pretty innocence of Eva Raymore. In neither house was there a young man—no son at the Selfords', and the Raymores' house was empty of theirs; and Jeremy, with his breezy jollity and vigorous young self-assertion, came like a gust of fresh wind, and seemed to blow the dust out of the place.

Mrs. Raymore, above all, welcomed him. He went straight to her heart; she was forever comparing and contrasting him with her own boy so far away—and only just the inevitable little to his disadvantage. Jeremy in his turn, though unconsciously, loved the atmosphere of the Raymores' house—the abiding sense of trouble, hard to bear but bravely borne, and the closeness of heart, the intimacy of love which it had brought. Being at the Selfords' amused him; but being at the Raymores' did more than that.

And what of his broken heart? Anna Selford had heard the story, and asked him once in her mocking way.

"You seem so very cheerful, Mr. Chiddingfold!" said she.

Jeremy explained with dignity. His heart was not broken; it had merely been wounded. Not only did he consider it his—and any man's—duty to be cheerful, but as a fact he found no difficulty in being cheerful, occupied as he was with the work of life, and sustained by a firm purpose and an unshaken resolve.

"Only I don't care to talk about it," he added; by which he meant really that he did not care to talk about it to persons of a satirical turn.

Mrs. Raymore could get him to talk about it very freely, while to Eva he would sometimes be so moody and melancholy as to excite an interest of a distinctly sentimental nature. It is to be feared that, like most lovers, Jeremy was not above a bit of posing now and then. He was having a very full and happy life, and, without noticing the fact, began gradually to be more patient about the riches and the fame.

None the less, affairs were in train. Selford's working partners were disposed to be complaisant about Jeremy and the dye-works; they were willing to oblige Selford, and found themselves favorably impressed by the young man himself. But business is business. They could give him a pittance forever, no doubt. If he wanted that very different thing—an opening—other considerations came to the front. Good openings are not lightly given away.

In fine, Jeremy could come and try his hand at a nominal salary. If he proved his aptitude, they would be willing to have him for a junior partner; but in that case he must put five thousand pounds into the business. The sum was not a large one to ask, they said, and with all their good opinion of Jeremy, and all their desire to oblige Selford, they could not, in justice to themselves, their wives, and their families, put the figure any lower.

It was rather a shock to Jeremy, this first practical illustration of the pervading truth that in order to get money you must generally have some first. He might give all he had in the world, and not realize five thousand pounds.

He went to tea at the Raymores' that evening with his spirits dashed. He had consulted Alec Turner, but that young man had only whistled, implying thereby that Jeremy might whistle for the

money, too. The journalistic temperament was not, Jeremy felt, naturally sympathetic. So he laid the question before Mrs. Raymore.

To her it was the opening of the sluice-gates. She was full of maternal love dammed up by distance and absence. She was tender and affectionate toward Eva, but her love for her daughter was pale and weak beside her feeling for her only son, and now a portion of the flow meant for far-off Charley was diverted to Jeremy. She could have wept over his brave simplicity, his sincere question as to how he could speedily make five thousand pounds.

He was not a fool; he knew he could not break the bank at Monte Carlo, or write a play or a novel, or get the desired sum thereby if he did. But he had the great folly which clings to men older than he was—the belief that blind, impartial fortune may show special divine favor. Kate Raymore smiled and sighed. If fortune were so easy to woo as that, Charley would not be in Buenos Ayres, nor would the great sorrow have shadowed their home.

"Have you no friends who would guarantee it, or advance it? You could pay interest, and pay off the capital gradually," she suggested.

That was not at all Jeremy's idea.

"No, I don't want to do that. I don't want to be indebted to anybody."

"But it's a pity to let the chance slip from a feeling of that sort," she urged.

"Besides, there's nobody in our family who ever had such a lot of money to spare," said Jeremy, descending to the practical. He sighed, too, and acknowledged the first check to his ardent hopes, the first disillusionment, in the words, "I must wait." When a man says that he must wait, he has begun to know something of the world. The lesson that often he must wait in vain remains behind. "But I shall find out some way," he went on—the second lesson still unlearned. "Don't tell anybody about it, please. I have a fortnight to give my answer in. They'll keep it open for me till then."

Eva came in with her large, learning eyes, and her charming girlish wonder at the strength and cleverness of the young men she liked. In a very few minutes Jeremy was confident and gay, telling her how he had the prospect of a partnership in quite a little while. Oh, yes, a junior partnership, of course, and a minor share; but it ought to be worth four or five hundred a year anyhow—

yes, to start with. And what it might come to—in vigorous hands, with new blood, new intellect, new energy—well, nobody could tell. Mr. Thrall's casks and vats as a potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice were not comparable to Jeremy's vats and mordants and muriates.

Eva was wonderfully impressed, and exclaimed in childish banter:

"I hope you'll know us still, after you're as rich as that?"

Jeremy liked that. It was just the sort of feeling which his wealth was destined to raise in Dora Hutting. Meanwhile, pending the absence and obduracy of Dora, it was not unpleasant to see it reflected in Eva's wondering eyes. Mrs. Raymore listened and looked on with a fixed determination to lose no time in breaking the injunction laid on her, and in telling Grantley Imason that for a matter of five thousand pounds the happiness of a life—perhaps of two lives—was to be had. The figure was often cheaper than that, of course. Less than that often meant joy or woe—far less. Witness Charley in Buenos Ayres, on account of youthful folly and a trifle of a hundred and fifty! But Grantley was rich. She did not know that he had recently lent John Fanshaw fifteen thousand pounds.

In requital for services rendered at the Metropolitan Radical, Jeremy had introduced his friend Alec Turner to the Selfords. Alec had come up to town from the staff of a provincial journal, and found very few houses open to him in London, so that he was grateful. He had a native although untrained liking for art, and could talk about pictures to Selford, while Jeremy talked about dogs to Mrs. Selford; and both the young men sparred with Anna, whose shrewd hits kept them well on their defense.

Alec went about his avocations in a red tie, a turned-down collar, and lively mustard-colored clothes. A dress suit he assumed reluctantly when he was sent to report the speeches of prosperous Philistine persons at public dinners. He hated prosperous Philistine persons, especially if their prosperity, and consequent Philistinity, came from art or letters; and he delighted in composing paragraphs which should give them a little dig. He was, however, not really ill-natured, and would not have hurt the prosperous persons seriously, even if he could have. In fact, he declared that neither he nor anybody else could hurt

them seriously, owing to the stupidity of the public—which was incalculable. He was a decided assistance to Jeremy in enlivening the Selford household and in keeping Anna's wits busy and bright. "I suppose nothing would induce you to be successful?" she said to him with malicious simplicity.

"Success for me means something quite different," Alec explained. "It lies in influencing the trend of public opinion."

"But the public's hopelessly stupid! It seems to me rather foolish to spend your time trying to influence hopelessly stupid people."

Jeremy chuckled. He did not see how Alec was going to get out of that.

"I spoke of the bulk. There is a small intelligent minority, on whom one can rely."

"If you can rely on them already, why do they want influencing?" objected Anna.

"On whom one can rely for a hearing and for intelligent appreciation, Miss Selford."

"Then the fewer people who care what you say, the more successful you really are?"

"That's hardly the way I should put it—"

"No, I don't suppose you would," interrupted Anna. "But it comes to that, doesn't it, Jeremy?"

"Of course it does," agreed Jeremy. "The fact is, writing about things is all rot. Go and do something—something practical." Dyeing was doing something practical.

"Oh, yes—go into business, of course, and get rich by cheating! Trading's only another name for cheating."

"You're right there for once," said Anna.

"Right?" cried Jeremy fiercely. "Well, then, why isn't it cheating when he"—he pointed scornfully at Alec—"charges a ha'penny for his beastly opinion about something?"

"Oh, it's not for me to say. You must ask Mr. Turner that."

In fact, the discussions were of a most spirited order, since everybody was always quite wrong, and each in turn could be rapidly and ignominiously refuted, the other two uniting in a warm but transient alliance to that end.

This young and breezy society was good for Selford, and for his wife, too. It gave them something to think about, and did not leave each so much time to consider the unreasonableness of the

other. Tiffs became less frequent, the false sentimentalism of their reconciliations was less in demand. And as they watched Anna's deftness and brightness, they began to ask whether they had been as proud of her as they ought to be.

"She has brains, that girl of ours," said Selford, nodding his head complacently.

"And a taking manner, don't you think, Dick?"

"Those boys find her attractive, or it looks like it, anyhow."

"Of course she's not exactly pretty, but I do think she's rather distinguished, somehow."

"Your daughter would be sure to be that, my dear Janet," he remarked gallantly.

"No, I really think she's more like you," insisted Janet amiably. "I must make an effort"—Mrs. Selford was fond of that phrase—"and take her out into society more. I don't think we're quite giving her her chance."

"Ah, you have begun to think of match-making!" he cried in playful reproof.

But it pleased him highly to think that he had, after all, an attractive daughter. He took much more notice of her than he had been used to take; and Mrs. Selford eyed her with critical affection. Decidedly the increase of human interest, as opposed to artistic and canine, was a good influence in the Selford household.

Anna soon saw how her position had improved. She was not demonstrative about it, but she appreciated it. She was also sharp enough to use it. The next time an invitation to a party came, she refused to go unless she might have a frock of her own choosing.

"I won't go if I'm to look a guy," she said.

There was a battle over that, a battle between her and Mrs. Selford, and a tiff between father and mother to boot. For Selford was with Anna now. They won the day, and Anna, with a check in her pocket, went off to consult Christine Fanshaw, nursing in her heart that feminine joy which only the prospect of being dressed really just as you'd like to be dressed seems able to excite.

"Merely a malicious desire to out the other girls," commented Alec loftily.

"I really don't think you ought to talk about dress," retorted Anna, eying the mustard suit.

But when Anna appeared in the frock which Christine had sedulously and lov-

ingly planned, she carried all before her. She was undoubtedly distinguished.

"Well, I suppose you've come to an age when that charming simplicity which used to suit you so well must give way to something more stylish," even Mrs. Selford admitted, capitulating and marching out, but with the honors of war.

Grantley Imason was rich; yet fifteen thousand pounds is a solid sum of money. To put that sum at John Fanshaw's disposal had not caused him serious inconvenience, but it had entailed a little contriving. To lay out another five thousand in Jeremy's service would involve more contriving, and the return of the money rested of necessity in a distant and contingent future. Nevertheless, when Kate Raymore disregarded the injunction laid on her and suggested that the happiness of a life should be secured, he found the proposition attractive.

Grantley was a man lavish of money and appreciative of all the various pleasures of giving it away, both those of a more and those of a less self-regarding order. He enjoyed both the delight of the recipient, and the sense of his own generosity and his own power. He would like Jeremy to be indebted to him for the happiness of his life—of course, that was an exaggerated way of putting it, but it was a telling exaggeration. He also liked Jeremy for his own sake. And it would be altogether a handsome thing to do—under present circumstances, a peculiarly handsome thing.

For Sibylla had left him and gone down to Milldean, accompanied by the boy, without a word of friendship or a hint of reconciliation; and Jeremy's welfare was very dear to his sister. To help Jeremy, and thereby prepare for her the pleasure of seeing Jeremy prosper—to do this secretly, to have it as a private merit and a hidden claim on her, was an idea which appealed strongly to Grantley.

In his imaginings she was to discover what he had done in the future, but not till after their reconciliation. Would it not have an effect then? One effect it was to have was, in plain words, to make Sibylla feel ashamed; but Grantley did not put it so simply or so nakedly as that. That would have been to recognize the action as almost pure revenge. He blinked that side of it, and gave prominence to the other sides. His love for her and his quarrel with her joined hands to urge him.

Commanding Kate Raymore to respect his desire for secrecy, although she had disregarded Jeremy's, he undertook to consider the matter. But his mind was really made up; and since the thing was to be done, it should be done liberally and splendidly. He had lent his money to Fanshaw, as Caylesham had surmised, with a very satisfactory prospect of repayment; to Jeremy he was ready to lend it on no security, careless about repayment—because he loved Sibylla and because he had so grievous a quarrel against her. It was all a part of his broad and consistent plan of conquering her by his unchanging patience, unchanging love, unchanging persistence in being just what he had always been to her from the beginning, however sore a trial her unreasonableness and her vagaries might put him to. This generosity to Jeremy would be a fine example of his chosen attitude, a fine move in the strategy on which he had staked the ultimate success of his campaign against Sibylla.

"If I decide to do it, I'll tell Sibylla myself, at my own time and in my own way," he said to Kate Raymore.

She had an idea that things had not been going quite smoothly, and nodded in a wise fashion. She was picturing a pretty scene of sentiment when Grantley confessed his generosity. Of the real state of his mind she had no idea, but her own conception of the case was enough to insure her silence.

Grantley went to work quietly, saying nothing to Jeremy, approaching the working partners through Selford, learning what they thought of Jeremy, not letting them suppose that the sum required was lightly to be come by or was considered a small one, and making, like a good man of business, the best bargain that he could for the object of his bounty.

These negotiations took some days, and during those days Jeremy's heart lost something of its buoyancy, though nothing of its courage. London was having its effect on his receptive mind—the crowd, the stress, the push, the competition. Courage and brains enough to rise by? Perhaps, but not enough to rise by quickly. A walk about the streets, a look at the newspapers, the talk at the Metropolitan Radical, all taught him that. Wait and work—wait and work! That was what they all said—and they none of them said that it was easy to lay your hands on five thousand pounds.

The light of truth began to glimmer through those folds of young self-confidence. Jeremy grew sober; he was no more so gay and so assured in talking with Eva Raymore. He allowed himself to dwell less on that mythical return to Milldean with fame and riches. Now and then, it must be confessed, he had to brace himself up lest his very courage should falter. He contrived to keep it, but with it there came now a feeling new to Jeremy—a humility, a sense that after all he was as other men were, and neither by natural endowment nor by any rare caprice of fortune to be different from them or to find his life other than theirs. He, too, was not above the need of a helping hand; for want of it he, too, might have to tread very long and very dreary paths before he made much impression on the hill which he had set out to climb so gaily—and with so little provender for the journey.

In such a mood as this he was as incapable of expecting any sudden interposition of outside aid as of refusing it when it came. He would protest, he would declare that he must refuse, but refuse in the end he could not. The fierce jealousy of his independence was cooled by his new experience of the world.

He heard first of what was being done from one of the partners down at Romford. The matter was practically concluded, he was told. In two years' time he was to have the junior partnership, and the share allotted to him at that date would be somewhat larger in consideration of the stipulated capital being paid immediately. It happened to be wanted for an extension of the buildings. Jeremy threw over work for that day and hurried back to London—to refuse. But all the way he was thinking of the incredible difference this benevolent interposition would make.

He found Grantley in his study after lunch. The deed regulating the arrangements between the partners, on the one side, and Jeremy and himself on the other, was before him. A look at Jeremy's face told him that Jeremy knew.

"I—I can't take it, you know," Jeremy blurted out.

"You can't escape the obligations Sibylla has brought on you by marrying me," smiled Grantley.

"Of course Sibylla's been at you—told you she couldn't be happy unless—"

"Nothing of the kind. Sibylla knows nothing about it. And, what's more, she isn't to know till I choose to tell her—

till I choose, not you—that's part of the bargain, Jeremy."

Jeremy sat down. Anxious to avoid a formal talking-over of the matter, Grantley got up and lit a cigarette.

"Then why have you done it?" asked Jeremy. Grantley shrugged his shoulders. "Of course it's the one thing in the world for me. But—but I wanted to do it for myself, you know." Grantley still smiled on him—with a touch of mockery now. "Yes, well, I know I couldn't." He looked at Grantley in a puzzled way. "What makes it worse," he went on, "is that I've been doing you an injustice in a kind of way. I knew you were always kind and—and jolly, but somehow I thought you were a fellow who wouldn't put himself out very much for—for anybody else."

"I'm not putting myself out. I like it."

"Planking down five thousand? And not knowing when you'll get it back—if you ever do? If you like that for its own sake, it's rather a rare taste."

"Now, don't jaw any more," said Grantley with friendly impatience. "I was just going to sign the deed when you came in—I should have done it by now, but I must have a witness, and I didn't want to ring Thompson up from his dinner. We'll ring for him now."

"I'm not an ass," said Jeremy. "I don't think that because a man marries a woman he's bound to provide for her family—or to like them, either."

"You grow in worldly wisdom."

"Yes, I fancy I do. I know a bit more about myself, too. I might have worked ten years and not got this money."

"Oh, thank my forefathers! I've not worked ten years, or ten minutes, either, for you." His back had been to Jeremy. He turned round now as he said slowly: "You may consider it as a thank-offering for my happiness with Sibylla."

"And why isn't she to know?"

"I like it better that way for the present. I'm entitled to make that condition."

Jeremy went back to his defense of himself against himself.

"A week ago I—I'd have backed myself to make it somehow. But—well, one soon learns how devilish hard it is to get what one wants. What a conceited young idiot you must have thought me when we used to talk down at Milldean!"

"You were always an excellent companion. Let's ring for Thompson and execute the deed."

Jeremy could not refuse, and could not yet consent. Grantley stood smoking airily and looking at him with a whimsical smile. Then the door opened and the butler came in, unsummoned.

"Ah, the fates decide!" exclaimed Grantley with a laugh. "Where's a pen, Jeremy?"

"For you, sir," said Thompson, holding out a salver with a letter on it.

"Oh!" Grantley laid down his pen, took the letter, and sat down at the writing-table. "Wait a minute, I want you to witness something for me," he said to the butler.

Thompson stood in serene immobility. His thoughts were far away, engrossed in a discussion he had been having with the groom as to the "form" of that same horse of Caylesham's about which Mrs. Bolton had wanted to know.

Jeremy sat making up his mind to endure being helped, and poignantly remorseful about the view he had taken of Grantley. The view was earnestly disclaimed now, the help seemed very fine and wonderful. He did so want hope, scope, a chance, a start, and that all his talk of what he would do should not come to naught. In turn Dora, Eva, and Anna passed through his mind, each bringing her own influence to bear, giving him a new picture of the future. And why refuse? If ever a gift had been freely, grandly offered, this was. Would it not be even churlish to refuse? Reasons or no reasons, his heart and his hand went out instinctively; he could not refuse the beginning of all things.

Giving his head a restless little jerk as at last he accepted this decision, he chanced to turn his eyes on Grantley's face. Their attention was caught and arrested by it. There was something strange there. The cheeks were rather pale, the jaw set rigidly; Grantley read his letter with a curious engrossment, not hurriedly or offhand, as a man generally reads when other business is at a standstill till he reaches the end. He turned back, it seemed, once or twice to look at another sentence again.

Jeremy could not stop staring at him. Even Thompson awoke to the fact that he was being kept waiting a long while, and that the groom would probably finish the beer and go away, leaving their important discussion unfinished and the proper odds unascertained.

Grantley had recognized Christine Fanshaw's large, irregular handwriting, and had expected nothing more serious than an invitation to dinner. But he

was not reading an invitation to dinner now.

I have just heard from Sibylla—from Mildean. She encloses a letter for you, which she says I am to send on to you *to-morrow*. She insists that I am not to send it before; and if I won't do as she asks, I am to burn it. You are *not* to have it to-day. I cannot disobey her in this, but she says nothing about my telling you she has sent a letter—the only thing is that I must not deliver it to you till to-morrow. I had no idea you had let her go down to Mildean alone. How could you let her do this? There is one other thing I must say to you. Walter Blake was to have dined here to-night. This morning he wired excuses, saying he was going for a cruise in his yacht. You must consider what that means. I beg you not to wait for the letter, but go to Mildean *this afternoon*. Say nothing of having heard from me. Just go, as if it was by accident—say you got your work done sooner than you expected, or anything you like. But go. I believe you'll be sorry all your life if you don't go. Let nothing stop you—for your own sake, and still more for *hers*.—C. F.

That was the letter; the sentence he had turned back to reread was the one in which Walter Blake's movements were mentioned.

Grantley looked across to Jeremy.

"Have you heard from Sibylla since she went to Mildean?" he asked.

"Not a line. But she doesn't write much to me."

Again Grantley looked at the paper. Then he laid it down and took up his pen.

"Now for the deed," he said, and drew it to him.

He signed. Thompson fulfilled the formality for which he was required, and then left them alone. Jeremy did not break out into new thanks. That unexplained something in Grantley's face forbade him.

"I can only say that I'll try to justify your extraordinary kindness," he said soberly.

Grantley nodded absently, as he rose and put Christine's letter into the fire. It was better there—and there was no danger that he would forget the contents.

"I say, there's no bad news, is there?" Jeremy could not help asking.

"No news at all, good or bad," answered Grantley, as he held out his hand. "Good-by and good-luck, Jeremy!"

Jeremy took his hand and gripped it hard, emotion finding a vent that way. Grantley returned the pressure more moderately.

"Remember, under no circumstances a word about it to Sibylla!" he said.

"I give you my honor."

"Good."

He released Jeremy's hand and turned away. He had much self-control, but he could not be sure of what was showing on his face.

Jeremy had his great good fortune, but his joy was dashed. Grantley looked like a man whom heavy calamity finds unprepared.

"All the finer of him to sign the deed then and there," Jeremy muttered as he left the house. "Whatever has happened, he didn't forget his word to me."

But it had not been of Jeremy or of his word that Grantley had been thinking when he signed. His signature was a defiance of his wife and of his fate.

XV.

An instinct of furtiveness, newly awakened by the suggestion of Christine Fanshaw's letter, had led Grantley Imason to send no word of his coming. He hired a fly at the station and drove over the downs to Milldean. It was a wild evening. A gale had been blowing from the southwest all day and seemed to be increasing in violence. A thick rain was driven in sharp spats against the closed windows. The old horse toiled slowly along while the impatient man chafed helplessly inside.

At last he stopped at Old Mill House and dismissed the carriage. Mrs. Mumble's servant-girl, who came to the door, said that her mistress was up at his house and was, she thought, to stay there all night. Grantley nodded and began to trudge up the hill. He had no thought but to seek and find Sibylla. It was now between seven and eight, and dusk had fallen.

He saw a light in the dining-room windows. He walked into the hall and took off his hat. A servant saw him and ran to help him. Saying briefly that he would want some dinner, he went into the dining-room. Mrs. Mumble sat there alone over a chop.

"You come home, Mr. Imason!" she exclaimed. "Sibylla didn't expect you, did she?"

"No, I didn't expect to come. I didn't think I could get away and it wasn't worth wiring. Where is Sibylla?"

"How unlucky! She's gone away—to Fairhaven. She didn't expect you. She's to sleep the night there."

He came to the table and poured himself out a glass of sherry. He was calm and quiet in his manner.

"To sleep at Fairhaven? Why, who's she going to stay with?"

"Mrs. Valentine. You know her? She lives by the church—a red house with creepers."

Mrs. Valentine was, as he knew, an old but not an intimate acquaintance. He shot a keen glance at Mrs. Mumble's simple broad face.

"I'm here to look after baby. But, of course, since you've come——"

"No, no, you stay here. And go on with your dinner. They'll bring something for me directly." He pulled up a chair and sat down. "To sleep at Mrs. Valentine's? Has she often done that before when I've been away?"

"She used to as a girl sometimes, Mr. Imason, but, no, never lately, I think—not since she married."

There were no signs of disturbance or distress about Mrs. Mumble. Grantley sat silent while the servant laid a place for him and promised some dinner in ten minutes.

"Has Sibylla been all right?"

"Oh, yes. A little fretful the last day or two, I think. But Mr. Blake came over from Fairhaven yesterday, and she had a nice walk with him. And she was with baby all the morning."

"All the morning? When did she go to Fairhaven?"

"I think it was about three o'clock. It's a terrible evening, Mr. Imason."

"Very rough indeed."

"The wind rose quite suddenly this morning—and it's getting worse every minute."

Grantley made no answer. After a pause the old woman went on:

"I've got some news."

"News, have you? What news?" He was suddenly on the alert.

She glanced at the door to make sure the servant was not within hearing.

"Very great news for me, Mr. Imason. My dear husband's to come home three months sooner than I thought. I got a letter to say so just after Sibylla started."

"Oh, really! Capital, Mrs. Mumble!"

"It's only a matter of six months now. You can't think what I feel about it—now it's as near as that. I haven't seen him for hard on ten years. What will it be like? I'm full of joy, Mr. Imason; but somehow I'm afraid, too—terribly afraid. The thought of it seems to upset me, and yet I can't think of anything else."

Grantley rubbed his hand across his brow. Old Mrs. Mumble's talk reached him dimly. He was thinking hard. This sleeping at Mrs. Valentine's sounded an

unlikely story. Mrs. Mumble, in her turn, forgot her chop. She leaned back in her chair, clasping her fat hands in front of her.

"We shall have to pick up the old life," she went on. "After seventeen years! I was thirty-five when he left me, and nearly as slight as Sibylla herself. I'm past fifty now, Mr. Imason, and it's ten years since I saw him. And he's above sixty, and—and they grow old soon in there. It'll be very different, very different. And—and I'm half afraid of it, Mr. Imason. It's terribly hard to pick up a life that's once been broken."

The servant brought in Grantley's dinner, and Mrs. Mumble pretended to go on with her chop.

"Nurse said I was to tell you Master Frank is sleeping nicely," the servant said to Mrs. Mumble, as he placed a chair for Grantley.

That was a strange story about Mrs. Valentine.

"We must have patience, and love on," said Mrs. Mumble. "He's had a grievous trial, and so have I. But I don't lose hope. All's ready for him—his socks and his shirts and all. I'm ahead of the time. I've nothing to do but wait. These last months'll seem very long, Mr. Imason."

Grantley came to the table.

"You're a good woman, Mrs. Mumble," he said. She shook her head mournfully. He looked at the food, pushed it away, and drank another glass of sherry. "Don't think I've no sympathy with you, but—but I'm worried."

"Nothing gone wrong in town, I hope, Mr. Imason?"

"No."

He stood there, frowning. He did not believe the story about Mrs. Valentine. He walked quickly to the bell and rang it loudly.

"Tell them to saddle Rollo, and bring him round directly."

"You're never going out on such a night?" she cried.

"I must." And he added, to the surprised servant: "Do as I tell you directly."

"Where are you going?" she asked wonderingly.

"I'm going to Mrs. Valentine's."

"But you've no cause to be anxious about Sibylla, Mr. Imason. And she'll be back to-morrow."

Grantley was convinced that she at least was innocent of any plot. Simple sincerity spoke on her face, and all her thoughts were for herself and her dearly cherished hopes and fears.

"I must see Sibylla on a matter of urgent business to-night," he said.

"It'll be hardly safe up on the downs," she expostulated.

"It'll be safe enough for me," he answered grimly. "Don't sit up for me, and look after the baby." He smiled at her kindly, then came and patted her hand for a moment. "Yes, it would be hard to pick up a life that's once broken, I expect," he said. She looked up at him with a sudden apprehension in her eyes. His manner was strangely quiet; he seemed to her gentler. "There, I mean nothing but what I say," he told her soothingly. "I must go and get ready for my ride."

"But, Mr. Imason, you'll take something to eat first?"

"I can't eat." He laughed a little. "I should like to drink. But I won't. Good-night, Mrs. Mumble."

Ten minutes later he was walking his horse down the hill to Mildean, on his way to Fairhaven. But he had little thought of Mrs. Valentine. He had no belief in that story at all. It served a purpose, but not the purpose for which it had been meant. What it did was to remove the last of his doubts. Now he knew that Christine's suggestion was true. He was going to Fairhaven, not to find Sibylla at Mrs. Valentine's, but to seek Sibylla and Blake.

He was not thinking much of Sibylla. He had taught himself to consider his wife incalculable, a prey to disordered whims, swept on by erratic impulses. This whim was more extraordinary, more disorderly, more erratic, than any of the others, but it was of the same nature with them, the same kind of thing that she had done when she determined to hold herself aloof from him. This blow had fallen entirely and utterly unforeseen, but he acknowledged grimly that it had not been unforeseeable.

He thought of young Blake even less, and thought of him without much conscious anger. The case there was a very plain one. He had known Blake in the days when aspirations did not exist, and when the desire to be good was no part of his life. He took him as he had known him then, and the case was very simple. Whatever an attractive woman will give, men like Blake will take, recking of nothing, forecasting nothing, careless of themselves, merciless to her whom they are by way of loving. In regard to Blake the thing had nothing strange in it. Here, too, it was unexpected, but again by no means unforeseeable.

No, nothing had been unforeseeable. And in what light did that fact leave him? What flavor should that give to his meditations? For though he rode as quickly as he could against the gale and the rain, which now blinded and scorched his eyes, his mind moved more quickly still. Why, it set him down as a fool intolerable—as the very thing he had always laughed at and despised, as a dullard, a simpleton, a dupe! He could hear the mocking laughter and unashamed chuckling, he could see the winking eyes.

He knew well enough what men had thought of him. They had attributed to him successes with women; they had joked when he married, saying many husbands would feel safer; they had liked him and admired him, but they had been of opinion that he needed taking down a peg. How they would laugh to think that he, of all men, had made such a mess of it, that he had let young Blake take away his wife! Young Blake, whom he had often chaffed for their amusement or instructed for their entertainment!

Imason had got a pretty wife, but he couldn't keep her, poor old boy! That would be the comment—an ounce of pity to a hundred-weight of contempt, and—yes—a pound of satisfaction. And it would be all true. Somehow—and even allowing for Sibylla's vagaries and unaccountable whims, he could not tell how—somehow he had been a gross dupe, a blockhead blindly self-satisfied, a dullard easily deluded, a fool readily abandoned and left; so intolerable that not all his money, nor his houses, nor his carriages could make it worth while even to go on with the easy task of deceiving him. He was not worth deceiving any more—it was simpler to be rid of him. In the eyes of the world that fact would be significant of what he was.

And that same thing he was in his own eyes now. The stroke of this sharp sword had cloven in two the armor of his pride; it fell off him and left him naked.

Could he endure this fate for all his life? It would last all his life; people have long memories, and the tradition does not die. It would not die even with his life. No, by heaven, it would not!

A new thought seized him. There was the boy to whom he had given life. What had he given to the boy now? What a father would the boy have to own? And what of the boy's mother? The story would last the boy's life, too. It would

always be between Grantley and the boy. And the boy would never dare speak of his mother. He would be kept in ignorance, till ignorance yielded perforce to shame. His life would be bitterness to his father, if it meant that—and bitterness, surely, to the boy, too.

As Grantley brooded on this his face set into stiffness. He declared that it was not to be endured.

He came to where Mildean road joined the main road by the red villas, and turned to the right toward Fairhaven. Here he met the full force of the gale. The wind was like a moving, rushing wall; the rain seemed to hit him viciously with whips; there was a great confused roar from the sea below the cliffs. He could hardly make headway or induce his horse to breast the angry tempest. But his face was firm, his hand steady, and his air resolute as he rode down to Fairhaven, sore in the eyes, dripping wet, cold to the very bone.

His purpose was formed. Fool he might be, but he was no coward. He had been deluded, he was not beaten. His old persistence came to his rescue. All through, though he might have lost everything else, he had never lost courage. And now when his pride fell from him, and his spirit tasted a bitterness as of death, his courage rose high in him—a desperate courage which feared nothing save ridicule and shame. These he would not have, neither for himself nor for his boy.

His purpose was formed, and he rode on. His pride was broken, but no man was to behold its fall. In this hour he asked one thing from himself—courage unfearing, unflinching. It was his, and he rode forward to the proof of it. And there came in him a better pride. In place of self-complacency there was fortitude; yet it was the fortitude of defiance, not of self-knowledge.

He rode through the gale into Fairhaven, thinking nothing of Mrs. Valentine's house, waiting on fate to show him the way. Just where the town begins, the road comes down to the sea and runs along by the harbor where a sea-wall skirts deep water. A man enveloped in oilskins stood here, glistening through the darkness in the light of a gas lamp. He was looking out to sea—out on the tumble of angry waves—stamping his feet and blowing on his wet fingers now and then. It was no night for an idle man to be abroad; he who was out to-night had business.

(To be continued.)

The Church and the Stage.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE, AND THE MOVEMENT WHICH HAS DISPELLED THE OLD PREJUDICED AND FANATICAL IDEA THAT THE STAGE IS NECESSARILY IMMORAL AND THAT ACTORS ARE ABANDONED OUTCASTS.

DESPITE its nearly five years of existence, few movements in America are as little known to the general public as is that tending to bring about a closer union between the church and the stage. Yet by reason of its distinguished following, as well as by its aims and achievements, it is an interesting one. In time it may bring about a radical change in both bodies through which it works. Already it has accomplished much.

It has brought the clergy of this country to a realization of the fact that the theatrical profession is composed neither of criminals nor of the utterly depraved, that the theater may be made useful, at least, in adding to the innocent pleasure of mankind, and that its followers, at any rate equally with the heathen, come within the scope of Christ's command to carry the Gospel to all the world.

On the other side, it has brought the actor out of himself, out of his stunting sequestration, and out of the narrow circle in which he has too often lived. It has given him new friends and new interests, and has made him feel that he is no longer abhorred of the church and of so-

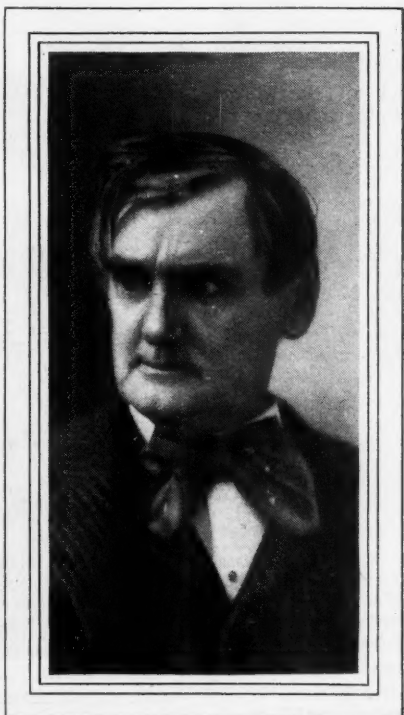
ciety, but little advanced in public esteem beyond the days when his fellows were forbidden to have Christian burial.

This movement, quietly though it has grown, may prove as important in the long divorced worlds of religion and the stage as was that by which the church first became the patron of the drama, and, until the Reformation, taught her children by means of the miracle and mystery plays. It may prove as important as that by which the Puritans, in

turn, cast out the theater, thus depriving it of encouragement for good, and leaving it to become corrupt.

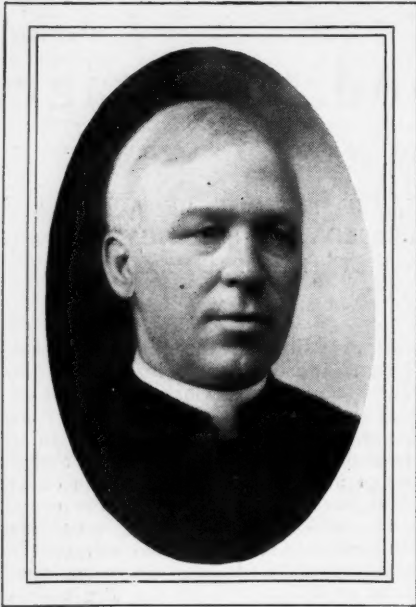
THE DAYS OF FANATICAL PREJUDICE.

The Puritan idea that it is wrong to be happy was transplanted to the New World, and has influenced the attitude of our churches toward the theater until a very recent date. For this antagonism does not solely belong to the days of Cromwell in England or to those of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. Five years ago I was associated with a dramatic production whose influence I sincerely believed to be ennobling. To its initial presentation I invited the leading clergymen of Boston. There were almost no ac-



JOSEPH JEEFFERSON, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



THE REV. THOMAS J. DUCEY, AN HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

ceptances. It required all the Christian charity and kindliness of hundreds of regretful replies to counteract the evil effect upon all of us, a hardening of the heart against all creeds, created by the following from the pastor of one of the Baptist churches:

I cannot accept your invitation. The sorrows and sins Satan occasions through the Saloon, the Card Table, and the Theater keep me too busy. My long observation gives me a constantly deepening conviction that one of the potent agencies of Satan to lead men and women and boys and girls to sinful, sorrowful lives is the theater.

In the ensuing tour it was found that even where clergymen were at heart in sympathy with the higher aims of the drama, they seldom dared to express such views in public, much less to appear in person inside a theater. A Presbyterian minister of Milwaukee wrote:

I welcome any movement which tends toward making the stage a greater factor in the uplifting of men. I regret, however, that public sentiment is not so fully molded as to permit me—occupying the position I do—to accept your kind invitation.

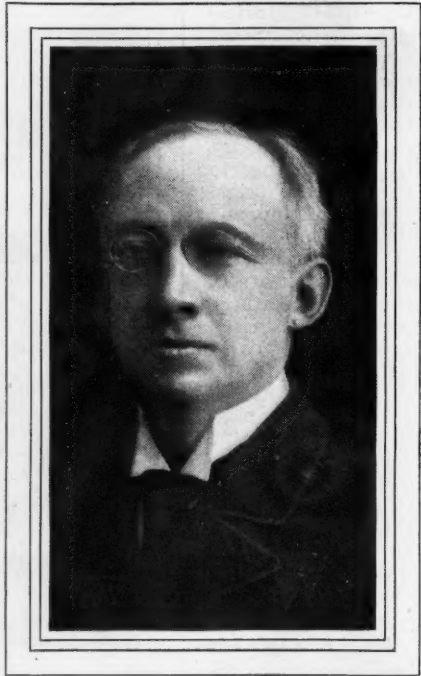
Now note the change that has been wrought in these last five years. In round numbers, one thousand clergymen of every phase of religious belief, one thousand members of churches, and one thousand actors, from the dean of the

profession down to some of its humblest followers, have banded themselves together to the end that the church and the stage may know each other better, and that both may be broadened and made more charitable.

Five years ago the "Little Church Around the Corner," in New York, stood almost alone in welcoming actors and in doing its simplest duty toward the theater. To-day a thousand clergymen, scattered from ocean to ocean, are notified by the secretary of the alliance of the coming of theatrical companies in which are members of the order. These ministers of the gospel call upon the visiting players at their hotels and welcome them at their own homes. In hundreds of theaters throughout the country, the alliance has placed framed bulletins giving the names and addresses of the local chaplains and the hours of divine service—a service sometimes attended in a body by an entire traveling company.

THE BETTER SPIRIT OF TO-DAY.

And whereas five years ago scarcely a minister in the land would have dared



THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, AN HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

mention the theater from the pulpit save in denunciation, now the chaplains of the alliance visit the best plays and publicly commend them to their congre-

of Boston, in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Cincinnati, on "The Theater as a Place of Amusement"—a sermon repeated in St. Paul's Church, Louisville; of the Rev.



THE RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D. D., BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK, AND PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by George G. Rockwood, New York.

gations. There have been such sermons as that of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, in All Souls' Episcopal Church, New York, on "The Inter-relationship of the Church and the Stage"; of the Rev. G. W. Shinn,

Edmonds Bennett, of Mobile, on "The Kingdom of God and the Drama"; of the late Rev. E. Walpole Warren, in St. James' Church, New York, on "Our Hopes for the Theater"; of the Rev. H.

M. Warren, in the Central Park Baptist Church, New York, on "The Duty of the Church to the Stage"; and of the Rev. John P. Peters, in St. Michael's Church, New York, on "The Stage as a Teacher and Reliever of Care."

This last sermon recognized the fact that relief from care is no longer a sin—a *changé* from the day when the church objected to bear-baiting, not, as Macaulay pointed out, because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator!

Many divine services have been held in theaters with no seeming incongruity in the transfer from chancel to proscenium arch. At least one church, that of the Holy Sepulcher in New York, has fitted up a stage for the presentation, as an accessory to parish work, of plays of a religious character. At the recent laying of the corner-stone of a Pittsburg theater, the exercises were opened with the reading by an Episcopal minister of the Twenty-Fourth Psalm, while another clergyman offered prayer and invoked the divine blessing upon the playhouse.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

These changes, advancing almost unnoticed and yet with astonishing rapidity, have been largely due to the work of the Actors' Church Alliance, of which Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, has been from its inception the president. The organization was modeled upon the Actors' Church Union of England, of which the Bishop of Rochester is the head.

The Alliance owes its birth to the enthusiasm of a New York clergyman, the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, late rector of the

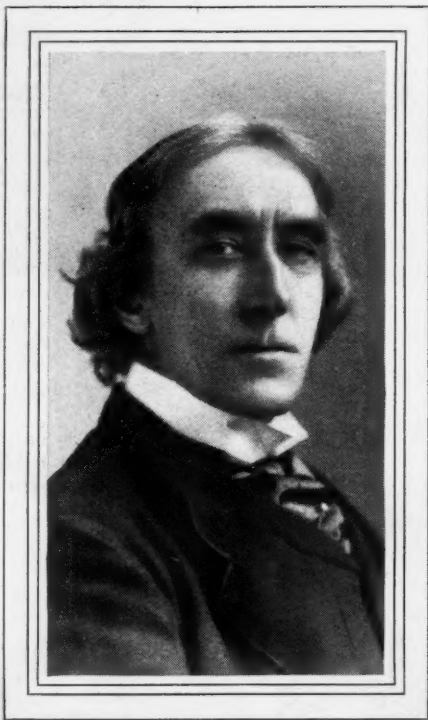
Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Up to something like ten years ago Mr. Bentley was a professional actor, appearing chiefly in Shakespearian rôles, with Frederick Warde, Lawrence Barrett, and others. A sermon preached in Boston by Phillips Brooks led him to enter the

ministry. He studied at Bishop Huntington's theological school in the diocese of Central New York, and became associated successively with four churches in the metropolis—old St. Mark's, St. Edmund's, All Souls', and the Holy Sepulcher. The rectorship of the last-named he resigned to devote himself entirely to the work of the Actors' Church Alliance. It is understood that his salary is the same as that attached to his former rectorship, and that Bishop Potter is a substantial contributor to the fund for that purpose.

As an actor, Mr. Bentley had keenly felt the prejudice against his calling, and he regarded the removal of that

prejudice as the most useful work that he could possibly do. Associating himself with F. F. Mackay, president of the Actors' Society, a public meeting was called for June 19, 1899, at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York. Bishop Potter presided, and addresses were made by prominent actors and by clergymen of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish communions. It was at once evident that the movement promised to be a sympathetic union of creeds as well as of church and stage.

At the end of the first year the alliance had a membership of more than seven hundred; at the end of the second, more than fifteen hundred; at the end of the third, more than twenty-two hundred; and at the end of the fourth, more than three thousand. The clergymen who have



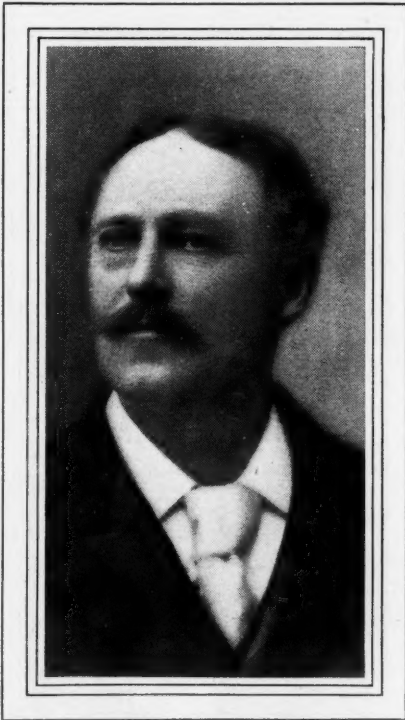
SIR HENRY IRVING, AN HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From his latest photograph by Savony, New York.

joined the movement as its chaplains are located in forty-six States and Territories, in the Philippine Islands and the Dominion of Canada. They represent the Protestant Episcopal, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Reformed, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic, the Unitarian, the Universalist, and the Jewish churches. In his letter inviting these clergymen to act as chaplains, Mr. Bentley wrote:

Man is histrionic as well as religious, and the devotional and the dramatic elements in his make-up are, at bottom, very closely allied and together constitute the ineradicable "image" in which he was made. Should not the Kingdom of God be widened until she ministers not merely to the devotional and physical in man, but also the esthetical, and so take in his whole being? Should not the church and the stage, therefore, be brought into closer relations and the chasm—caused by centuries of antipathy and neglect on one side and misunderstanding and indifference on the other—be bridged? The promoters of this alliance believe that it should, and so appeal to willing and sympathetic clergymen of all denominations to "come over and help us."

The numbers and the enthusiasm of



THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, AN HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

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MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, A MEMBER AND FORMER OFFICER OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From a photograph by Gessford, New York.

the acceptances of this invitation to "come over and help" form one of the most surprising features of the movement. Indeed, it is now the clergy rather than the actors who seem eager to hold out the hand of fellowship. Yet as is shown by the present board of officers of the national body, church and stage are working heartily hand in hand.

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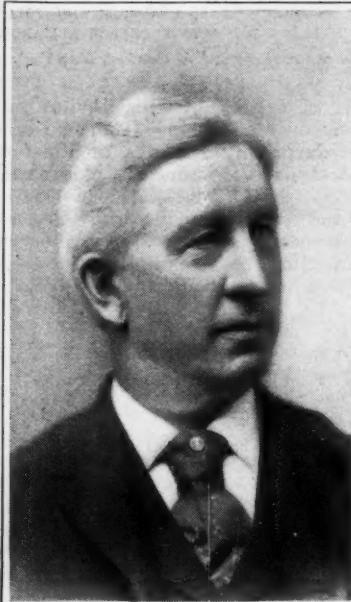
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Gilbert, the Right Rev. F. W. Keator, the Right Rev. Cameron Mann, the Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, the Right Rev. William C. Doane, the Rev. George W. Shinn, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, the Rev. H. M. Warren, the Rev. William S. Rainsford, and the Rev. R. Heber Newton.

ner Clarges, William F. Owen, and Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld, all of whom have represented the stage in the national council, and Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, who has represented the church in the same body. In Philadelphia Frank Howe, manager of the



AMELIA BINGHAM, A MEMBER AND FORMER OFFICER OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

From a photograph by Boye, San Francisco.



MRS. W. G. JONES, AN HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

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Members of the National Council, representing the church—The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, the Rev. Thomas H. Sill, the Rev. F. J. Clay Moran, the Rev. Joseph Rushton, the Rev. Joseph Silverman, Harriette A. Keyser, Charles T. Catlin, Margaret Lawrance, M. Louise Ewen, and B. F. Johnston.

Members of the National Council, representing the stage—Milton Nobles, Harrison Grey Fiske, Edythe Totten, Myra C. Brooke, Mrs. B. S. Spooner, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, Charles Dade, Susanna Westford, and Thomas A. Stoddart.

Others who in previous years have occupied official positions are Amelia Bingham, Kate Claxton, Rosa Rand, Ver-

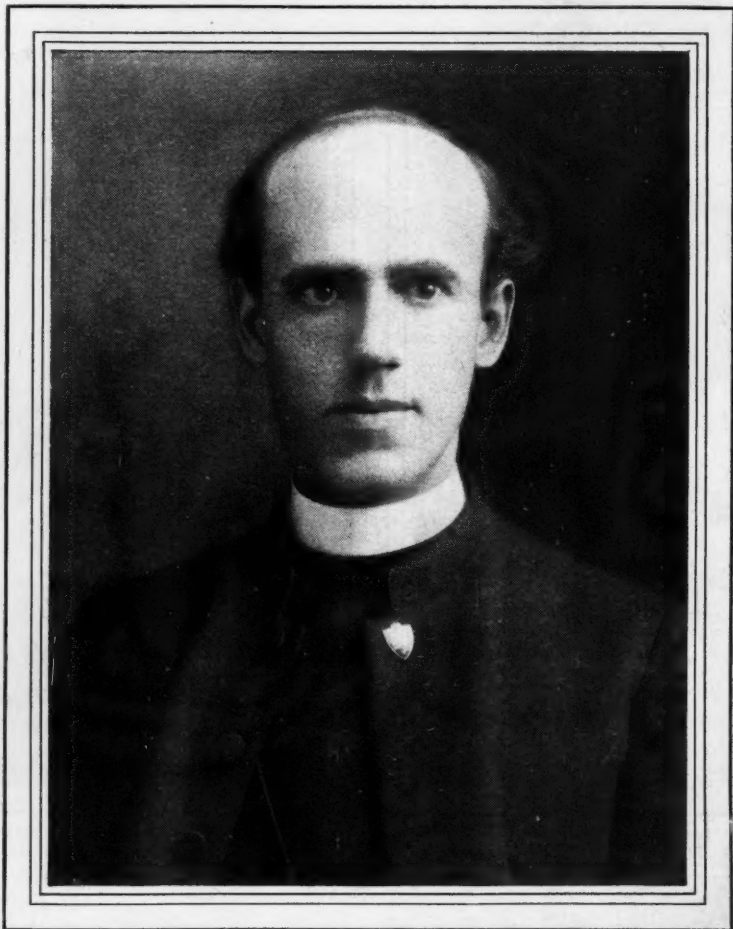
Walnut Street Theater, and Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman, are members of the council of the local chapter, while among well-known theatrical people, not already named, who are members of the alliance may be mentioned Lillian Russell, Viola Allen, Henry Clay Barnabee, Hilda Clark, William H. Crane, Ada Gilman, Mme. Janauschek, Mme. Emma Nevada, Mrs. Edwin Knowles, Mrs. Mansfield, Emily Rigl, Edna May Spooner, Cecil Spooner, Cora Tanner, Bertha Creighton, Amelia Summerville, Margaret Anglin, Ethel Brandon, Laura Burt, Sydney Cowell, and W. J. Ferguson—names taken almost at random from among those of perhaps a thousand mem-

bers of the profession who have allied themselves with the movement.

The society has established local chapters in New York, Boston, Philadelphia,

domain of art and place it in that of ethics.

"I ask you, not as a preacher, *but as a brother*," pleaded Bishop Potter at the



THE REV. WALTER E. BENTLEY, GENERAL SECRETARY AND ORGANIZER OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE—MR. BENTLEY, WHO WAS AT ONE TIME A PROFESSIONAL ACTOR, WAS CHIEFLY INSTRUMENTAL IN FOUNDING THE ALLIANCE.

Pittsburg, Albany, York, and Portland, Maine. Others are in early prospect in Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Toledo, Washington, and elsewhere. Many of the chapters are planning to build club-houses for resident and visiting members.

While one of the primary objects of the alliance is the suppression of Sunday performances, and while it aims at higher ideals for managers and dramatists, it is formed upon most liberal lines. It does not purpose to take the drama from the

second annual meeting, "to use your influence to bring about the ennoblement of the stage." And again he said: "The fact that the dramatic profession has been for many years practically isolated is no fault of the actor, but, more shame to us, is the fault of the church."

Am I in error in terming this movement an ethical and social revolution? Its effect upon the church is already evident; that upon the stage is yet to be seen.

STORIETTES

Larry's Grandmother.

I.

OLD Mrs. Doherty's eyes had looked on sorrow, but always dauntlessly. Thus it happened that their humor was as undimmed, their friendliness as unquenched, at seventy as half a century earlier. Out of a network of wrinkles they sparkled cheerfully; their blue luster heightened by the parchment brownness of her weather-beaten skin. And whenever they dwelt upon her grandson, Larry Doherty, they took a new depth of kindness and brightness.

She accounted herself a very lucky woman, she was wont to tell her neighbors. To be sure, her husband, when they had been married only a little over a year, had been killed in an explosion in the old country; but he had left her Larry, her own son Larry, the baby in arms, who had grown to be the best and most stalwart of sons. She dwelt upon Larry's memory with great tenderness, for he was only a memory these many years now. The ship that was bearing him to America with his mother, his pretty wife, and their rosy children, had been wrecked off the Banks. Only one of the life-boats had ever been heard of again. That one a schooner from Falmouth Cape had sighted and saved; and on it were old Mrs. Doherty with her youngest grandchild, the baby Larry, in her arms.

To some the chronicle would not have seemed one of good fortune; but Mrs. Doherty translated calamity to blessing in her own fashion.

"Since 'twas God's will I should lose him an' be cast up alone here in a strange land, think what a blessin' it was I had the baby wid me—somethin' to be workin' for, somethin' to be carin' about! An' to land here of all the places in the says—sure niver were people so kind! An' me boy's son growin' up all that could be wished. Whin me own time comes for goin', sure 'twill be the happy life I'll have to account for!"

She was a busy creature even after the dreadful struggle of her early years in the new country was past. Her cabin on the hill shone with a cleanliness match-

ing that of her New England neighbors. She was a dairy-woman of note, albeit but two cows composed her stock. She had a chicken-yard screened from her small vegetable-patch and flower-bed. In the old days she had trudged across the windy half-mile of bridge that connected the cape with Falmouth Town on the mainland to the east, selling her eggs and butter. Nowadays the new railroad and Larry, proud incumbent of a position in the town, conspired to carry them for her.

Larry, of course, had no conception of the fact that she was a miracle among grandmothers, but he loved her and depended upon her and imposed upon her and took her as an every-day matter—until the Downings came to Falmouth Cape. Then his eyes were opened to the fact that his relative was not as other women are. Myrtle Downing, blonde, given to giggling, and admitting twenty-three years, enlightened him.

"My!" she said, when their acquaintance had progressed to the point of personalities, "ain't your grandma funny?"

"What's funny about her?" demanded Larry, startled as if it had been suggested to him that some fact of nature was out of the natural order.

"Now, who did you ever see dress like that?" retorted Myrtle unanswerably.

Whereupon Larry, recalling the difference between the customary dress of the community and the neat peasant garb which his grandmother had never discarded, blushed for her. Later he sought with gifts to beguile her into a fashion which Miss Downing assured him was correct—Miss Downing, whose mother wore curl-papers during the greater part of the day and read the fashion journals by her untrimmed lamp in the evenings!

Mrs. Doherty was outwardly grateful, though unbeguiled. To herself she said shrewdly and sadly:

"He niver found out for himsilf what I was wearin'. No! An' it's little he'd have cared for annywan's tellin' him, unless—unless"—she sighed heavily. "Well, I could have wished it another!"

And the more Larry's grandmother saw of Miss Myrtle Downing, the more she wished that it might have been an-

other. She saw Myrtle reading at the kitchen table, with only enough space cleared on it for her foolish book and her foolish elbows. She saw crimping-irons on the mantel-shelf above the fireplace. She beheld shawls of pale pink and blue looped over Myrtle's slender shoulders, bangles on Myrtle's bare forearms, and buckles on Myrtle's run-down slippers. And she groaned and shook her head.

She was much alone in her cabin during the days of Larry's wooing; and the light went out of her eyes as it had never gone in all the years of her labor and sorrow.

"It's not his leavin' me for another," she used to assure some inward accuser. "Lord save us, didn't I see me own do that, an' have joy wid him? But this girl—this baggage—what does she know about carin'? He'll never be happy wid her—her an' her curls!"

It was Myrtle's obviously artificial ringlets to which the old woman took the most violent objection, making them the scapegoat, as it were, for all the girl's shallowness and shams.

Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke contemptuously of her grandson's sweetheart; she besought him to give Myrtle up. And she accomplished nothing but the erecting of a wall of silence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.

And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not from himself of his contemplated marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was reported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she had lamented. And she "had looked for Myrtie to do better; with a face like Myrtie's" a most effulgent mate might have been reasonably expected. But the child was romantic, like her mamma, who had rejected Heaven only knew what splendor to follow where her heart led!

"But it's goin' to be awful hard on Myrtie," the fond mother was quoted as ending, "if she has to live with that old woman. Indeed, I don't believe she'll do it. It ain't that Myrtie would grudge her what she eats an' all that; but a young bride, she naturally wants her home to herself."

Now, though she knew that love would do strange things to the young, blinding them to the beauty of old ways and bidding them shut the windows upon peaceful old outlooks, still the stricken grand-

mother never doubted Larry's intentions toward herself. Never, she knew, would it occur to him to turn her adrift in her old age. But she herself, could she stay where alien eyes looked coldly upon her?

"But if I go an' live by mesilf," she said, "they'll say he turned me out, they'll misjudge the poor, foolish boy. An' if I go, who's to take care of him?—for that baggage hasn't it in her. 'Deed, an' she doesn't make him happy even now"—which was true enough, as the most casual could observe.

Myrtle, aiming at the witcheries of coquetry, achieved pertness and a habit of nagging, and kept her lover in a state of irritation far enough removed both from the blissful uncertainty which she intended and the comfortable assurance which he regarded as his right.

II.

By and by the March gales began to beat along the coast. The waters of the bay rose and lashed themselves with oceanic fury. The winds threatened the houses, the piers, the railroad. One morning there came a telephone report to the station that the trains from the region west of Falmouth Cape would be unable to reach the cape station and to go on to Falmouth Town on the other side of the bay. Floods had washed away bridges and roadbeds in the interior, and for forty-eight hours, at least, there would be no traffic. Falmouth Cape settled itself to the excited security of a mere watcher of calamities; but in two hours it ceased even to watch, for the storm had wrought havoc with the telephone wires, and it was cut off from the world.

Two things drove Larry stubbornly to town that morning. One was a boyish pride in the fact that he had never missed a day's work since he obtained a position; the other was that Myrtle had been uncommonly trying the night before with her weak coquetties and her bad temper, and he wished to escape her neighborhood for a while. He harnessed the old horse, wrapped himself well, and drove across the road bridge that paralleled the railroad bridge across the bay and into Falmouth Town.

In the afternoon the section of the road bridge next to Falmouth Cape succumbed to the strain of the winds and the rising billows. Crackling and crashing, it was swept away, and the flooring of the structure terminated abruptly over the seething, tar-black waters an



DOWN THE ROAD A CHEERFUL OLD LAUGH WAS SOUNDING IN THE SPRING SUNSHINE.

eighth of a mile from the cape shore. The arch still stood, and the wooden girders on which the flooring had been laid.

All that afternoon Mrs. Doherty rushed about beseeching some one to go and save her boy. Every one answered that her boy would not attempt to make the journey home that evening. In the morning, perhaps, the wires would be working again, and the town end of the bridge could be warned of the damage at the cape end. Any way, they said, there was no practicable way of reaching her grandson.

Myrtle, to whom the old woman went in final appeal, scoffed at the notion of Larry's attempting to return in the evening.

"He wouldn't be such a fool!" she said conclusively.

"Fool?" cried his grandmother, in anguish and exasperation. "'Tis us that knows the bridge is broke, not him. All was safe an' well whin he went over this mornin'. Why wouldn't he be comin' home to-night? He'll start, all in the dark an' the wind, an' he'll drive, an' there'll be no seein' the end, an'—are ye goin' to do nothin' at all, at all?"

"What could I do?" demanded Myrtle, sullen, but sufficiently reasonable.

"If it was the man I was goin' to marry," declared the old woman, with red spots in the wrinkled hollows of her cheeks, and glittering points in her eyes, "I'd crawl along the broken wood, over the pillars there, till I could reach the boarded part of the bridge. An' thin I'd walk an' run, an' run an' walk, till I came to Falmouth Town, an' there I'd stand to wait an' warn him!"

"La, Mrs. Doherty, you certainly do make me tired," retorted Myrtle. "I ain't so dead set on keepin' a beau as you'd be, if you had one!"

Something in the brutal egotism which she had uncovered silenced Mrs. Doherty. She started and shook her head in dumb uncomprehension, then turned and walked back to the cabin. From the height on which it stood she could see the bay, here lashed white, there curving in splendid, devouring waves of glistening black.

"Maybe I was meant for the say, afther all," she said, as she moved about putting the cabin to rights. Then she went out, a quaint and sturdy figure with her tight, white cap, her short, quilted skirt, and her red shawl crossed on her bosom and tied at her waist in the back. Down to the place where the bridge had

been she trudged. Later, one of the cape children came home screaming that old Mrs. Doherty was crawling along the girders that remained on the demolished section of the bridge—he had seen her red shawl.

III.

"A NICE notion of lovin' you've got," stormed Myrtle, angry tears in her eyes. "Throwin' me over for an old woman—an old scarecrow! Some girls wouldn't put up with it! They'd make you suffer, you an' her, too. But I won't. I don't believe I could have brought myself to marry you, any way. Don't talk to me! I don't want to hear any more about the wind an' the blackness an' the water, an' how the voice was like a ghost's or a banshee's! She's been savin' your life ever since you were a baby, an' you're goin' to make her happy as long as she lives? Well, she'll live forever, an' get more an' more unreasonable every minute, an' I hope—"

She broke off. Down the road a cheerful old laugh was sounding in the spring sunshine. Larry turned from her to listen to it, his eyes alight. A mellow old voice spoke.

"Ah, there was small danger afther all, ma'am! Thim that's born for hangin' ye can't drown, ye know! Sure I was safe enough; but Larry—he mightn't have been!"

Anne O'Hagan.

The Yates Investments.

I.

By way of prologue, it is necessary to explain that Bentham Yates, Senior, had a genius for obtaining money for investment and for losing it. His first wife's ample fortune had melted into thin air by the time she left the world which he made so socially attractive and so financially uncertain. Her father, dying shortly after, was rude enough to safeguard the younger Bentham's small legacy with such trusteeships that the elder Bentham could not touch it. Bentham, Junior, when he came of age, acquiesced in his grandfather's evident views to an extent provoking frequent friction between him and his father.

When the elder Mr. Yates announced his intention to marry Mrs. Watson, a widow with one daughter and an independent fortune, his son vulgarly accused him of mercenary motives. The quarrel which resulted caused the young-

er man to leave home. That a somewhat similar quarrel had occurred in Mrs. Watson's household was apparent from the conspicuous absence of her daughter, Elaine, from the wedding, and the young lady's prolonged visit to her grandmother Watson, following the marriage.

Mr. Yates had his usual luck in persuading his bride to certain investments, and his usual luck with these. Only an opportune railroad accident, taking both husband and wife from the world at once, saved them from a very shabby life together. In the settling of their affairs, it was found that there was practically no property of any value to descend to their children.

II.

"THE idea!" raged Miss Elaine Watson, who, as her mother had been wont to inform her friends, had a temper and a will of her own. "The patronage of it! The insolence! Realizing that the investments of his father, the late Bentham Yates, have deprived me of the inheritance which was mine by every claim except that of strict legal procedure, he takes the liberty to inform me that his lawyers, Messrs. Blank & Dash, of 40 Liberty Street, New York, hold subject to my order the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. He knows that this does not by any means replace the fortune of which I should have become possessed at my mother's death save for her marriage with his father, and—oh, the astounding impertinence of it! Mind you, he doesn't even offer me money which his father left to him! It's his own—the Greens told me so! And he dares think that I will calmly accept a dole from him, a man whom I have never seen!"

"It shows a very nice spirit, I think," sighed Grandmother Watson. "He wants to repair his father's mistakes as far as he can."

"He is shouldering a pretty big load, then," replied Elaine. "And isn't it a nice filial spirit? He practically accuses that poor dead man of misappropriation of funds—"

"I wish you could take it—I mean with dignity," interrupted her grandmother irrelevantly.

Elaine's eyes stormed, and she marched to the desk in the corner and wrote a reply to Mr. Bentham Yates which she thought a model of polite disdain and courteous rebuke. She thanked him for his quixotic offer, which she wished to decline fully and unmistakably.

In due course Mr. Bentham Yates' response came—in the shape of a pass-book upon the Cosmopolis Bank, made out to her name and recording a deposit to her credit of fifteen thousand dollars. Furiously and somewhat futilely, she wrote to her mother's stepson to withdraw the deposit. Then, being much in need of money, she went adventurously away to the rich, quiet Sound resort where many of her summers had been passed, and, taking up her abode at the one hotel, energetically proceeded to organize dancing-classes among the children at the hotel and cottages.

Her choice of an occupation scandalized a good many of her old acquaintances, even while they admitted that Elaine Watson could dance better than she could do anything else. But wouldn't kindergartening, or companioning, or something else, have been more—er—less odd, they asked?

The atmosphere of critical questioning and that of somewhat over-emphasized friendliness were both distasteful to her. She retired more and more into herself as the days went on, teaching her young charges conscientiously, and avoiding and evading their elders as conscientiously. Delighting in all manner of physical exercise, she spent a good deal of her time in long walks on the country roads, and in rowing and swimming in the cove which the hotel commanded.

When the tide served at all, she used to take her aquatic pleasures early. She hated to find herself one of the conventional bathing mob of the hour or two before luncheon. Generally she was down at the pier, with the bath-houses beside it, as early as the bathing-master himself—a tall, broad, grimly handsome youth of an extremely taciturn habit. Occasionally she asked him questions, with a sort of pretty patronage. To all of them he responded with a discouraging and uninterested brevity.

"Strange what airs these people give themselves!" thought Elaine, tossing her head over one of his terse replies. Then she laughed inwardly. She herself was now one of "these people." She taught the children of the summer colony to dance, he taught them to swim! She was, to the casual eye, of no more social importance than he. Perhaps he realized that, and was therefore curt to her patronizings. But she soon discovered the fact that he did not know, or care to inquire, anything concerning her. She half laughed at the feeling of pique which, as she had to admit to herself, this



MISS WATSON THANKED HIM CRISPLY AND IMPUDENTLY FOR HIS ADVICE.

indifference on the part of the sunburnt bathing-master engendered in her.

III.

It was early on one Sunday morning. She had slept ill. She did not enjoy teaching the children of the rich to dance. She did not enjoy being a paid agent of frivolity. She wished that she had been bred a farmer or a fisherman. She wished that she had been a man. She would go away and work in the wide, open spaces of the country, not in stuffy ballrooms and dancing-halls. She would—what would she not do that was brave and dashing and free if she were a man? A woman's lot was a hard one. But at least she could go out rowing in the cool of the August morning.

The bathing-master, brown, imperturbable, and remote, advised her impersonally against going out alone. He prophesied a rising wind.

Miss Watson thanked him crisply and impudently for his advice, and stepped lightly into the boat which she had selected. She settled herself gracefully, her white skirt tucked about her, her black hat tossed into the bottom of the boat. She seized the oars with a practised hand, adjusted them to the oarlocks, and pushed off.

The bathing-master watched her for a while until she was lost behind a curve of the shore. He was annoyed with her obstinacy, her childish, petulant, disobedient air.

"Spoiled," he said. "Well, it's her own fault if she's caught—hers and that of the people who brought her up. Deliver me from fashionable girls and their headstrong caprices!"

Nevertheless, he worried for two hours about her. The sun did not come clearly out, and finally retired altogether. A wind blew in from the east, and began to ruffle the waters of the cove. The Sound beyond grew turbulent. The bathing-master went up to the hotel.

"Her people ought to know," he said.

He inquired of the clerk the name of the early swimmer. He felt suddenly hot as there returned to his own ears his description of her—"slender, very straight and swinging, with coppery hair and sort of gold-stone eyes." Good heaven! He had never noticed that he knew the color of her eyes.

"Oh, she's the dancing-teacher, Miss Watson," said the clerk. "Used to come here with her mother some, but lost all her money somehow; old lady died, I

believe. Out, you say? Well, there's no one to tell. She's all alone."

In another second the clerk was also alone; and in scarcely more than a minute a tall, brown man in a swimming-suit of dark blue jersey was pushing a boat out from the sandy shore of the cove and pulling toward the purpling cloud in the east. As he pulled, he stormed at a vision with coppery hair and gold-stone eyes—stormed with the nervous anxiety of affection and proprietorship.

"You obstinate little fool!" he kept saying. "You obstinate little fool!"

IV.

THEY came in two hours later, drenched and pale. Both were in his boat; one of her oars had gone when he reached her. She had been kept too busy bailing to indulge in the recriminations which she felt to be necessary when he had abruptly revealed his name. She sloped to her room, pursued by kindly queries as to her adventure.

So that was her benefactor of whose benefactions she would have none! That was Bentham Yates! And he had been a swimming-teacher, a bathing-master, all summer because he would not work indoors and nothing else had offered! And he was going West—he was going to take up a homestead claim! How she wished that she were a man! Then suddenly she felt his anxious, angry eyes on her again, she felt the strong clasp of his hand on her wrist as he helped her from her boat to his, and she blushed. She blushed to find that she was glad she was not a man, after all.

She had recovered herself when they met. She spoke coldly, distantly.

"It is absurd," she said loftily, "for you to be here in a position like this, though I understand your feeling about it. And it is absurd for you to be taking up a claim on the prairie or in the desert when you have the money to buy a decent stretch of land out there, and to start your fruit farm properly. Of course you know that I shall never touch a penny of that money."

"I'm to take it and make comfortable investments with it, I suppose," he said, "while you teach these brats to dance? No, thank you!"

Two pairs of obstinate eyes glared at each other. No further declaration of unalterable purpose was needed than that prolonged look of defiance. Even when her eyes gave way and her lids

fluttered down to hide their weakness, it was not that her purpose was infirm. But that wavering look, that sudden suffusion of hers, inspired him with courage.

"Listen," he cried, and his voice had a triumphant note in it. "I'll take the money on one condition."

"Yes?"

"You come, too. Ah, don't misunderstand! Come with me because I want you—not the money, you know."

"It's perfectly ridiculous," she replied, looking up again. She meant to be very calm, very firm. "It's perfectly ridiculous. And I, for my part——" she looked at him quite steadily for the fraction of a second—"I will," she ended weakly.

McCormick Williams.

The Meadow Path.

I.

DAVE MULVHILL had crossed the meadow. The path through the rank grass—his feet had worn it; and now, as he paused at the orchard fence, he turned his gloomy eyes to where the strip of white ran on through the orchard and along the garden fence to a little gate near the kitchen door—a gate that he had made with his own hands one golden afternoon when hope beat high.

For ten years he had been wearing that path; coming daily to see what he could do for Kate Fleming, whose father had been left helpless by that stroke of paralysis, ten, yes, it was just a little more than ten years ago. How he had almost blessed the stroke, then, that gave him, dumb worshiper as he had long been, an opportunity to worship her near at hand with little services—filling the buckets for her in the morning; splitting wood for the kitchen stove when the hired man had other work to do; getting the bucket out of the well when the rope broke one freezing morning; putting out a fire that threatened to destroy barn and cattle.

"I put me in mind of a dog," muttered Dave disconsolately. "Jest a good, faithful dog—trained to fetch an' carry, an' put out o' doors when he gets tiresome. I've stood by her faithful all these years, an' I ain't half as much account with her as Jack Peters, that hustled off an' married another woman as soon as her father had his stroke!"

Dave dashed his hand across his eyes angrily, and trod through the orchard regardless of path. He was about to fling the gate wide and knock at the kitchen

door when he saw the knob turn, and paused. Kate, coming out with the empty bucket in one hand, came face to face with him.

People had always said how pretty Kate Fleming was; and yet they were people who only saw her when she was "dressed up," when she went to church once a month, or took an occasional Saturday jaunt into town. How were they to know anything about her beauty—having never seen her at work, with the neck of her frock turned in and the sleeves rolled high upon her round, white arms? Her hair had been a deep brown until she came out into the sunshine, and then all at once it was aglow with red; and her big, brown eyes looked straight at one—kindly, friendly eyes!

They looked straight at Dave now, a little surprised that he did not come at once and take the bucket from her hand. Twenty-eight years old, was she? The full measure of those twenty-eight years had been given her to grow more beautiful in, more womanly, more everything that could make a man stare at her across the gate with a sense of infinite loss.

"Is anything wrong, Dave?" she asked, after that first direct look.

"Nothin' much," he responded in the commonplace tone that heaven gives to those whose hearts are bleeding. "How's the old man?"

"Better than usual. I have wheeled his chair out to the front. Will you go around and talk to him awhile?"

"Not to-day," Dave said, and was silent again.

Kate darted a demure look at the set face which, for the first time, she did not understand.

"Well?" she said. "Aren't you coming in to draw the water for me?"

"I am after a little," said Dave deliberately. "An' then I don't know as I'll ever draw any more for ye, Kate. I reckon my time of service is at an end."

She set the bucket down and stared at him.

"I heard up in town las' night that Jack Peters is comin' back," he went on. "His wife died 'bout a year ago, they say, an' now Jack's comin' back."

"And what is that to you?" demanded Kate.

"Well, it looks like it's a good deal to me," said Dave, picking splinters from the little gate with a hand that trembled in spite of him. "I've never had any chance with you—you've tol' me that more'n once; an' with Jack here again, I'm clear out of the runnin'. So—as it

kind o' hurts a man to look on at a thing like that—I've made up my mind to sell out an' leave."

Kate walked swiftly to the well, her head up, her eyes flashing; but the moment she had set the bucket on its shelf inside the curb she came back, walking slowly and with drooping head.

"I am not like other women, Dave," she said wistfully. "I can't change like—like that. I loved Jack when I was a young girl; an' though it was over when he went away an' married another woman, still I couldn't marry any other man. I have told you that before, Dave; but I don't see why you can't go on being my friend."

"Well, I can't," said Dave, with grim resolution. "I've never been your friend—I've loved you ever since you was a little slip of a girl, an' you know it. From this time on it's got to be all or nothin'—an' as there's mighty little prospect of its bein' all, I reckon it'll be nothin'! So it's for you to say if this is the last bucket-ful o' water I'll draw for you."

"I'll draw it myself—you needn't bother," said Kate in icy tones, as she turned hurriedly toward the well.

"You'll do nothin' of the kind," said Dave—this new Dave whom she did not know.

He put her aside as if she had been a child, and drew the water, and went in and set the bucket down on the kitchen table. He stood there a moment, looking slowly around the familiar little kitchen; and then his eyes went on to her face.

"Good-by," he said gently, and walked out of the door and through the orchard and the meadow without looking back.

The big, lonely house where Dave had lived alone since his mother's death, three years before—how hard it was to go into it, this day of all others! He had often looked it over with pride, thinking of the day when Kate might come there as its mistress—to exchange her poor little home with the ceaseless struggle that life was to her for the comfort and prosperity of airy rooms and bursting barns. But now—it didn't matter; he would sell it all, and try his fortune in some other land.

Within half an hour he was on his way to town, resolved to have no delay about the matter. Within ten minutes after he had reached town he was conferring with a real estate agent, who was delighted at the prospect of a most enormous bargain.

"Say!" cried the junior member of the firm, rushing in noisily. "Who do you think's back? Jack Peters! Over at the

post-office now—come back rich, they say. Maybe he'd like to buy a place!"

"I'm just getting the very place for him," said the head of the firm. "Now about those cattle, Mr. Mulvihill—"

But Dave had not even heard. He started up from the office and walked straight across the street to the post-office; and, standing aside a little, he took careful note of the Jack Peters whom Kate had always loved.

"Well, I never would 'a' knowed ye, Jack," an old man was remarking with deep consideration. "You've aged considerable, but it ain't that. I reckon it's because ye've peartened up so."

Peters had sought the home of his youth, well dressed, in a gray traveling suit and with a modest but observable diamond in his tie. Moreover, in that unknown ten years he had acquired a glibness of speech, an offhandness of manner, a general self-assertiveness that came from the outside world.

From the post-office he crossed to the livery stable; and Dave heard him having high words with Cap Duncan, whose word was law to all that region.

"You call that a horse?" he demanded facetiously. "That old spavined frame? Oh, here, take that thing to the bone-yard and bring me out a horse that won't be a disgrace to this stanhope!"

Dave listened, leaning against the door of the post-office. Blank despair was in his eyes and in his heart, as well as a humiliating sense of the irony of fate. And then, all at once, from somewhere in the depths of his consciousness, a smile flickered up into his eyes, and the set mouth took on a new expression.

As Jack Peters drove away in gallant style, Dave Mulvihill, with the light of a fiery resolution in his face, dashed off to the big building which was the center of the little town.

"Going to get a deed?" asked the real estate dealer, with a detaining hand on his arm. "I've got them at my office—come right along down an' we'll fix it up."

"I'll take a day or two to think it over," said Dave, the gentle Dave, shaking off the hand impatiently.

II.

SHE had endured it for hours—she had sat absolutely still with her hands clasped tight in her lap, while Jack Peters referred lightly to his high standing in the community which he had made his own, and spoke of his wealthy friends, and observed how nothing improved a man like

rubbing up against the world. She had looked him in the eyes while he made love to her in a glorified, self-sufficient way that took but one answer into consideration.

Now, blandly sure that she could not even think of refusing, he had left her with the pleasant suggestion that he would come again the next day, and then they would talk over all their plans; and Kate had fled—out of the kitchen door, through the little gate, and along the white ribbon of path that gleamed under the shadows of the orchard. Her eyes were blinded with streaming tears, and she put out both hands to find the fence and cling to it—and found Dave, instead, and clung to him, sobbing, her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, he is so odious!" she cried brokenly; "such a hateful beast! And that is what I have been breaking my heart over all these years, while here was a man like you, Dave!"

Dave's arms were around her. He held her as if there were no such thing to be thought of as letting her go. The voice in her ear was very quiet.

"Kate," it said, "will you marry me?"

"Yes—oh, yes, I will, Dave!" she sobbed, not lifting her face from his shoulder.

"Very well," said the quiet voice. "We'll be married to-night."

Then, indeed, the pretty face came up with a start.

"To-night! You must be wild!" she cried, laughing and sobbing and blushing under the flood of moonlight. "Don't you know that you need a license—"

"I got one to-day—as soon as I saw Jack Peters," said Dave calmly.

"You took a good deal for granted, sir," she retorted severely, hugging his arm to make up for the severity. "But there's the preacher—"

"I brought Brother McNair home with me," said Dave. "He's out there in the meadow, skimmin' rocks acrost the pond."

"And witnesses, you—you—" she gasped helplessly.

"His brother's with him—they're both skimmin' rocks," said Dave. "They'll come when I shout. Your father'll do for the other witness, an' I've fixed up mother's room so pretty—it was always the best room, you know, Kate. Hold hard, now—don't get skeered—I'm goin' to shout!"

And Dave shouted.

When Kate saw that he had "fixed up" mother's room by spreading a red silk

scarf on the mantel, and putting a pink shepherd boy and a little green vase at one end and a pink shepherd girl and a little green vase at the other, she began to laugh hysterically, but the laughter was mingled with happy tears.

"Oh, Dave, it's so pretty!" she sobbed, laughing. "I don't know when I ever saw anything that was so pretty!"

Julia Truitt Bishop.

A Romance of Acacia Street.

I.

WE are a dingy population, who inhabit Acacia Street. The squares of grass before our brick dwellings are trampled into earth or choked with rank, unhindered weeds. Our wooden porches are unpainted and unwashed. Our curtains, when we boast any, have a fashion of being soiled and awry. In the summer, the sun has its own brazen way, and the south wind an uninterrupted course for its whirling dust. For there are no trees except the one in Miss Eudora's yard; and so little was Miss Eudora regarded as one of us that her tree, instead of being a source of communal pride, as was Mrs. Milligan's artificial rubber-plant or Mrs. Eckstein's crop of waving corn, was an offense in our eyes.

In the first place, Miss Eudora was an old maid, and that on Acacia Street was reason for a mixture of disdain, blame, and envy.

"An old maid," we said, and laughed scornfully to one another—we who had achieved the triumph of womanhood. "An old maid," we said irately, "keepin' a whole house to herself when the Lord Himself could not tell where the Dwyers would stow the next one, or the Jenkinses put Mrs. Jenkins' orphaned niece! An old maid—an' no wonder she could be neat as wax, with her brick path washed down every day of her life, an' her windows ashine with scorings, an' her grass clipped just so, an' her geraniums with never even a dead leaf marrin' their red an' green! Sakes alive! It would be a pity if she couldn't be neat an' nice—her with no chick nor child to worry her!"

So we declaimed over our fences to one another. Miss Eudora took no note of our attitude. Grim and busy, she spent her days in the little brick house which her father, the watchmaker, had left her together with some small income. She was our only heiress on Acacia Street, and her holdings were not large. In the active season she came and went between

her house and a big tailoring establishment, carrying bundles of cloth cut out and partly sewed and pressed; and all day long the buttonhole machine ran steadily in her dining-room. Even in the slack seasons she was still able to live without debt or borrowing or apparent anxiety. No wonder she was hated by the rest of us, distracted mothers given to borrowing and lending and to the recriminations bred of these neighborly habits, to chastising our children in public, and, alas, to chastising the recreant children of others as severely and as publicly.

Miss Eudora returned our hostility without stint. She carried her thin nose high in the air when she passed us. She drew her shawl more closely about her slim shoulders, and her scant skirts more tightly out of the way of possible contact, when she met us in crowded shop or car. She drove our children ruthlessly from the yard when the white snows of spring billowed upon her cherry-tree, or when the red fruit gleamed waxen in its dark summer recesses. She had Harry Dwyer arrested for breaking her windows, and she told Mrs. Dwyer, who called on her to express a mother's opinion on the proceeding, that "she was a pretty mother, she was, letting her children grow up into a band of hoodlums that would end in State's prison or worse; an' small blame to them, with the sort of bringing-up they were getting!"

When Tommy Hanlon reached the age of initiative, his impudent blue eyes used to grow dreamy as he evolved plans for the annoyance of Miss Eudora. Tommy was the only son of his father, and he a widower; consequently Tommy was even more of a young imp than the other boys of Acacia Street. When his father—the poor, patient creature had married a novel-reading, silly, idle wife whom even the lax standards of the street called sloven—set out to work in the morning, Tommy became his own master. He played truant; he devised new means of irritating the Chinese laundryman around the corner; he stole fruit from the grocer's stand; he smoked cigarettes, which only he could tell how he obtained. He seemed to have an instinct for gingerbread-baking and doughnut-frying times, and constantly appeared at kitchen doorways at these psychological moments, an ingratiating smile on his dirty face, his mop of matted curls gleaming beneath his battered hat.

The neighbors used to point out to Mr. Hanlon the advisability of sending

Tommy to an asylum, or of marrying again. But Mr. Hanlon, while forlornly acknowledging the failure in his method of guardianship, nevertheless refused to adopt either of these plans for Tommy's betterment.

"Marry?" he said, sighing. "Once is enough. Not that I'm meanin' any disrespect to the ladies, Mrs. Dwyer, or hintin' Nelly wasn't all that she should be. Heaven be merciful to us all an' make allowance for us! But—no'm! The fire was out when I got home as often as it was lit; there wasn't a corner of the table for my paper, an' the lamp was likely to go out owin' to not bein' filled. No more marryin' for me! An' as for asylums—somehow I like to see Tommy when I come home, though it's a sad nuisance he's growin' up to be."

But one May it began to look as if Tommy was booked for an asylum despite his father's affection. He had been guilty of great enormities. He had kidnapped the Dwyer baby in its perambulator, and had taken it through the busy streets of the town, explaining to interested passers-by that he was its only guardian, and that he was soliciting contributions to transport them both to an aunt in California. He had killed two of the Eckstein chickens with a bean-shooter; he had acquired some new blood-curdling oaths. And his very next offense was to be punished by a commitment to an asylum, so his father declared, to the heartily chorused "amen!" of the neighbors.

The threat was not without effect upon Tommy. For some time he attended school with regularity; he trimmed from his vocabulary much that was too vehemently picturesque; he treated the smaller children with an affable patronage and the large boys with a flattering respect. He offered to run errands for those mothers who had no errand-runners of their own. Meeting Miss Eudora at the end of the street one evening, when he was alone and in a gently contemplative mood, he pulled his disreputable cap off his mop of curls with a grave courtesy, acquired who knows where? Perhaps it was a dim transmission from the paper-covered things Nelly Hanlon had spoiled her pretty eyes in reading.

Miss Eudora stared at the boy as he bowed. Behind him the wide, bare marsh shimmered with the fresh green of new reeds; and in its brown pools, as it stretched away to the bay, the sunset was shining. Against this background the boy, a tattered youngster, stood out—a

slim little ragamuffin with alluring blue eyes, and hair "like a doll's," Miss Eudora kept telling herself as she went home. And as the sight of beloved eyes thrill a young girl with restlessness, so that remembrance of Tommy kept tugging at her heart all night.

II.

In the nature of things Tommy's angelic mood could not last long. The fever came upon him to be up and doing in the old way. And as this passion grew, the cherries, red globules of temptation, ripened upon Miss Eudora's trees.

Now, Miss Eudora valued her cherries highly, but more highly still the tradition of their impregnability. The belief prevailed in Acacia Street that she would shoot on sight any one attempting to purloin the fruit. Her one guardian, her dog, was known to be unchained each night from his kennel in the back yard that he might prowl devouringly beneath the tree. The fact that he had been her protector for more years than the average dog's life numbers had not detracted from his awfulness in Acacia Street.

Tommy scraped acquaintance with this Cerberus across the fence that divided Miss Eudora's from the Milligans' back yard. And because he was a winning youth, or because the dog was old and had forgotten the wiles of boyhood, he capitulated to Tommy and wagged an almost toothless jaw and an elderly tail whenever he saw that young gentleman.

The dog being won, Tommy gathered his cohorts, five boys in all. He planned the raid upon the cherries with the joy an active nature feels in shaking off long sloth. The affair seemed to him not robbery, but adventure, and he wished to add some picturesque feature to the enterprise that would redound to his greater glory. It was finally decided that a long string of giant firecrackers arranged to explode beneath Miss Eudora's window as the marauders left with their booty would add the desired touch of brilliancy to the mere profit of the undertaking. Tommy's eyes shone star-like at the prospect of the evening's sport.

It was white moonlight, and Acacia Street had hidden its shabbiness and its meannesses. The little brick cottages borrowed a romantic glamour from the night. They were quiet for the most part, for their occupants are early risers. In Miss Eudora's no light shone, and her windows presented their sealed look to the world.

Tommy's was the privilege of climbing the tree to toss the plunder down. There had been some heart-burning on account of this decision, but it was finally agreed upon, and he, having patted the dog's head treacherously, sat secure among the branches and tossed the bunches of juicy sweetness to his followers.

There was a sudden sizzling sound, a puff, a crack, and an explosion. Harry Dwyer, stupidly scientific, not amenable to discipline, chafing over his inferior part in the expedition, had been experimenting with the train of giant crackers. The four boys on the ground took to their heels; the dog yelped with surprise and fear; Miss Eudora's window went up to an accompaniment of crashes; and Tommy Hanlon, scrambling down the tree, managed to catch his ankle in the branches and to come tumbling to the sward with a broken leg.

Miss Eudora, determined and terrible in a flannelette wrapper, and armed with a large, unloaded pistol, rushed from the house, across the explosives, and to the tree. Beneath it Tommy's white young face with its closed eyes looked very pathetic. The ogre of Acacia Street moaned above the evil-doer, and, throwing away her weapon, carried him into the house—which would never have happened to Tommy but for his mother's pretty blue eyes in his young face, and her silly, bewitching curls above them.

III.

We are broad-minded in Acacia Street. We all forgot our hostility, and went to visit Tommy daily while he lay in Miss Eudora's. We fingered her sheets and sampled her custards, and said that for all it was so stiff and old-maidish, there was no denyin' that her house was comfortable. When we saw Miss Eudora hovering over the young scapegrace of a Tommy we declared that we had always known she had a heart, if only anybody knew how to get at it; and we even went so far as to give a condescending approval when Tommy's father decided to move over to the house of the cherry-tree as the husband of its owner.

"He'll have his meals on time, anyway, an' a place to read his paper in peace, an' a lamp to read it by. An' she really seems able to make Tommy mind, for all she's so set on him an' so silly-like. Why, Mrs. Milligan says that she saw Tommy wipin' his feet on the kitchen mat the other day without bein' told!"

Katherine Hoffman.

ETCHINGS

A MODERN BEAU BRUMMEL.

Now Eastertide is with us,
And fashions are displayed
Beneath the guise of piety
By matron, man, and maid.

A most important feature
Of the display is that
The nations all will have a view
Of Uncle Sam's new hat.

The Kaiser will grow jealous,
The Czar be sore dismayed,
To see the dashing Uncle Sam
When out on dress parade.

The English, too, will envy
Their swagger cousin beau,
The Frenchman cry out, "Monsieur
Sam!

Voilà! le grand chapeau!"

Admiring eyes will follow,
And hearts go pitapat;
Fair ladies with each other vie
For doffing of that hat.

Oh, what a swell Beau Brummel!
His fame will spread afar
When Uncle Sam adorns himself
In his new panama.
Henry Cleveland Wood.

A BALLADE OF WOOING.

Of old, my lord rode out with blare
Of trump and colors flying
To take by storm the castle where
My lady sat a-sighing;
Or charged with skilful lance a-tilt
Through crowded list and gory
Till half his daring blood was spilt,
And his the maid and glory.
But now he crosses seas to woo
With less of fuss and fret,
And wins his bride—no arms beside
His precious coronet.

One time a lover brought his lass
To terms when she was cruel
And favored others, by a pass
Of swords in private duel;
Or, if no rival stood between,
But family grudges, rather,
He'd whisk her to some Gretna Green
And give the slip to father.

To-day the unprepared for comes,
Alas, and man can set
No cute device, however nice,
Against a coronet.

Not long ago, Her heart would warm
To belts and buttons shining;
An unpretentious uniform
Had powers past divining;
The literary halo shone
With all-sufficient splendor,
And athlete, cowboy, actor, won
Unqualified surrender.
But times have changed and hearts have
changed,
And erstwhile victors get
Them well away when dawns the day
That lands a coronet.

ENVOY.

Cupid, my lad, you're way behind,
Old-fashioned past regret—
You may intrude upon us nude,
But—where's your coronet?
Nancy Byrd Turner.

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

I MET my old friend Banker Treat
The other morning on the street,
And he was looking like a sheet.
"What's wrong?" said I. "By Jove,"
said he,
"That half a million A. B. C.
At 2.15 has dropped to Z."
But I didn't turn pale.

Last night—or was it night 'fore last?—
I met a man with brow o'ercast,
As if the joys of life were past.
In tears he told me he could get
But six per cent per annum, net,
For half a million dollars when
It ought to bring not less than ten.
But my brow was serene.

A lady all aglow with gems
In rings and pins and diadems
Informed me, in a frightened tone,
She was afraid to be alone;
And she was nervous night and day
Because a thief might come her way
To steal her gems, as robbers will,
And murder her to keep her still.
But I wasn't frightened at all.

I know a multimillionaire
 Who never goes out anywhere
 Unless he takes a man along
 To see that nothing happens wrong.
 And when he goes to bed at night,
 He keeps his body-guard in sight.
 I saw him on the street one day,
 And, in my friendly, offhand way,
 I slapped him on the back—Great Scott,
 He jumped as though he had been shot.
 But I wouldn't have acted that way if
 he had slapped *me* on the back, I'm
 sure.

William J. Lampton.

OF LOVE.

I KNOW not how he came,
 I only know
 That nothing seems the same,
 Or gloom or glow,
 Or summer's arrased meads,
 or winter's snow.

I know not when he came,
 I only know
 Suns shine with whiter flame,
 Stars brighter show,
 And all the great sky's winds
 sweet singing go.

I know not why he came,
 I only know
 Life owns a loftier aim;
 Above, below,
 The whole earth dreams, and gleams
 diviner so.

Sennett Stephens.

COME TO ST. LOUIS.

Oh, come, dear distant cousins, from
 Oneida and Podunk,
 Schenectady and Scranton and Eau
 Claire,
 From Troy and Skaneateles, Duluth and
 Kennebunk,
 And see the Louisiana Purchase Fair.
 From Kalispel, Snohomish, Skookum
 Chuck, and Floweree,
 Skykomish, Minnekahta, and Mount
 Ayr,
 From Jellico and Tellico and famous old
 Suwanee,
 Come see the Louisiana Purchase Fair.

Oh, come ye to the city by the Mississ-
 ippi's tide,
 And try her soft but ever sooty air;
 Come with light and happy spirits (and
 money) and abide
 Near to the Louisiana Purchase Fair.

A lot of foreign nobles—dukes and such
 as that—will come—
 The kings will send what kin-folks
 they can spare;
 With princes, counts, and barons, how
 the Skinker road will hum
 Around the Louisiana Purchase Fair.

But, greatest of attractions, of our na-
 tion's soul a part,
 The strenuous Colonel Roosevelt will
 be there;
 His hand will press the button that will
 stir the mighty heart—
 And start the Louisiana Purchase
 Fair.

Harriet Whitney Durbin.

MUSICAL COMEDY.

THINK not it is hard to produce on the
 spot

A musical comedy, sir.
 You need but the gift to produce tommy-
 rot,
 With a musical man to concur;
 A joke or a song on the mother-in-law,
 A gag on some present day fad,
 A chorus or two which is not very new—
 And your opera is written, by gad!

A jingle or jest in the popular vein,
 On the strength of the feminine jaw—
 It isn't a question of wit or of brain,
 But simply to raise a guffaw;
 A topical song for the funny man's rôle,
 A chance for a lingerie show,
 An avoidance of sense in a sense that's
 immense—

And there is your opera, you know!

William Wallace Whitelock.

AT HAMPTON COURT.

HUSHED, luminous with flowers and sun,
 The gardens smile in their enchanted
 sleep;

In soft embrace they keep
 The happier memories of days long
 done—

No darker vision seems
 To haunt their tranquil dreams.

How should so sweet a spell befall?
 Perchance the exiled joys of proud, sad
 queens,
 Fleeing the palace, sought the scenes
 Where once they bloomed, and, waiting
 their recall,
 Forever dream and glow
 As in the long ago.

Grace Hodsdon Boutelle.

The Naming of the Strubel Baby.

THE STORY OF THREE JOSEPHS, GRANDFATHER, FATHER, AND SON.

BY GRACE MCELROY IURS.

I.

OLD Mrs. Trimmer rubbed the baby's sleek head, inserted a pudgy finger into his mouth to feel his gums, weighed him critically in her hands, and laid him back beside his mother just as he wrinkled his diminutive face for a protesting howl.

"He's a nice boy," she remarked. "Looks like he's a true Strubel. They all had that same black hair when they was born. I remember like it was yesterday when his father came. He had black hair over three inches long; we measured the next day. I suppose this un 'll be a Joseph, too, like all the oldest sons?"

The young mother set her chin firmly.

"I'm goin' to name him Morning-Glory," she said with an emphasis which disturbed the small bundle at her side from his slumber.

Mrs. Trimmer sank back in her chair, a boneless heap. Her eyes protruded from her plump face for one horrified second, then she laughed comfortably.

"Law me, Posy Strubel; you always would hev your joke!"

Mrs. Strubel's black eyes snapped.

"I guess there ain't any joke about this," she said. "That's his name."

"But Morning-Glory ain't a name for a Christian child, let alone a boy," said Mrs. Trimmer, sitting up straight again and waxing argumentative.

"Christian or heathen, it's all the same to me," said Posy stubbornly. "That's goin' to be it."

"That's the way she goes on," said her sister's voice from the doorway. "I tell her it ain't hardly decent to do it, but she holds she's got a right to name her own child what she wants, and I can't talk her out of it."

Mrs. Trimmer did not answer immediately. It took a long time for certainties which savored of unpleasantness to percolate to her understanding, and she had to undergo the process in silence.

"I don't know what to make of it," she said at last. "The first Strubel boy's been a Joseph ever since there was Strubels—an' that's 'most back to the ark,

I reckon. It's on the silver bowl that always goes to the first boy, and the deed to the christenin' farm is always made out to a Joseph. It don't seem right, somehow, to change it. Whatever 'll the old man say?"

Posy's cheeks flushed.

"If he'd had *his* say, there wouldn't 'a' been a baby to name, now or ever," she said. "'Tain't likely this un'll ever see the bowl, or the farm, either."

Mrs. Trimmer made no reply, and Posy went on, after a moment:

"All the time I was sittin' at that window sewin' on his things, them morning-glories kept comin' up toward me, an' the day he was born, they seemed tryin' fairly to climb in over the sill. His grandfather ain't been so eager to greet him—an' I ain't goin' to name him for any one that don't think enough to come an' see him. You can tell the old gentleman what I said, if you see him."

"Well," said Mrs. Trimmer, tying her bonnet strings quickly, in her desire to be up and out with this strange morsel of news, "it's queer doin's, Posy, but I s'pose you know your own business best."

"It'll be all over the neighborhood now," said Cornelia accusingly, as she turned from the window, after the visitor had driven off.

"Let it!" came the defiant answer from the bed.

The young mother's sister set down the bowl of gruel she was stirring.

"Now, Posy," she said, coming over to the bed, "you know you ain't doin' right. What 'll the poor boy grow up to, with a name like that tacked onto him? He'll be the laughin'-stock of everybody, an' hooted at school. Everybody thought you'd name him Joseph, soon's they heard it was a boy—"

"I wouldn't name him that if there wasn't another name on the earth," said the mother with convincing energy. "I made up my mind, when old Joe Strubel raised the fuss he did about us gettin' married, that there'd be no more of his name—nor of his kind, either, 'f I can help it."

"Well, then, name him John—or Ezra,

after our own father," persisted Cornelia Robb.

"I don't like John for a name, 'n I don't want an Ezra," said Mrs. Strubel.

"Then give him a name out of a novel," said Cornelia, hope growing as argument unfolded. "That's where mother got your right name, Rosalie. There was an awful nice name in that last continued story in the *Monthly*—Percy Wentworth, it was."

"I don't want a story-book name," said Mrs. Strubel, turning over on her pillow. "I'm goin' to name him Morning-Glory, C'nelia, and that's all there is to it. You might as well save your breath talkin' about it."

II.

CORNELIA sighed. She knew the futility of further argument. Posy had always been deaf to persuasion which did not fit in with her own desires. She had "waded through oceans," as Cornelia pathetically put it, to marry Joe Strubel, and in her secret heart the sister believed that it was the fierce determination of Joe's father against marriage of any kind for his son which had first inclined Posy to him, the most unobtrusive of her admirers.

"She never could bear to be crossed," mourned Cornelia over the gruel; summing up in the phrase all pretty Posy's history, from her spoiled babyhood to the undisputed belledom which had culminated in her marriage, and in her husband's immediate disinheritance by his irate father.

Joe Strubel came in himself just then, stooping to enter the doorway and tip-toeing softly over to the bed.

"How are they doin' to-night?" he asked, putting one huge forefinger lovingly on the flanneled atom which lay on his wife's arm.

"Posy's gettin' along all right, and so's the baby," was Cornelia's answer, when she noted that Posy's eyes were closed.

He stood looking down at them fondly, feeling his ownership with vague pleasure, when Cornelia's worried whisper caught his attention.

"Mis' Trimmer was here a while ago," she said, "an' Posy told her about what she's goin' to name the baby. It'll get out every place now; you know what a talker Mis' Trimmer is, an'—I don't know what to do!"

For an instant his eyes mirrored the trouble in hers; then a broad smile spread over his face.

"Posy's set on it," he said, in his slow

way, "an' I'm not goin' to be the one to say no, s'long 's she wants it;" which sent Cornelia back to the gruel, sighing over the weakness of her sister's husband.

III.

MRS. TRIMMER lost no time in fulfilling her reputation, and within the next two days "Posy Strubel's terrible notion" was the prime subject of neighborhood gossip. The influx of visitors to see the new baby increased unwontedly, and the worried lines between Cornelia's brows deepened with each passing hour.

Only the baby's father remained imperturbable.

"Let her alone," he said, in answer to all protestations. "It's her baby. She can name it just what she wants."

He had just finished the hundredth repetition of the phrase on the day when the baby was a week old, and was leaning over his gate, speeding a party of commiserating callers in their departure, when he saw a familiar black horse ambling up the road from the opposite direction.

Over there—he could see the red roofs shining in the distance—lay the homestead from which he had been driven.

"If you marry at all so young—more especially if you marry Posy Robb, that ain't got an earthly thing but a good-lookin' face—you can go your own way out of this house," old Joseph Strubel had said.

Without waiting for another mandate, the son had walked forth. From that day he had not seen his father. Many a day his heart yearned to the old man, toiling through the farm work alone—he would have no helper—but the Strubel pride, which had been gathering strength as long as the Strubel name, forbade any attempt at a reconciliation.

But he stood still now, watching the black horse come toward him, knowing well whose hand was guiding it.

When it was opposite the gate, a pull on the reins stopped it. Joseph continued to gaze straight before him, feeling, rather than seeing, the sharp blue eyes which peered at him from the depths of the buggy.

"Hear you've got a boy," the old man said at last, jerking his head toward the house.

Joseph's heart leaped at the casual tone, and he answered in one precisely like it.

"Yep! Week old to-day."

There was silence for a moment. Fi-

nally the old man began to clamber out of the buggy.

"I come to see him," he said, taking a clumsily-wrapped package from under the seat.

His son's heart leaped again at sight of it. It was the silver bowl, ascribed by the tradition of a century to the first boy in each sprouting family of the name.

Cornelia had the baby on her lap, his skirts turned back, his pink toes curling before the little fire in the grate. She looked up in gratified astonishment when the old man entered with his son, but he gave her only a passing glance, going straight to the bed, where Posy was propped up in her pillows, looking prettier than ever against the white. He kissed her smackingly, before she could protest.

"You've done fine," he said, sitting down comfortably beside the bed, and apparently not noticing the resentful amazement in her face. "You look first-rate, and Doc Wall told me the boy was a twelve-pounder. That's good! The Strubel boys were always big an' hearty." Then, laying down the package: "Here's a little present I brought for the young 'un!"

Posy's eyes ceased to snap, and her mouth lost the determined line over which Cornelia had begun to tremble. She watched him as he undid the wrappings.

"Shined it myself," said the old man, smiling at them complacently. "Took a piece of red flannel from an old shirt, just like mother used to, and rubbed it till it got good an' bright. Took me 'most two hours, but I guess 'twasn't time lost. It shows up for it, don't it?"

Posy was turning it over in her hands. It was more than a silver bowl to her. Her standing as the honored wife of a Strubel, secretly precious, though outwardly scorned, was established by its presence. Her son's successorship to his rightful patrimony was assured. Her own deep-laid regret at depriving her husband of fortune and prospects—though she had brought him happiness in return—was banished.

Like snow in spring, she felt her stubborn hatred of her father-in-law melt. Something in the silence of the others made him look at her, and he saw the glitter of a tear on her lashes. The Strubel pride, mellowed, perhaps, by his year of loneliness, gave way then, and he put out his hand soothingly.

"Now, daughter," he said, "don't take on and be mad at me. I didn't act right by Joe, I'm plum willin' to admit; but

'twas just because I couldn't stand it to divide him with any one else. Seems he was more to me than most sons, bein' all I had. 'Twasn't the right thing for a father to do, but I've missed him sore—and I'd like things to be all right, 'f you'll say so."

The tear had fallen by this time, but it had no followers. Instead, Posy smiled her brightest—and even her enemies conceded that she could smile.

"Of course it's all right," she cried. "Cornelia, bring the baby here so—father can see him."

The warm bundle was laid in the old man's arms.

"Seems to me he favors the Strubels," he said, beaming at the crinkled face, and adding generously: "but he's got your nice red cheeks. There's something goes with this bowl, you know—an' here's the deed, made out to Joseph Strubel." He pulled a bulky envelope from his pocket. "I s'pose his name is that?"

He looked inquiringly at Posy, and Cornelia stopped breathing to hear the answer.

"His name 'll be—Joseph," said Posy, the red color flooding her cheeks.

"I've given the boy the south farm for his christenin' gift," said the grandfather to his son as he climbed into his buggy a little later. "It's next the one that's yours by rights. An', Joe"—he was shaking the reins over Pompey's back—"just 's soon as daughter is able, I wish you'd pack up an' come home. I need you."

"I will, father," was the answer, and the old man drove off.

He chuckled to himself as he heard the gate slam behind his son.

"Posy is a pretty good girl, after all. I'm glad Joe got her. Thought I'd bring them 'round, though, 'bout the Morning-Glory, even if Mis' Trimmer did say I couldn't. Heathen names don't weigh much beside south farms!"

In the house, Cornelia was dandling the baby tenderly on her hands.

"I'm so glad it's settled," she said to Posy. "He's got the bowl and the farm, too."

"An' his right name into the bargain," said his mother, holding out her arms for him.

Cornelia looked at her with sudden suspicion.

"Posy Strubel! Did you do that a purpose to bring the old man round?" she demanded.

But Posy only laughed and buried her face in the baby's creasy neck.

LITERARY CHAT

A BOOKMAN'S PLAINT.

I once had a rare first edition
Of Shakespeare, exceedingly neat;
'Twas "borrowed" without my permis-
sion—
Oh, that was a dastardly feat!
My Walton—the "Angler Compleat"
Revered by all baiters of hooks—
Has also gone into retreat
With the people who borrow my books.

I had a Boccaccio most splendid—
You know how those tales make one
shout—
To show it, one day, I intended—
Alas, my Boccaccio was "out!"
And "Gulliver's Travels," about
The best of my bindings *de luxe*,
Is also in hiding—no doubt
With the people who borrow my books!

My "Rasselas," quite without equal,
A pamphlet by Daniel Defoe,
And "Paradise Lost," with its sequel,
Were borrowed some seasons ago.
I wonder if down there below,
Where they have such experienced cooks,
They would roast for an eon or so
All the people who borrow my books?

ENVOY.

Mephistopheles, husband your fuel
To warm up some suitable nooks,
And save the tabasco sauce gruel
For the people who "borrow" my
books!

ARTIST AND AUTHOR—A distin- guished example of the perennial feud between them.

The bland and maddening indifference
of the book-illustrator to the manuscript
which he is supposed to illustrate is a
perpetual grievance among novelists.
The mere fact that the artist is a re-
nowned one, whose work is a compliment
to any text, does not insure its having
any relation to the text.

It may cheer the young writers whose
village maidens are pictured as prom-
enading with Paris parasols over their
shoulders, and whose ingénues are rep-
resented with all the freshness and charm

of the oldest of ballet-dancers, to learn
that Tennyson was one with them in suf-
fering. Holman Hunt had illustrated
Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," and the
poet looked at the pictures and groaned.

"I never said that the young woman's
hair was blowing all over the shop," he
protested to the artist.

Whereupon Hunt triumphantly re-
torted:

"No, but you never said it wasn't!"

From this some idea may be gained of
the trials of those authors who do not
supply an exact bill of specifications with
every heroine that is allowed to go to the
illustrator's.

AN IRISH POET -- Who comes to America as the apostle of a Celtic literary movement.

Every person who wants to lecture—
"has a message to deliver" is the fash-
ionable way of putting it—turns up in
New York sooner or later, and has the
opportunity of talking before a cheerful,
well-dressed, unimpressible audience,
which kindly suspends conversation for
a time, and listens willingly, like the
Athenians, to some new thing. Last win-
ter we had the Comte de Montesquiou,
who, although he enjoyed the inestimable
advantage of lecturing in a foreign
tongue, was not as successful as he
should have been. This winter we have
William Butler Yeats, whose themes are
"The Irish Renaissance," "The Old
Poetry and the New," and similar topics.

Mr. Yeats is a thorough Irishman, with
the sensitive face that proclaims his Cel-
tic nature. A poet of no despicable abil-
ity, he is filled with love and admiration
for his native land, and wishes to see her
ancient language restored and her bal-
lads once more sung in every cottage.
Tall and slender, with a rebellious lock
of dark hair falling over his forehead,
and eyes that glow as he warms with his
theme, his charming personality im-
presses all who see him. But it is to be
feared that he is one of those enthusiasts
who, discontented with the commercial-
ism of the present age, would fain have
the hands turned back upon the dial.

He has picturesquely retrogressive

ideas. He holds that our so-called progress is responsible for much vulgarity. Even the art of printing he regards as a not unmixt benefit to mankind. One of his strongest pleas is for the superiority of the spoken over the written word, and he looks back regretfully to the days when ballads such as "Chevy Chase" and "Barbara Allen" were the heritage of even the poorest and least learned.

There is something charming in listening to such an enthusiast; and even to the more practical there comes the vision of Ireland once more taking her place among the contented peoples of the earth, with her ancient language and literature revived and peace and prosperity within her gates. Should such a consummation ever be attained, however, it is to be feared that it will not be due to the enthusiasm of Celtic poets, but to the large-minded legislation of responsible statesmen at Westminster.

BIBLIOPHILES AND READERS —

Between the two there is a great gulf fixed, and only thousands of dollars can bridge it.

The people who love books for what they contain, on the one hand, and on the other the professional bibliophiles, must always remain riddles to one another. The book-lover, meaning the man who loves to read, has an itching in his fingers to cut the pages of his new purchase and to get at the heart of the matter within. The bibliophile, on the other hand, shudders when he hears of a barbarian who cuts the leaves of a first or a choice edition; and in other editions he has no interest.

The prices brought by old and rare books are always a source of mystification to the mere reading person. He may be able to understand dimly that a copy of Dante's "Divina Commedia" published in Florence in 1481 is a rarity; but it will be hard to convince him that it is worth a thousand pounds sterling—the price it fetched at a sale in London not long ago. And you will never argue the Philistine book-reader into the belief that a set of first editions of Scott's novels, published between 1814 and 1829, is worth eight hundred pounds, which sum they commanded at the same sale.

One of the highest prices ever paid for a book was brought in London by William Blake's "Book of Job," published by him in 1825, containing twenty-two engravings and twenty-one drawings in color. Starting at fifteen hundred pounds, this

volume leaped upward until it sold for fifty-six hundred pounds, or twenty-eight thousand dollars—a sum which causes the mere book-reader to exclaim:

"What a library that would have bought!"

STEVENSON'S APPEARANCE—One of his friends draws a particularly libelous picture of him.

The biographies of famous men are often enough to make any ordinary person willing to forego fame. Even the casual recollections of the unauthorized memoirist, who has not read letters and unearthed pet weaknesses, may be sufficiently terrible. William Sharp—a Scottish *littérateur* who has written several biographies, and who achieved a mild degree of fame as the author of "Vistas"—has been moved to recall what he can of Robert Louis Stevenson's appearance. It is doubtful if even that tolerant and humorous soul would enjoy reading his countryman's impressions.

Mr. Sharp dwells at some length upon Stevenson's cadaverous leanness, and upon the shabby carelessness of his attire. Then he goes on:

But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.

Surely poor Stevenson has suffered more than most at the hands of biographical dabbles; but this "damp, moist, unpleasant" picture is about as bad as anything that has been done to him.

MR. LONG'S BOOK — The former Secretary of the United States Navy writes of the war with Spain.

Even this short-memoried generation scarcely needs to be reminded that John Davis Long, whose two-volume book on "The New American Navy" appeared recently, was head of the United States Navy Department for five years—five of the most eventful years in our maritime annals since the Civil War. The book consists of an account of the naval campaign of 1898 in the West Indies and the Philippines, with four preliminary chapters on the development of the modern American fighting fleet, and a concluding one of personal reminiscences.

There are many narratives of our brief

war with Spain. Ex-Secretary Long writes with authority and with a thorough grasp of the subject, but he has little to tell us that has not been told by previous historians. Probably his most interesting addition to the public stock of information is contained in his reference to the gentleman who was his assistant at the outbreak of hostilities:

Mr. Roosevelt was an interesting personality as assistant Secretary of the Navy. There were several candidates for the place, which President McKinley allowed me to fill. I selected Mr. Roosevelt, who had had, and indeed has had to this day, a hearty interest in the navy. His activity was characteristic. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the department approved. Just before the war, when the Spanish battle-fleet was on its way here, he, as well as some naval officers, approved of sending a squadron to meet it without waiting for a more formal declaration of war.

Mr. Long's revelation adds a new and characteristic chapter to President Roosevelt's strenuous record.

The former secretary justly complains of the way in which the facts of the war have been misstated, not only in the newspapers, but by responsible writers and speakers. One misrepresentation which seems to have specially annoyed him—it is not hard to see why—was the story of the "sealed express train" that carried ammunition to San Francisco, whence powder and shell were shipped to Hongkong just in time to enable Dewey—who had on hand only two rounds per gun—to fight the battle of Manila Bay. Mr. Long does not name the author of this picturesque yarn, which was told by General Woodford, formerly United States minister to Spain, and which would, if true, have reflected severe discredit upon the Navy Department; but he twice over (Vol. I, page 173, and Vol. II, page 179) takes the trouble to refute it. As a matter of fact, its falsity had already been exposed in at least one previous history of the war.

"THE BOSS"—A book which throws a somewhat lurid light on New York politics.

There is a double interest attaching to Alfred Henry Lewis' latest novel, "The Boss," which has been widely advertised and doubtless widely read. In the first place, it is the story of one who knows; and further, it is the tale of one who is telling tales out of school.

For a long time Mr. Lewis was on terms of intimacy with the whilom ruler of Tammany Hall, who no longer honors

this country with his residence, and it was in this capacity, as the "king's friend," that he gathered the material for the present story, which is a most scathing arraignment of Tammany. Had the intimacy above alluded to, however, continued, it is scarcely conceivable that the book would have been written or published; but friendly relations having terminated, Mr. Lewis sat him down and concocted this very interesting and timely narrative, in which his former chieftain, in the likeness of life, chronicles in autobiographical form the story of his rise and rule and eventual retirement from public life. Nothing has been forgotten—foreign birth, prize-ring proclivities, friendship with the district leader, trial for murder, aldermanic election, rulership of the Wigwam, and voluntary retirement after the secret amassing of a large fortune.

The book can be styled a novel only by courtesy, as it lacks the conventional construction of that literary form; yet it is an achievement in which the author may take satisfaction as a happy mixture of invention and malice, and which may be regarded as perhaps the most telling indictment of Tammany yet published.

A GREAT "BEAT"—The Memoirs of M. de Blowitz relate how he obtained a sensational story for the London Times.

Henri de Blowitz, long the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, was the ideal of all young European journalists. He was the friend of princes and potentates, the adviser of premiers, ambassadors, and what not. His memoirs, recently published, are full of the charm of frankness and spirit.

One of the most interesting things among them is his account of how he obtained what was perhaps the greatest "beat" known to journalism, when he telegraphed sixty-four sections and the preamble of the Treaty of Brussels before the congress that framed it had adjourned.

Representatives of the great powers met at the Belgian capital in 1877 to agree upon what was practically an apportionment of the African continent. De Blowitz kept himself informed of their proceedings, which of course were supposed to be secret, through an impetuous friend for whom he secured a position at the conference. To secure the information without any possibility of

detection, a simple but ingenious plan was adopted. The venal member of the congress dined every evening at the hotel where De Blowitz was staying. Hats were left in a rack outside the dining-room. The correspondent's friend brought the results of the day's deliberations in the lining of his hat, which was hung next to that of De Blowitz. On leaving the hotel the two men simply exchanged hats. This kept the journalist in touch with the august body which was deciding the fate of nations.

NATURE'S MARVELS—The singularly vivid way in which Robert Chambers depicts them.

There are many strings to the lyre on which the versatile Robert Chambers plays so frequently and melodiously, but not one of them rings with a truer sound than that attuned to the song of the birds, the cry of the wild animal, the murmur of the wind through the pines. This is an author who hears and understands when nature speaks, and knows even her lightest whisper.

In some of his earlier stories we find Mr. Chambers' knowledge of beast, bird, and forest blended with the sterner human elements, and at times reaching a tragic note that is both simple and impressive. In his last book he leads us again to nature, but it is with a little child on either hand; and instead of the wilderness, with its silent lakes and solemn forests, it is to the familiar gardens, fields, and hedgerows that we journey in quest of the chipmunk, the bat, and the woodchuck.

"Orchard Land" is a book that parents will buy for children because of the "useful information" artfully introduced into its pages, and one which children will read with delight because of the rare charm with which that information—the dread of every childish heart—has been invested by the author.

There is all the difference in the world between the italicized Sunday school text spread like a net before the feet of joyous, innocent childhood and the tale that the bat tells of his own acute senses to the two awestruck children in the garden when he says:

"Can you hear the rustle of a small moth creeping over the goldenrod across the brook? I can. I hear the almost soundless footsteps of a tiger spider on the stone wall. I hear, deep in the earth, the stirring of a tiny grub, eating soft, juicy roots. I hear, high in that apple tree, the gentle breathing of a sleeping robin on his nest.

"I have one sense that is entirely denied to indoor folk—the sense of the nearness of things. I can fly like a flash through thickets of leaves so dense that scarcely any light penetrates, and I never touch a leaf or a stem. It is not touch or smell that prevents my tearing my thin fragile wings against the briars of thorny thickets. It is an extra sense, the sense of nearness, for blind bats can dart through bramble thickets as easily as bats who have eyes."

In this fashion the woodchuck, the caterpillar, the blue jay, and other familiar living creatures tell the two children, *Peter* and *Geraldine*, about themselves, their powers, their instincts, and their manner of life; and they tell it in such a way that no child will skip the information in order to get on as fast as possible to the story part.

Mr. Chambers has shown himself graceful and tender in love stories, dramatic in his accounts of French army life, and interesting as a historical romancer. At the same time, although the "nature writers" are not few, he has a distinct place of his own in the descriptive field—a place won by his intimate knowledge of tree and bird and stream, and by his rare ability to present that knowledge in entertaining form.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS—

The press clipping bureaus are nowadays the chief correspondents of the departed great.

Nowadays the press clipping bureaus often do with great seriousness what Andrew Lang did some years ago with charming lightness—they write letters to dead authors.

Mr. Ruskin's "Letters to M. G. and H. G." caused one press clipping agency to write to him in care of the publishers of that volume. "You will wonder," the writer remarked earnestly, after setting forth the advantages of his system and entreating the dead English author to become a client of his establishment, "how you could ever do without our press clippings." Which was doubly amusing when one considers not only the fact of Ruskin's death, but his attitude toward modern vulgarities when he was alive.

John Bunyan was also addressed not long after the publication of a new edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress." An enterprising autograph collector wished to add John's signature to his list, and probably holds the famous allegorist's failure to reply as an example of the hauteur of the literary guild.

The Bill Brand.

THE STORY OF MISS WILLIE ARCHER AND THE TENDERFOOT FROM HARVARD.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

"WHAT are these little dinky plates for, Billy?"

"Those are bread-and-butter-plates, father."

Miss Willie Archer's face went suddenly very pink, her distressed eyes sought, furtively, the face of the new partner.

"Bread-and-butter-plates!" echoed her father. "That's a new one on me. Reckon these little silver paddles are butter-knives, then;" and he laughed genially.

The new partner laughed, too, and the girl hated him for it—momentarily. He was a Harvard man, well set up, fine-looking rather than handsome, with that indefinite air of birth and breeding clinging to him even in his cowboy garb; for, seeing that his host wore the rider's regalia at home, Stanley Erbe had thought it courteous to follow suit.

Poor Wilhelmina Archer, inconceivably spoiled, with all the eligible bachelorhood of Archer County for her suitors, a belle and a beauty, an heiress, a leader of her own social circle in this wild Western place, felt the pincers put upon her vanity by the entrance of this large, cool, dominant, masculine personality into her environment. She was tremulously uncertain of the effect she produced upon the new man. She distrusted the charm that had been so potent always with her cowboy admirers, and never saw the admiration which he felt not only for herself, but for her surroundings, for her father, for her manner of life.

She watched narrowly for manifestations of that sense of superiority which she assured herself that he must feel. She scanned all her surroundings with new eyes since this cultured, pleasant young fellow had come to the ranch from the east. She would not admit to herself that she had assumed a mentally hostile attitude toward him because he had not, so to say, fallen on his knees and rushed into the position of a suitor at once. 'A hardy type of gallantry was

the one to which she was used. She was torn between a desire to make the newcomer "feel her power," as she would have phrased it, and respect for him because he behaved like a man.

Erbe was quite unaware of occupying the position of censor or critic in her eyes. He admired her immensely. Indeed, he was more than half in love with her, and saw nothing coarse or objectionable in their rather crude way of living. He never knew that it cut like a whip when anything was lacking to which she fancied he had been used.

Because of him there had been certain alterations in the ménage, which she hoped might slip in unobserved; but her father—there was the rub! He was shrewd, observant, yet without the slightest conception of what is called putting the best foot foremost, and he was ready to greet her efforts with Homeric laughter if he should divine them. She held her head low over her plate, blushing till that head ached.

"All right, Billy!" She wished her father wouldn't call her by that abominable nickname. "You run the house and I'll run the ranch. You just put me on to the brand and earmarks of your new conspiracies, and I'll be ready for you—I expect Mr. Erbe has seen most of them before in the effete East."

Willie could have wept. Her embarrassment began to react in indignation against Stanley. How dare he sit there with that smiling, unconcerned air?

"I'll try to keep up," he said. "I'm not ashamed to ask if I get stuck."

Jim Elkin rode up just as the meal was over. Jim was next-door neighbor to the H-Apple, and supposed to be, until the advent of the new partner, Willie Archer's most favored suitor, he having been a playmate from childhood, and both families favoring the match.

The three men went out on the porch to smoke, and Willie heard them discussing the brand of a new bunch of cattle her father was giving her.

"Every third calf of my Circle Sixes is what I promised her," Mr. Archer's big voice said, with a running laugh in

it. "And she's been so choicely about the brand she wanted to put on 'em that she's let most of the new calf crop slip past without making up her mind."

When Willie herself went out a little later, her father was gone and the two young men sat alone.

"Wish you'd suggest a brand for my bunch, Mr. Erbe," she began graciously. "I want something distinctive and personal to me."

"Brand 'em 'Billy,'" murmured Erbe, and his big voice lingered caressingly over what he conceived to be the most piquant nickname a girl ever bore.

It was the last straw. Wilhelmina Archer arose to her full height, which was considerable for a woman, and announced in a low, tense voice that was like the hum of a breaking violin string:

"I think that is simply insulting!"

Erbe, who had been leaning back in his chair, straightened up suddenly and faced her with a doubtful laugh on his lips. He thought the speech must be a jest. Her look undeceived him. Those eyes, which he had never quite classified, were black now, the handsome brows drawn level above them.

"Mr. Erbe," she went on, "you have come into a new section of country. Our ways are new to you. They are not, for that reason, necessarily inferior to those you have been used to. There is no need for you to hold the attitude of a person at a menagerie watching the behavior of strange animals——"

Stanley was on his feet now.

"Miss Archer," he broke in, "this is uncalled for! You really mistake. I don't know what I have said or done, but you must let me explain."

"No, I don't mistake," the girl repeated. "I have seen you—I have watched you! From the first you have"—she broke off, conscious, if Stanley wasn't, what her words revealed. Gathering composure, she went on more slowly: "I understand that you intend to make the West your permanent home. Father says that you are getting a practical, working knowledge with him, preparatory to buying a ranch of your own. Let me give you a bit of advice"—with superb insolence—"don't."

Stanley stared at her in blank bewilderment.

"Don't?" he echoed.

"Yes, don't join yourself to a community that you despise, don't settle among a people whose ways you will never understand. I make it general, for I can't suppose that it is only myself

whom you have singled out for amused and contemptuous analysis. Even if it is, I am conceited enough to say to you that I am about the average Western girl, no coarser or cruder than the rest of them."

Jim Elkin was leaning forward, hands on knees, lips apart, drinking in this tirade, with never a well-bred impulse to withdraw. Stanley crimsoned to the roots of his thick blond hair.

"Good heavens, Miss Willie!" he burst out. "This is all so wretchedly unnecessary. I have only been too much charmed with what I have seen here. I am only in dread of offending by—by"—he wished that Elkin would take himself off; explanation would be much easier *à deux*—"why, Billy, I——"

The girl tossed up her head with a sudden exclamation, whirled about, and left her penitent apologizing to vacancy.

"Well," he said, turning to the appreciative Elkin, "if anybody can tell me what I said that last time to queer the whole game, I'd be much obliged!"

Elkin shook his head, as one who agreed that the ways of women were past finding out. He knew perfectly; the nickname "Billy" had furnished reason for quarrel between himself and the girl more than once, but he was not the fool to put this bit of explanation in Erbe's way.

"Billy's just taken a dislike to you, I reckon," he drawled amiably. "And when she takes a dislike to anybody," he concluded, "she's apt to run them out of her range."

"Was it anything I said about the brand, do you think?" Stanley pursued anxiously. "She seemed pleasant enough when she came out."

"Lord, no, it couldn't have been that! She just feels to you like I do to a prairie-dog."

The statement was made with such apparent openness that Stanley could find, to his Eastern mind, no cause in it for quarrel. He got suddenly to horse, and followed his senior partner, leaving the victorious Elkin on the porch with Willie, who returned as she saw the Eastern man ride away.

II.

It would have been hard to follow Erbe's mind as he rode out to the far pasture, where the whole force was rounding up a trail herd to be sent north to the fattening pastures. From his cradle this Western life had called him, as the sea calls some men. Once through

his college course, with a small capital as a start in life, and no near ties of family, he came straight to Texas, and considered himself fortunate that he had been able to secure a partnership with such a man as Ranson Archer.

ner's daughter, when he had known her less than a month, would have been an affront. To Willie, used to the admiration of men who, as they themselves expressed it, "made quick trades," and who were as likely as not to lay them-



IT IS SAYING LITTLE TO RECORD THAT WILLIE ARCHER WAS ANGRY.

His admiration for the life had not diminished with a near view. His liking for his senior partner was instantaneous and genuine; but Willie Archer had seemed to him from the first the crown and blossom of the whole thing. He was half afraid of his sudden infatuation for the girl, and horribly afraid of making it unduly manifest. To a man of his upbringing, making love to his senior part-

selves and their fortunes at her feet upon the first meeting, the newcomer seemed almost contemptuously aloof.

However, the girl was very much of a woman; after Elkin departed she fought the matter out with herself, and met Stanley with civility, if not with enthusiasm, when he came in that evening.

The next week he was away for three days at the upper end of the ranch, near

the railway, shipping cattle. On the first morning of his absence, a gangling, overgrown yearling calf drifted into the door-yard of the H-Apple ranch, branded all over its helpless side, in great straggling letters, "Bill."

When this capering *bon mot*, this sparkling example of cowboy wit, came under Willie Archer's eyes, it is saying little to record that she was angry. She was worse; she was hurt, and that in a vital part—her vanity. She flew to her father, and that worthy laughed till it was difficult to decide whether he was laughing at his daughter or the calf.

The first calf was a joke, and Mr. Archer insisted that it should be so accepted; but when the next day brought a second calf sporting the "Bill" brand, and both animals appeared to head from the direction of the shipping-camp, while every cowboy on the ranch denied any knowledge of the branding, but laughed consumedly at the result, matters began to look a little more serious.

"Enough's enough, even of a joke like that," Willie's father commented, while Willie herself went pale and red at the thought of the affront, and refused to speak to the junior partner when he came home.

"Oh, come now, Billy, this is making things uncomfortable for everybody," her father remonstrated. "You don't expect me to mix into this boy and girl business? You should tell Stan that it's funny, all right, but please not to deface any more calves—and don't get off any *Lady Macbeth* airs when you tell him, honey. He might think you cared too much what he did."

This shot went home, as the shrewd old fellow intended it should. Willie was showing entirely too much feeling, and she mapped out a new plan of campaign. That evening she treated Stanley Erbe with a frigid courtesy which, under the circumstances, was discourtesy; and as soon as they were alone together she seized the opportunity to say:

"Of course, Mr. Erbe, it's awfully funny to put a silly nickname that a country girl has been tagged with, on her cattle for a brand; but it's one of the things in which brevity is certainly the soul of wit. One calf branded 'Bill' is twice as funny as two calves branded that way."

Astonishment had kept Erbe silent till she finished.

"Has somebody branded some of your calves in a way that you don't like, Miss Archer?" he inquired stiffly.

This was, as *Sam Weller* might have said, "comin' it werry strong," considering that the three "Bill" calves were the jest of the entire ranch, and that he could scarcely fail to know of them. Willie brushed it aside with the remark:

"You're the only person who ever suggested such a brand for my cattle. The inference is obvious, Mr. Erbe, but this has gone beyond a joke."

"It has, indeed," Stanley retorted; and standing before her, looking down at her—and feeling, it must be confessed, more or less of a brute—he began deliberately to tell the girl that he had been in love with her from the moment he saw her, that he had tried his poor best to please her, that he had hoped he was winning a place in her regard, but that it seemed they two did not speak the same language.

The concluding phrase was unfortunate. Willie got up with flashing eyes.

"I have heard you intimate again, Mr. Erbe, that you are civilized and we are barbarians," she flung out hotly. "I don't know what to call the statement you have just made to me. I suppose you might make a similar powwow to a young squaw, if you had been kindly entertained in her father's tent—and you haven't denied that you branded the calves with that silly name."

"I haven't, and I shan't," said Erbe, turning to go. "If you want to believe a thing like that of me—believe it!" He was going, but at the door he paused with a sudden resolution. "I said I had admired you from the first, and that I thought you the most lovable woman in the world," he began sternly. "But I meant that my admiration and love were called forth by the woman you seemed to be then. I find you as imperious as an empress and as unjust as—" He broke off a moment. "You don't believe these things you accuse me of—it isn't possible. No sane person could think I would give up my days and nights to planning affronts—oh, it doesn't bear discussion. You have perhaps taken this way to cure me of what you find only presumptuous folly."

And he was gone, leaving a very limp young termagant weeping her heart out, her head bowed on the table.

III.

THE week that followed brought plenty of fuel for Willie's fires. Not a day passed that some new calf did not

straggle in sporting the "Bill" brand. Mavericks, dogies, other people's cattle, picked up anywhere, somebody was industriously branding all the calves that he could catch in a secluded spot, with the hated name.

Elkin, meeting his rival out on the range one day, remonstrated.

"You're a tenderfoot, Erbe, and you don't know how offensive that sort of thing is out here. The old man won't say anything to you, but he's hot in the collar, all the same."

"I fail to get your meaning," Stanley replied coldly. "What is it that I have been doing? What is it against which you are warning me?"

"Why, branding all these calves with Miss Willie's nickname. No good cattle-man likes to see a calf scorched all over his side with a great sprawling brand like that. Of course any of us can see that it's a tenderfoot's trick, and I thought it only friendly to warn you."

"Much obliged," returned Erbe briefly. "Will you kindly send any of those persons who say that they know it is this particular tenderfoot's trick to me?" And with a grave "Good-morning!" he rode on.

Elkin looked after him and whistled; then he laughed.

"You've got good grit, young man," he ruminated; "but this thing will run you out of Archer County, or my name's not James Elkin!"

Then he rode over to the H-Apple to condole with Willie, whom he found in a fractious humor, and not a pleasant recipient of his condolences. However, he repeated enough of his conversation with Erbe, before he left, to give the impression that the latter had admitted branding the calves, and was defiant about it.

When he was gone, Willie sank very low in her mind. Stanley had refused to deny the branding. The supposition was that he deemed such denial unnecessary, but the fact remained that he had not made it. In her distress of mind she admitted to herself how greatly she cared, how vital a thing it was to her that Stanley Erbe should prove to be the man she had first thought him, and not the boor of these later manifestations.

She went over all the evidence in her mind. Every other individual who could possibly have been concerned in the branding had made a voluntary and specific denial, and now came this confirmation from Elkin. Oh, it was abominable—it was past bearing! She felt

the necessity which young things feel when life begins hammering home its hard lessons, of running away from herself and her trouble.

With this end in view, she caught up her hat and hurried down to the corral. Her own pony, Silver Star, was not there; there was only a blue roan of the cheerful name of Bully Boy. Perhaps he might live up to his cognomen after he was broken, but as he required breaking every time a saddle was put on him, the event looked problematic. Willie was a good horsewoman, but she had never cared to ride a beast of this sort. Now, however, he appealed to her as filling a need; there was nobody in the corral to remonstrate; she ran to the peg, jerked down her saddle, and threw it on the astonished pony before he had a chance to do more than buck a couple of times and attempt to nip at her.

Once in the saddle, she felt that she had done the right thing; her distress of mind lessened with every bound of the half wild creature under her. She left the rein hanging loose, she slapped it against the bronco's neck. The pony traveled in a series of lunges rather than in any known gait, but Willie's mind was too troubled to note the risk she ran.

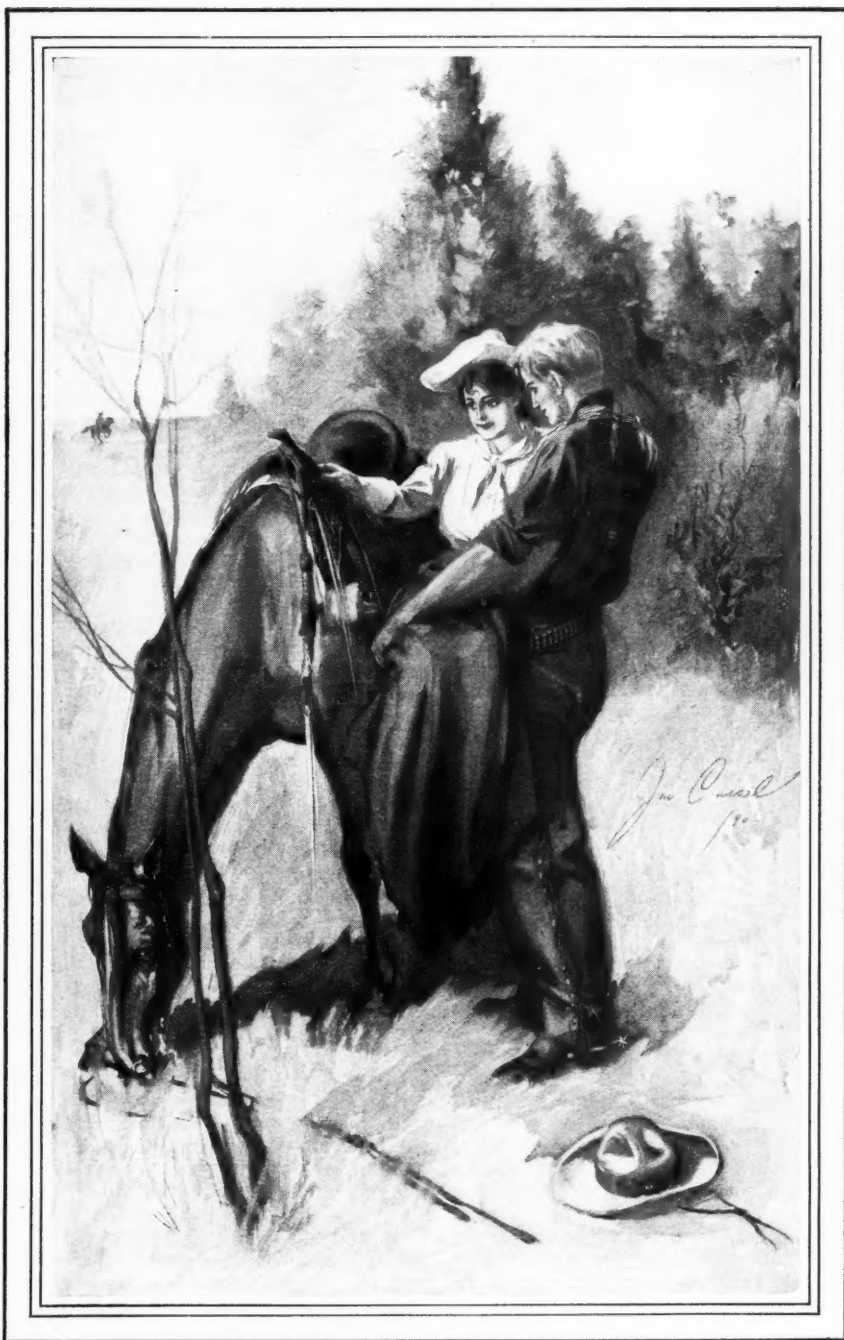
She came with a little start out of a moody reflection upon Stanley's face at the supper table the night before—a pale, unhappy, and reproachful countenance—to find that she had ridden clean out of the H-Apple pastures and was on Elkin land. She gathered up her rein with a decided hand; but Bully Boy shook his ragged mane and answered in horse-language:

"You have said yea too often, my lady! Nay me no nays now! It's my time for running!"

The girl tugged at the rein and put him at a slight rise with the hope of tiring him. The flying hoofs made little sound on the soft, springy turf. She rounded a small rise, and, suddenly topping the divide which shut in a bit of pasture land with a spring in it, had a momentary glimpse of a man down at the foot of the little valley kneeling beside a calf. A thin thread of smoke went up. He had a fire; he was branding the animal.

The next moment carried her out of sight and past the possibility of being seen, but a crimson silk handkerchief knotted around the man's neck had dyed the whole landscape red for her. Such a handkerchief Stanley wore.

Bully Boy had it all his own way.



IT WAS HIS PROMISED WIFE THAT STANLEY LIFTED TO THE PONY.

that. The occupant of the saddle on his back was reckless as only a creature in such mental pain as to be totally unconscious of the body can be.

They swept down into a little sand draw. There was a crash, a cry; Bully Boy had set his foot in a prairie-dog's hole. He was down—he had rolled, but his rider was thrown far from him, and now sat up, jarred and shaken, nursing a wrenched ankle as the pony staggered to his feet.

If it had been Silver Star she could have mounted, but this alien beast backed from her in disgust as she crawled toward him on her knees, or hobbled painfully and flinchingly on the injured foot. Finally he tossed up his head and trotted contemptuously away, leaving her to her fate.

She reflected that he had been kept up and fed for a time, and that he would go directly home, and alarm them with sight of the empty saddle. She laughed hysterically at the thought of the consternation his arrival would spread; yet there was comfort in the thought of the swift help it must bring. Then she took off her shoe and stocking, and applied her entire energies to the rubbing and soothing of that hurt foot.

Somehow the fall seemed to have jarred a good deal of nonsense out of her. There were a dozen cowboys on the range who wore red silk handkerchiefs. It was a favorite color with Jim Elkin. Her mind hesitated a moment over some possibility and dismissed it. Why should Jim, who was always eager to please her, brand those calves with the nickname he knew she hated?

Why, indeed? Waking from a doze an hour later, she had her answer. She had crept to the shelter of a little cedar thicket. On the other side of this screen two horsemen, belonging to the hue and cry which, as she anticipated, had started as soon as the riderless pony reached the H-Apple, had halted, speaking together.

"Mr. Archer and I have been over every foot of the small pasture. Shorty and Jim and the rest of the riders who were in are going over the big pasture now," she heard Stanley Erbe's voice say, and her heart thrilled at the note of anguish in the man's tones.

"Billy used to ride over to our spring sometimes," Jim Elkin's voice answered; "but I know she hasn't been there this afternoon, because—because I was there myself less than an hour ago."

Willie checked an impulse to call to the two men. Jim had been at the Elkin spring less than an hour ago! Who, then, was the man she had seen branding the calf?

"You were?" cried Stanley. "And I met a calf with that infernal 'Bill' brand just burned on him coming out of your spring pasture as I rode up!"

Elkin laughed tauntingly.

"Circumstantial evidence, my friend," he flung back. "You can't hang a man on that."

"It was you!" cried Stanley. "I have suspected it from the first. I've something graver on hand now, or we'd settle before the day closes. Why you did it I can't guess."

"Perhaps the making of Archer County too hot to hold your delightful self might be reason enough," Elkin sneered. "All's fair in love and—"

But Willie concluded she was hearing more than enough. She set her hands to her lips and hallooed, just as if she had not been hearing anything. When the men had dismounted and run to her she held up a warning hand.

"I can't rise," she said. "I've hurt my foot. That's all. The pony fell with me." Then, as they both stood before her with voluble offers of assistance: "Jim, I was in the spring pasture not an hour ago. Suppose you ride on and put father out of his misery. Mr. Erbe can put me on his pony and lead it in—I have something I want to tell him."

Elkin went without a word. He wasn't the man to push a losing game. When Willie's two hands were on her lover's shoulders, and he had started to help her up from where she sat, she paused.

"Wait a minute," she whispered. It was a dangerous moment for waiting; the eyes he had found it hard to classify were close to his own, looking up into his, and he agreed with himself that they were a soft, tender hazel. "I—" Her voice faltered and sank. "I'm awfully ashamed of myself. I don't know whether you have a rag of interest left in what I think. I shouldn't if I were in your place; but I saw Jim brand that calf, and if you want to try civilizing a young savage, why, I think we might be the best of—the best of—friends."

But Stanley Erbe must have declined this ingenuous proposition, for it was his promised wife that he lifted to the pony and led in to the H-Apple. They passed three "Bill" calves on the way, and in the fullness of their joy they laughed at the sight.

"I've half a mind to keep the brand, dearest," Stanley whispered, with a great deal of other lovers' nonsense. "It's brought me the greatest luck I ever had in my life!"

THE STAGE

THE SUREST DRAWING CARD.

As if the theatrical season had not already made a record for itself as the most disastrous in many years, right in the middle of it must come the burning of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, with its frightful loss of life and the train of terror left in its wake. Of course, logically, just after such a conflagration is really the safest time for the playgoer, as everybody is extra careful; but the public did not stop to reflect on that side of the matter, and stayed away from the theaters more persistently than ever. Only the extra good attractions could draw audiences.

And extra good attractions are just what the managers are finding it almost impossible to procure. Charles Frohman, for instance, instead of waiting for next

season to import one of his London successes, hurries "Little Mary" over now, and plays to no better receipts than did John Drew in "Captain Dieppe," which proved so poor a card that he was compelled to go back to "The Second in Command" on tour. "Little Mary" is a semi-fantastic play by James Matthew Barrie, treating of the stomach, and of the abuse to which the average Englishman subjects that useful if scarcely poetical organ. London seized on it with avidity. British society is not supposed to talk about its digestive apparatus, and it was rather exciting to have this done for one on the stage of Wyndham's fashionable theater. The same condition does not prevail in America, and New Yorkers found little in the piece to recommend it save its mild audacity.



JESSIE RICHMOND, OF THE WEBER & FIELDS' COMPANY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



ETHEL POWERS, IN "THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

The Empire Theater showed audiences in marked contrast to those that crowded it during Maude Adams' eight weeks' term there in her by no means remark-

has been such from the start—that is to say, from that evening in the autumn of 1892 when she had her first really important part, as leading woman to John



ANNA HELD, STARRING IN "MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON."

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

able play, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, of "Fauntleroy" fame.

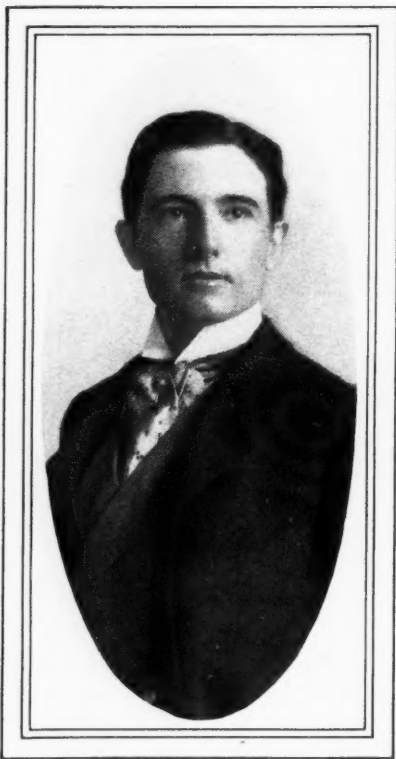
But then, there is no disputing the fact that Miss Adams is the surest drawing card on the American stage. And she

Drew at Wallack's in "The Masked Ball." Other women stars have been obliged to work years for that which came to Maude Adams in a night. And it was no flash in the pan success, either. Although Olive May took a tinge off the



MARY BACON, WHO IS JENNIE FAXTON IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL," AND ALSO UNDERSTUDY TO BERTHA GALLAND.

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.



WILLIAM LEWERS, WHO IS SIR JOHN MANNERS
IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."

From his latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston.



EUGENE COWLES, WHO IS WITH FRITZI SCHEFF
AS MONDRAGON IN "BABETTE."

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

furor in Mr. Drew's next play, "Butterflies," Miss Adams won all her laurels back again, and more, in "The Bauble Shop," and in "Rosemary" she walked away with Mr. Drew's honors, too.

None need to be told of her subsequent triumphs with the first play in her starring career, "The Little Minister," which was an early work of the man who later gave her "Quality Street," and has since written "The Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary." Her *Juliet*, too, while not that of stage tradition, was entirely pleasing to the public, and her *Duc de Reichstadt*, in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," was voted by many who saw both to be ahead of Bernhardt's rendering of the part.

Miss Adams' present vehicle is not an attractive one. It is only the popularity of the star that has kept it on the boards. That popularity could not have been won had she not had better plays in the past, and it will not continue unimpaired unless she has better plays in the future.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose" has a slender thread of action, an almost complete lack of dramatic situation, and a superabundance of wearisome dialogue. It is laboriously written around the star performer; its other characters, excepting her lover, *Sebastiano*, are utterly insignificant. Its last scene is one of strained and long-drawn-out emotion in which Miss Adams does not shine.

And yet "The Pretty Sister" has given Maude Adams' devoted admirers a new quality to admire in their idol, for they have discovered that she possesses a pretty singing voice. A New York teacher who was giving her lessons knew this as long ago as the days of "The Masked Ball," for he declared then—although he did not realize who his pupil really was—that she was one of the best ballad-singers he had ever heard.

Who can doubt that had Mr. Frohman elected to star Miss Adams in "Little Mary," the Empire would have continued to be packed as it was during the run of

"The Pretty Sister"? To be sure, Shakespeare tells us that "the play's the thing," but then he had no Maude Adams to reckon with.

with American audiences, where a weak play would not affect it in the least.

Maude Adams was born in Salt Lake City. Her father's name was Kiskadden.

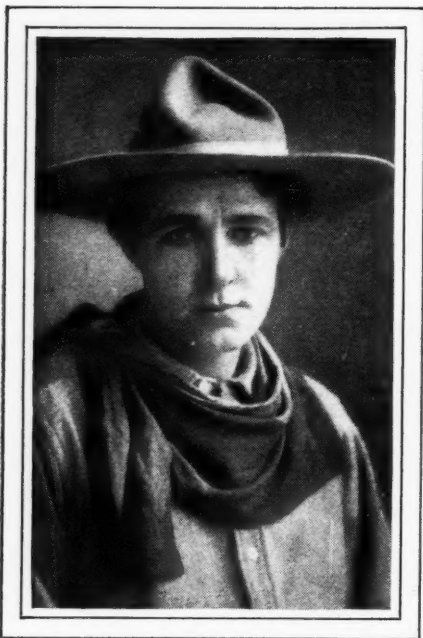


ISABEL RICHARDS, WITH THE JAMES K. HACKETT COMPANY, WHICH IS NOW APPEARING IN "THE CROWN PRINCE."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

Miss Adams has never played in London, and it is doubtful if she ever will. Possibly the English would not like her as well as we do, and an adverse West End verdict might injure her prestige

Her mother was leading woman in the Salt Lake stock theater, and is still on the stage, as Annie Adams, being this season in the support of Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate."



DUSTIN FARNUM AS "THE VIRGINIAN" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

From a photograph by Armstrong, Boston.

The portrait of Miss Adams presented herewith is not published on account of its beauty, but rather as a curiosity. Being the bright particular star in the Charles Frohman firmament, she must not be portrayed in the same way as the rest, hence the odd picture which was sent out from the manager's office as the official photograph for this season.

Her new leading man, Henry Ainley, is an importation from England, and the St. James' Theater of George Alexander.

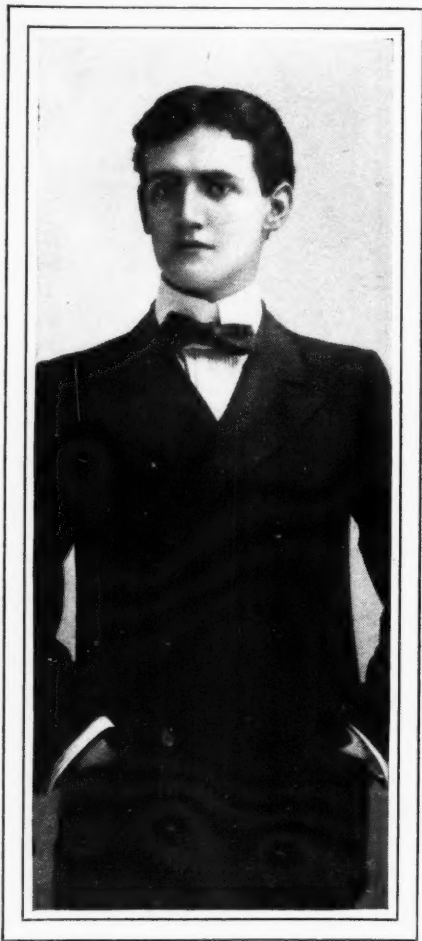
A NEW STAR WITH OLD TRICKS.

In Thanksgiving week Charles Richman achieved the height of most actors' ambition, and appeared as a star on Broadway. Coming so soon after the collapse of "Major Andre," a Revolutionary play had to be mighty good to win out, and "Captain Barrington" is, to say the least, wabbly. It was written years ago by Victor Mapes, who gave Hackett "Don Caesar's Return," and who just now is manager of Weber & Fields' new theater in Boston. It is Weber & Fields, be it added, who are presenting Mr. Richman.

"Captain Barrington" was originally called "The Tory's Guest" and was done at a School of Acting matinée. Its

first act bears all the earmarks of the tyro, and the others are good only in spots. Of course, an actor is tempted by an opportunity to do the "Prisoner of Zenda" business and play two rôles in one evening. He is pretty sure to get a reception after each quick change. But the public has tired of twin brother resemblances, and it is this device that forms whatever backbone "Captain Barrington" possesses. And it is no novelty to have one brother a goody-goody Continental soldier, and the other a rakish officer in the British army.

Richman marks the difference between the two by talking slowly as the American and fast as the Britisher. He has un-



HENRY AINLEY, LEADING MAN WITH MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE."

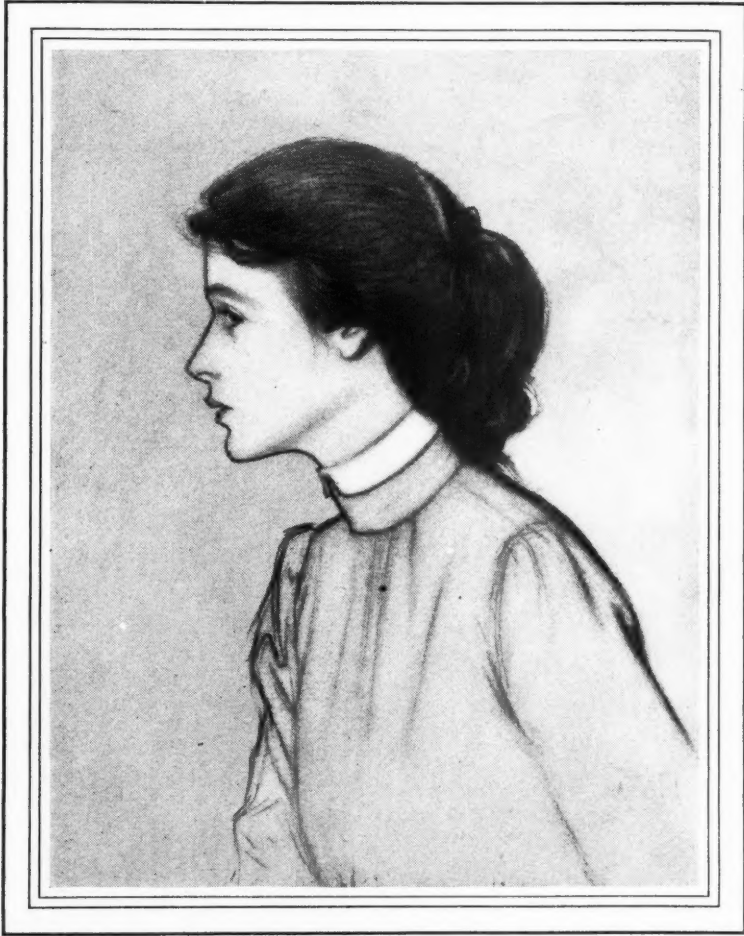
From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

happily grown stout, and both his enunciation and his bearing seem to have lost the distinction that made him such a favorite when he was with Annie Russell in "Miss Hobbs" and "A Royal Family." Then was the time when he should have gone starring. That was the flood

applause goes to Joseph Kilgour, who makes two brief but very satisfying appearances as *Washington*.

ONE LUCKY MANAGER.

Charles Richman played for some two months in New York at the Manhattan



MAUDE ADAMS, STARRING IN "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE."

Her latest portrait, after a drawing by Ernest Haskell.

tide in his affairs, but no manager seemed ready to take advantage of it.

He is assisted in "Captain Barrington" by an exceedingly clever company, including Suzanne Sheldon, who was with Sothorn in "If I Were King," for leading woman, and the *King* from the same play, George W. Wilson, as the Tory who invites *Washington* to dinner and then seeks to capture him. The most emphatic

Theater, which seems to have become the headquarters for male stars, in spite of the fact that it was taken over by Mr. Fiske for the especial benefit of his wife. Two women stars failed in it last season in quick succession—Elizabeth Tyree in "Captain Molly," and Minnie Dupree in "A Rose o' Plymouth Town"—and even with Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala" the bulk of the praise went to her lead-



FRITZI SCHEFF, STARRING IN THE ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA, "BABETTE."
From her latest photograph by the Ott-Savony Company, New York.

ing man, Tyrone Power. This winter Hobart Bosworth snatched the honors there from the impersonator of the title rôle in "Marta of the Lowlands," and with the dawn of the new year and

latter's book, this is a play that scarcely deserves the name, as it transgresses almost all the rules of play-building. And yet it is one of the most entertaining offerings of the season. Comedy and



MILKA TERNINA, THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA, WHO SINGS THE PART OF KUNDRY IN "PARSIFAL"
—THE PICTURE SHOWS HER AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHAEUSER."

From a photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

the establishment of the dollar-and-a-half rate for seats, Dustin Farnum, a veritable dark horse, set half the town talking by his splendid work in "The Virginian."

Dramatized by Kirke La Shelle, the manager, and Owen Wister, from the

pathos are mingled in almost equal proportions, and as both are elements of strong and general appeal, the episodes which they flavor get over the footlights as such disconnected incidents could not do without them.

Of course, much of the success is due to the man who created the name part, which, by the way, is all the name he has throughout the piece—he is simply known as the *Virginian*. Dustin Farnum is a Boston boy by birth, and is now twenty-eight years old. His brother Will is doing the title rôle in "Ben Hur," and

another brother acts in a stock company in San Francisco. Dustin has been on the stage seven years, the first eighteen months of which he spent with the late Margaret Mather in Shakespeare. Then came a year of splendid training in stock work all over the country, after which he created *Chevalier Ramsay* in *Blanche*



BLANCHE WALSH AS KATUSHA IN THE TOI-STOY DRAMA, "RESURRECTION."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

Walsh's failure, "Marcelle." Next came a season and a half with Chauncey Olcott, and then two more of them in the repertoire houses, where young Farnum, who is ambitious, realized that he could best lay the foundation for promotion. And yet he had never played a dialect part before undertaking the *Virginian*.

Kirk La Shelle, by the way, appears to be one of the season's few lucky managers. Within one year's time he has introduced to the stage no less than three stars, all of them apparently "stayers." First there was Lawrence D'Orsay, in "The Earl of Pawtucket"; then came Thomas W. Ross in "Checkers," and now Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian." But Mr. La Shelle, who was formerly one of the business managers for the Bostonians, is an adept at discovering latent talent. It was he who unearthed Frank Daniels in "Little Puck" and launched him into fame and fortune with "The Wizard of the Nile." And when other managers would have none of Augustus Thomas' "Arizona," Mr. La Shelle accepted the play, and without a star in the cast made it the notable production of a season.

This presentation of a play without featuring an actor is a risky business in this country. In England there are practically no stars—only actor-managers. Here the public seems to demand some personality to tie to, and without doubt it is to this fact that we owe the disappearance of the stock company from the New York stage. The hit made by Augustus Thomas' latest comedy, "The Other Girl," is a striking exception to the rule. But even in this play the two young men, Lionel Barrymore and Joe Wheelock, Jr., have parts that they have practically made features of the show.

"The Other Girl" gave Charles Frohman a hit in the week when Clyde Fitch's "Glad of It" must have made him exceedingly sorry. The last named has scenes from real life that are too real to be entertaining. This time, Mr. Fitch has used the camera instead of the brush, and the result, in spite of the title, is not joyous.

MORE ROMANTIC HISTORICAL DRAMA.

Bertha Galland is at it again. She is the young woman who threatened Hackett's laurels when he was playing in "The Pride of Jennico." Nobody had ever heard of her before, but when she appeared as the madcap *Princess Otilie*, she "established herself with a bound," as one of the critics put it. Of course, that

settled it. She must be made a star at once. The very next year she was launched in "The Forest Lovers"—and failed. A little while later Dan Frohman sent her on the road with Hilda Spong's part in "Nôtre Dame," but this was not satisfactory to the ambitious young woman, who was still smarting under the disappointment occasioned by her downfall in "The Forest Lovers."

Now she has come forward in a rôle much more suited to her powers—in fact, one rather like the *Marie Otilie* of "Jennico." It has also some of the ear-marks of Julia Marlowe's part in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—which may be partly explained by the fact that it is the work of the same author and the same playwright—Charles Major and Paul Kester.

For its first two acts, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" contrives to be very entertaining, if not wildly novel. We have all seen these high-spirited, self-willed ladies on the stage before, but they certainly lend themselves readily to action. For its last half, however, "Dorothy Vernon's" dramatizer seems scarcely to have known what to do with the material at command. The result is a jumble which confuses the onlooker and brings the piece to a tame and impotent conclusion.

Queen Elizabeth is introduced, played by May Robson, whom one cannot help wishing back among the culinary surroundings that made her so funny in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." You may clothe her in royalty's robes if you will, but the squeak in her voice will be May Robson's still.

William Lewers, who was so good last season in "The Cavalier," makes a capital *Sir John Manners*, and the scenery is very pretty and appropriate.

ONE TIE BETWEEN TWO WIDELY DIFFERING PLAYERS.

Two of our portraits this month show players who have learned to act in other tongues than their native ones. They are Anna Held and Fritz Scheff, each occupying a widely different sphere, but having this one special achievement in common. Both are now starring here in light opera.

Miss Held is a Pole, although born in Paris. The manager of a London music hall heard her sing in the city on the Seine, and imported her to the English capital, where she made such a hit that she was engaged by Evans and Hoey as a special feature for their revival of "A

Parlor Match," at the Herald Square Theater. This was in 1896, the year after Yvette Guilbert made her hit here with her French songs and her long black gloves. Miss Held's success was won by the quaintly broken English of her song, "Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?" This did not help her a season later, when Oscar Hammerstein secured her to sing the title rôle in his production of "La Poupée," which fell flat.

Then Florenz Ziegfeld assumed her management, and Miss Held set to work to learn English. She found it a hard task; words like "ridiculously" at first baffled her completely, but she stuck to it resolutely. She found help in her manager, who has since become her husband, for Mr. Ziegfeld, although he understood French, did not speak it. At last, in 1899, she had progressed far enough to justify her appearance in "Papa's Wife," and in that she made the biggest success of her career. The musical comedy ran for nearly an entire season at the Manhattan Theater, and for still another on the road.

After that she appeared in "The Little Duchess," which also proved popular. In her latest vehicle, "Mam'selle Napoleon," Miss Held has not so much to do as usual, and that little is somewhat out of her line. But in some directions she shows abilities that are surprising when one considers that she was practically recruited from the *café chantant* field, where Yvette Guilbert was found. The latter, by the way, at last accounts, was seriously ill, and had not been singing for some time.

Fritzi Scheff is a native of Vienna. Her father is a physician and her mother sang in grand opera in Munich. Fritzi was for three years with Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House, making her début there in December, 1900, as *Marcelin* in Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio." As *Babette* she has achieved one of the few successes of the season, and is now an established favorite in light opera. Her basso, Eugene Cowles (pronounced "Coles"), is the same full-voiced singer who was so long *Will Scarlet* with the Bostonians in "Robin Hood."

HIGH WATER MARK IN SPECTACLE SHOWS.

"Mother Goose," the third in the series of London pantomimes imported by Klaw & Erlanger, is both alluring to look upon and cheering to sit through. The Pansy Ballet is one of the most beautiful stage effects in the grouping line ever put be-

hind the footlights; the procession of bronzes, china, and other bric-à-brac is an exceedingly striking spectacle; and the old-fashioned transformation scene shows what can be done with all the modern electrical and mechanical resources at command. Joe Cawthorne makes a capital *Mother Goose*, infusing a realistic and maternal air into the number where, with the children grouped about him in their every-day clothes, he sings of "Stories Adam Told to Eve." For young people, "Mother Goose" is a feast from start to finish; for their elders few shows of the season are better calculated to drive away the blues engendered by a cold winter and an uncertain stock market.

FORTY THOUSAND SEE "PARSIFAL."

The most sensational feature of the entire dramatic season in New York was unquestionably the production of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was both an artistic and a financial triumph for Mr. Conried. The first series of performances, just completed as we go to press, drew audiences that packed the great auditorium, and it is said that every seat for the second series has already been sold.

And yet of the forty thousand people who may witness one or other of the ten performances, it is extremely probable that a very considerable percentage have been, or will be, disappointed at what they see and hear. The wonderfully effective advertising that the production received attracted thousands outside of what may be called the more or less trained clientele of the Metropolitan; and "Parsifal" is a work to be thoroughly appreciated only by the trained listener who approaches it in the proper frame of mind.

The hearer must not expect to be amused, or even entertained, in the ordinary sense of the word. "Parsifal" is strictly what Wagner called it, a "solemn festival play." It has very little of dramatic fiber. It possesses not a spice of the sensational human interest on which most operas are partly dependent for their charm. It is supernatural and symbolic, and its symbolism is obscure and enigmatical. The legend about which it is woven is as vague and shadowy as the unsubstantial fabric of a half-remembered dream.

Nevertheless, its production—the first outside of Bayreuth—was one of the most interesting and important events in the annals of the American stage.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

XXII (Continued).

"I THINK his excellency will be glad to see me," Curtice told Malone's jealous young guard. "My business with him is of pressing moment."

"And his excellency's present business is likewise of pressing moment," said the Hibernian lieutenant. "In short, he is too busy to waste time with the likes of you."

"I repeat—" began Jimmy quietly.

"Oh, ye do? Well, you may do your repeating to the president himself in his public audience."

"And when will that be?" asked Jimmy, as the lieutenant turned away.

"The day after to-morrow, at ten o'clock in the morning. Will that do for you?"

"It will not; I must see him at once."

"Well, you can't. That's flat. Get out wid ye, now!"

"Is Colonel Kilrae engaged?"

"He is—with the president."

"Will you be kind enough to carry my name to him?"

"Now, what might your name be, then?"

"Curtice—James Curtice."

"And ye *are* a white man?" cried the lieutenant in apparent amazement. "I never would have known it, upon me word! Why don't ye wash your face?"

Fortunately for Jimmy's self-restraint, which was being put to a severe test, a gray-haired captain, who sat writing at a table within, looked up at the name and gave interruption to the lieutenant's amusement.

"Curtice?" he demanded, knitting his brows as he gazed at the couple.

"Now, which one of you says he's Jimmy Curtice?"

"O'Brien!" cried Jimmy. "This is luck!"

The captain came forward, and, catching Curtice by the arm, dragged him into the light. His identification was instantaneous; the verdict was an old, white-headed Irishman who fell en-

thusiastically upon a young American's neck.

"By the powers, my son, but I'm glad to see you! Dineen, man," he called to the lieutenant, "take word to Malone immediate that Captain Curtice is here, offerin' his sword to the service."

"I thought so," commented Hendry.

The lieutenant went, unwillingly enough, casting back suspicious glances at the two old friends fraternizing. Returning, he conducted Curtice and Captain Hendry to the door of Malone's apartments; and there he paused with a hand on Jimmy's arm.

"If ye be Curtice—Captain Curtice of the Honduranian army," he said—"I've an apology to offer you, sir. But, man," he added with a flash of humor which he could not repress, "ye should, by all means, wash the face of ye!"

"Oh, that's all right," replied Curtice good-naturedly; and, Burke admitting them, they passed into the room.

Beyond doubt a council of war was in progress. Upon the broad dining-table were a score of topographical maps, spread flat, and about it—at the moment leaning over it and following with strained attention the movements of a blue pencil held by one of their number—were some half dozen of the heads of the government, among them the president and the minister of war.

The atmosphere was thick with the fumes of burnt tobacco; great white reefs of smoke hung drowsily, circling moodily about the center lamp, which, suspended above the table, gave saffron illumination to the scene. A feeling of depression, too, made its presence evident in the varied expressions upon the faces of the gathering. The president alone wore a countenance that exhibited no lack of confidence. He lolled in his chair, listening with deference, it is true, to Kilrae, who was speaking, but shaking his head in dissent to some theory which the minister was advancing.

"No," he interrupted as Curtice entered, "you're wrong there, colonel—

* Copyright, 1903, by Louis Joseph Vance.—This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1903. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

oh, Curtice, 'tis meself that's glad to see you! But I've no time for greeting you properly; we'll be leaving that till the morning. Give us your advice; I'm thinking that 'tis needed—a clear, young head among us grannies. And grannies, gentlemen," he broke out emphatically, "is the word that fits us! I tell you, we fear overmuch; we take as a ground-work a mere local disturbance—over-taxation will be the likely cause—a mere local uprising in a distant province, and build upon that a terrifying, chimerical popular revolt—the which, I am convinced, has no existence save in our addled brains. 'Tis a mixed metaphor, but let it pass. We assume, because a mob of *llaneros*, led by a professional trouble-maker such as Ursua, choose to set up the standard of revolt and happen to capture a third-class village, that the whole country is ready to rise and join them. 'Tis plain folly. Am I not right, Curtice?"

"What is the situation? I have not heard."

"Here." The president drew him to the table and indicated a point upon the map. "Here is La Maroma. News comes this night by courier that Ursua has invaded the province and taken the city. Pedros, who policed the district with a detachment of regulars, was surprised and shot. 'Tis said that the neighborhood is enlisting under Ursua."

"Have you confirmed that report?"

"Ursua has seized the telegraph offices and cut the wires."

"As for that," said Curtice, "the populace always cheers the conqueror. To-day they applaud Ursua; to-morrow, when your troops have chased him from the province, they will be crying *vivas* for Malone."

"Kilrae denies that. He holds that this is but the first move of an organized plot to oust me. He even claims that Castro is behind Ursua, furnishing him with arms and munitions, urging him on—"

"Castro," Kilrae interrupted, "uses Ursua as a catpaw. If he wins, Castro will step in and annex Anahuac to Venezuela!"

"Gentleman," cried Malone, "I can show you proofs the most convincing of Castro's friendliness to me."

"So, no doubt, could Ursua."

"You have heard," said the president, turning again to Jimmy.

"I regret—" he began, and stopped, reluctant.

What he must say would dash the

president's hopes to the ground at a time when he most needed to be cheered.

As for Malone, he was counting serenely upon the young man's support of his view of the predicament. He was in a frame of mind to belittle the rising, to regard it as an annoyance to be dealt with as he had previously dealt with other and similar troubles. His lucky star was in the ascendant; already had he achieved one victory that night; and in the roseate glow of happy content which comes to the man who has won a woman, he could not conceive of aught that might defeat him. He had reason to believe himself capable of outgeneralizing any leader in the southern continent; and if indeed his power was to be assailed, he looked for support to the faithfulness of his army. There he erred; the army was a slender reed, a quantity unstable as quicksilver, volatile as laughing gas; a body of men gathered from the four ends of the earth—Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, renegades from all nations, cross-breeds and half-breeds; brave to a fault, it may be, but to be bought for their price, and loving that exhilaration which is own brother to anarchy, the excitement bred of change.

"I am sorry, Malone, but I am obliged to disagree with you, to side with Colonel Kilrae."

"And why?"

"I know a trifle more of the real state of affairs than you do. In fact, I have just escaped from an enforced sea-voyage in company with the leaders of the Junta directing the revolution which Colonel Kilrae foresees. If I am a judge of men, and if we can estimate the spirit which moves the underlings by the activity, the acumen, and the unscrupulousness of the leaders, you are truly in peril. I believe that you now face the greatest crisis in the history of the republic; and since you honor me by asking my advice, I would counsel you to crush this incipient uprising with as hard and heavy a hand as you may."

Kilrae nodded to him, knitting his brows.

"Go on," said Malone, with a drop of several degrees from his former assurance.

"For one thing," continued Jimmy, "this affair in La Maroma Province is spontaneous, not premeditated by the Junta—or so I firmly believe. That argues that the people are aroused and will not be held, that they are weary of your rule, impatient for your downfall.

Ursua is not a leader born; I have fought under him, and I know that men would not follow him unless he espoused a cause that was near to their hearts."

"And upon what do you base your belief, specifically?" demanded the president.

"I know that the Junta plotted to reach you by a different channel; whether they feared to rely upon popular feeling, I do not know, but they have schemed to force you out without bloodshed. They have conceived a plot so ingeniously diabolical in its nature that I hesitate to tell you how they propose to influence your abdication. And the time has come when they will show you their hand."

Malone motioned the American to a chair.

"Go on," he repeated.

"A man named Arthur is the leader. Do you know him?"

"No," replied the president; a murmur of negation ran around the board.

"Lazard——"

"Ah, that fiend! Is he in it?"

"He is; and one Joseph Fetter."

"A man whom I had befriended and trusted," cried Malone. "I employed him as personal secretary. He disappeared some time ago, and——"

"You might better have warmed an asp in your breast. Listen, then."

Concisely, with a reporter's brevity, Jimmy outlined the conspiracy, and the train of events which had brought him to Anahuac. As he spoke, the president buried his face in his hands. Only once did he raise his head, and then it was to exchange a word with the minister of war.

"The carriage?" he asked.

"Yes; and the priest?"

"Aye—Lazard!" and the president resumed his attitude.

When Curtice's story was finished, he remained for a time in silent study, drumming his finger tips upon the table. His face had gone white and drawn and seamed; in that brief interval wherein he had learned of his daughter's danger, the man might have added ten years to his age; and what before of sordid, egoistic emotion had swayed him was now swallowed in an abyss of paternal solicitude.

"This ship is still at anchor?" he asked at length.

"For all that we know."

"Yes." He mused a moment aloud.

"The Don Juan lies in port; I have just despatched word to Hennessy to

leave for Curaçoa at dawn. There is yet time. Señor Vlachos"—he addressed the director of public telegraphs—"will you send word to the admiral, ordering him to seize the vessel? And if he is gone, inform Paez, commandant of the fort—tell him to blow the boat to eternity if she tries to escape."

"Very well, your excellency."

The director left the room.

"Colonel de Cosa," Malone continued, turning to the chief of police, "a patrolman pursued a closed carriage across the Plaza and down the Paseo de la Independencia a short time ago. Have him sent to me at once."

De Cosa retired.

"And now, gentlemen," said Malone, rising, "I shall dismiss this meeting. Rest assured, you have prevailed; I am now convinced that you have foundation for your misgivings. Immediate action will be taken. Mr. Curtice and his companion and Colonel Kilrae will remain."

As the cabinet departed, Señor Vlachos returned.

"Your excellency——" he began with a tremor in his voice.

"Well, *señor*?"

"San Diego does not answer on the wire. I fear——"

"Use the telephone, then."

"The cable has been cut between here and the Roraima Pass. Linemen are now on their way to repair the break."

Malone smiled cheerfully.

"It seems that the Junta is acting with admirable spirit, gentlemen. 'Tis possible that we'll have our hands full before long. Señor Vlachos, send an armed guard with a messenger to Colonel Paez; suspend, for the time being, the regular schedule of trains; keep the track clear between here and San Diego. The messenger is to go by special engine, and at once. Send also a runner by the mountain trail—one whom you can trust. That ship must not get out of the harbor. Burke, inform my staff that their presence is desired in the anteroom immediately. Kilrae, see that four regiments of the regular army are en route for La Maroma by daylight—and two batteries. Bring me the orders for my personal signature. To-morrow we will see to the mobilizing of the militia—to-day, rather, since the night has passed."

The joy of battle glowed in the president's eyes; at the prospect of action he became, as of old, Malone the conqueror. For the time being, his dejection vanished. In the persecutions of his enemies

he saw no menace of defeat. Assailed, he was undaunted, and the tone with which he uttered his commands thrilled with the courage of his proud soul. Yet, when he was left alone with Curtice and Captain Hendry, he passed his hand over his brow wearily and turned to them with the shadow of a bitter smile.

"Hendry, I may have been unjust to you in times past; mayhap we were both in the wrong. Will you let bygones be bygones?" The captain took his hand in silent assent. "Curtice, I'm that happy to have you with me! I need the help of both of ye; you'll not be deserting me now, old friends? Ah, Norah, Norah; I had thought to taste happiness for a space before I died; 'tis hemlock that I find in me cup—and 'tis full!"

XXIII.

SALVADOR, night operator in the cable office at San Diego, had just reported for work. The early evening train from Guayana arrived, and presently one of the railway porters brought him a little note from his Uncle Ximenes. Salvador accepted it with unconcealed disgust; he foresaw another request for a slight loan "which, my most dear nephew, I promise faithful to return within the week." With such anticipations, you are to believe that Salvador was proportionately gratified to read something to the following effect:

MY MOST PRECIOUS JEWEL OF A NEPHEW, SALVADOR:

Your devoted uncle Ximenes is in trouble, and lives only in the hope that you will come to him immediately upon the receipt of this note and brighten the darkness of his great tribulation. I do not need money; on the other hand, my own Salvador, I will repay you a trifle on account of the sums which you, through your affectionate regard for your mother's only brother, have advanced me from time to time.

Moreover, it is said that a great uprising against the despicable dogs of gringos is about to take place. If God so wills it, we of the patriotic citizens of Anahuac will then assist in cutting this Melone of the Green House. And there will be pickings, of course. Come, therefore, without delay, as the time is short.

Your greatly loving uncle,

XIMENES.

I shall not be able to meet you at the station. You will find me drunk in the bodega of Miguel the grocer, in the Calle de Santiago. I am in great trouble.

The writer was a public *cochero*, or cabman, who did a thriving business at the railway terminal in Guayana, when he was sober; the which was an occurrence of some infrequency. Ximenes loved his sister's son, Salvador, with an

affection that was intensified whenever he awoke penniless from a debauch and wanted to borrow money.

Salvador pondered this communication not at all. If Ximenes was truly in such trouble that he feared to ply his business at the station, it meant that he was being looked for by the police. In such case it was the nephew's plain duty to go to him and relieve him of such cash assets as he might possess, before he could be arrested and put in the *calabozo*. Also, Salvador was weary of his work; and, revolution impending, he would not work, since the constitution of the South American is such that all business is suspended during a change of government. Besides, there was the prospect of the loot of the Green House; should a mob invade that residence of the president, of a surety there would be precious little trifles, many of them, which the thrifty might collect without the asking—for the mere trouble involved in carrying them away. Beyond doubt, Salvador would go to Guayana.

The next train for Guayana would leave at nine o'clock. After that first day in which the news of the insurrection in La Maroma Province had come out, the regular train schedule had been in force, subject, however, to immediate suspension, according to the proclamation posted in the station. It being but half-past eight, Salvador had plenty of time. He took from the cash-drawer the nice, shiny, new revolver which he had bought to replace the one that Curtice had taken from him, and loaded it very carefully. For a few moments he practised the art of looking fierce before the looking-glass, aiming the weapon at his reflection, and scowling brutally as he squinted along the sight. He could mentally see flocks of police and squads of troops fleeing as chaff before the wind at the sight of his dapper, neat, resplendent person standing so quietly, yet so resolutely, behind that gun.

For assuredly there would be fighting in the Plaza de la Reforma when the mob gathered there. And Salvador determined that he, and he alone, should be the valiant leader of that mob; with himself at its head it would be irresistible. And—who could say?—possibly he might awake upon a morning to find himself the adored darling of the populace, the preserver of their liberties, the one through whose efforts, by whose undismayed courage and dauntless prowess, the republic had been eased of the yoke of the gringo dogs!

"*Diablo!*" he hissed viciously between his regular, white teeth. "*Diablo! Carrajo! Vive la Libertad! Muerte al presidente! Muerte al Malone!*"

It was a mere whisper, this cry of the foolish little Anahuacan, posing in his boundless conceit before a fragment of mirror. But it was one of many such whispers that men of the land were uttering or hearing uttered at that moment—sighs that foretold the storm gathering.

Revolution! The word had a magic influence upon the imagination of little Salvador of San Diego, and he was but one of many. It aroused a degree of enthusiasm remarkable in its fervency, creating within him low passions hitherto quiescent—lusts for blood and pillage and all the rapine accompaniments of war waged by rabble.

And this, it may be, was why he suddenly made an end to his posturing, and, looking around hastily to make assurance doubly sure that he was not observed, reopened the cash drawer, transferring its contents to his hungry pockets. The sum was not large; possibly he might not need it at all, but it was as well to take it. If the luck held, by the time another president was settled in the executive chair, Salvador might be the owner of a small fortune with which he could establish himself as proprietor of a respectable *pulqueria*, or even a hotel in Guayana itself, wherein Salvador would figure well as host, while lovely Trinidad would move softly about the house, mistress of the keys, queen of the heart of Salvador!

He looked up just as he had shoved the last centavo into his pocket—to behold a courier of the president entering the office. The throat of Salvador dried with fear. Was he discovered? Would the arm of the law catch him, the petty thief of but a moment? Was he to be incarcerated in the dread *calabozo*? The blood receded from his cheeks, leaving them a curious, mottled, dusky hue.

But no; his frightened eyes saw at once that the courier was giving all his attention to a small, stout gringo whom he sustained upon his arm. The face of the latter was pale as with recent sickness, and his feet moved with a faltering weakness.

"This is the cable office, *señor*," said the courier; "and yonder is the railway station. Can I be of any further assistance to you?"

"No, I thank you," replied the gringo. "I guess I can manage all right now.

Gracias, señor," and he rewarded the man with a piece of money.

Salvador turned an anxious eye upon the clock; not for worlds would he have missed that train, since it was like to carry him to fortune. It lacked still fifteen minutes of the hour; there was time to attend to this customer ere catching the express.

"Well, *señor*," he said amiably, his eye fascinated by the gleam of a diamond upon the gringo's finger, "what can I do for you?"

The stranger clutched at the counter for support.

"When does the train leave for Guayana?" he asked faintly.

Salvador told him.

"Then I have time." He took a pen and scrawled a straggling line of characters upon a blank.

"Have you any money?" inquired the suspicious clerk, his hand going to his hip pocket; he was taking no chances with these gringos, after his recent experience. "No messages unless prepaid!"

"All right. I'll pay."

The man produced a piece of gold and laid it upon the counter. Salvador took it, bit it, and put it where it would do the most good; which was not in the cash drawer of the C. & S. A. Cable Company.

"Any change coming to me?" inquired the man.

"There is none," answered Salvador; and then he regretted that he had not demanded more.

"Very well."

The stranger waited. Salvador clicked off a message to New York, and looked around. The gringo was twirling another gold piece and gazing at Salvador reflectively.

"I'd like a little information," he said significantly.

"Very well, but be quick. The office closes at nine."

Ten minutes remained.

"Has an American by the name of Curtice been here within the last few days?"

Salvador held out his hand; the money dropped into it.

"*Si, señor*."

"Did he send a message to New York?"

"*Si, señor*."

"And did he leave an address in Guayana for the answer?"

Salvador reached up and took a mass of blanks from a file. Down in the bunch he found what he sought, and handed it

to Mr. Haigh. It was Curtice's telegram to Hamilton.

"He left that message to be sent, but the wires were down that night. It is said that the revolutionists cut them."

"H'm, yes." Daniel ran his eye over the message and made a note of the address. "70 Paseo Nuevo," he repeated. "Wonder where that is!"

Salvador, his eye still upon the diamond in the stranger's ring, conceived a bright idea. The gringo was going to Guayana; so was Salvador. The gringo had money, and he needed some one to look out for him and his diamond; Salvador would do that to perfection. Decidedly, this was his lucky night.

"The *señor* goes to Guayana?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I also; the *señor* seems to be unwell. Could I assist him?"

Daniel exhibited another bit of gold.

"There's that in it for you if you will," he said; "and I'll double it if you see me to the Paseo Nuevo."

Salvador dropped for a moment beneath the table and dextrously disconnected the cable; that would keep the clicking of the instrument from attracting attention. Then he rapidly wrote upon a blank the following little fib:

THIS OFFICE IS CLOSED PENDING
REPAIRS TO THE CABLE.

Leaving the office with Daniel, he locked the door and pinned the blank in a conspicuous place. The key he deposited in a convenient mudhole in the road.

XXIV.

WITH commendable promptness the express pulled into the Guayana terminal on time—that is to say, at eleven o'clock. Salvador and Daniel, the former giving his arm to the American, alighted.

"Do you have cabs in this God-forsaken country?" asked Daniel. "If so, call one; I'm a pretty weak man, and I can't walk far."

Salvador helped him to a bench and made a hasty détour of the station. Returning, he reported:

"There are no cabs. The *cocheros* fear to be on the streets during a revolution. The *señor* will have to walk."

"Is it far, then, to the Paseo Nuevo?"

"Quite far."

"Well, then, take me to some place where I can get a drink; I must brace up on something, or you'll have to carry me."

"*Si, señor.*" Salvador's tone was cheerful, filled with a spirit of willingness to oblige; nevertheless, he had no intention of allowing Daniel to patronize any one of Guayana's *pulquerias*. To the contrary, by hook or crook, he purposed to entice him to the *bodega* (grocery) of Miguel, in the Calle Santiago. There, at the mercy of Miguel, Ximenes, and honest Salvador himself—well, they three would become possessors of a diamond ring, together with some gold; and Salvador had appraised the stone as one of price.

It was, therefore, with relief that he found the streets, though brilliantly illuminated, quite deserted save for the police and a few hurrying pedestrians. The shops were darkened and closely shuttered. With a triumph of duplicity that was an inspiration, Salvador halted suddenly and struck hand to forehead with a melodramatic gesture and a cry of dismay.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded Daniel.

"This accursed revolution, *señor*, which drives men mad, so that the police close all the *pulquerias*. I am aggrieved that I cannot procure you that drink—"

"A hotel, then? There must be one near?"

"On the further side of the city, *señor.*"

"Confound it!" cried the young man, exasperated beyond measure. "I certainly do have the devil's own luck! Look here, I'll go back to the station and wait while you go to the Paseo Nuevo and tell Señor Curtice to come for me. I'll be hanged if I can walk any further!"

"Stay, *señor*—"

"Well? Does your infernal comic-opera revolution prohibit my sitting in the station?"

"No, *señor*, but I have a better plan. Near here—not too far for you to walk—is the small grocery of my very good friend Miguel. It is there that my uncle, Ximenes, lives. There you could wait and get food and drink for a trifle, whilst I go upon your errand."

"Good. That's the best yet. Give me your arm."

Their way led them through the Plaza. Even the more reputable cafés were closed to business. The usual crowds were absent. The statue of Malone, which the president, following the example of his predecessors, had erected in the center of the public square, was surrounded by a company of barefooted,

dark-skinned soldiers. In front of the Green House the Bulldogs were drawn up in double rank, sitting silently upon their horses, carbines at rest. The brave color of their uniforms—light blue, with trousers of white and top boots of soft black leather—and the glitter of their accouterments in the glare of the arc-lamps, made them a show that one might not but observe, compelling admiration.

Daniel remarked them with a word of praise for their bearing; at which Salvador delivered a panegyric in their honor. He had no patience with these fools of revolutionists, who rebelled for no reason at all against a just and paternal government! He would that all citizens of the republic were as peaceable, as law-abiding, as even-minded as himself.

And so speaking, he helped Daniel across the Plaza as quickly as he might. The time flew on apace, and he would end this work quickly, to be ready to join with the crowd if the insurrection broke out ere dawn. Presently they plunged into the lower strata of the city; a place of mean houses, low, narrow, builded of adobe and unpainted. Here the lights were more few, the dark spaces more frequent and blacker; police in numbers patrolled the streets with greater vigilance, several of them stopping the two strangers to scrutinize them and to listen to Salvador's accounting for their being abroad at an hour so late. But here, too, the shops were boarded and devoid of lights.

Before long, but none too soon for Daniel, upon whose heels a weight seemed to drag, they paused before a building no different, to the eye untrained, from any of the neighboring houses. Salvador, with a stealthy inspection of the street to see that none of the police were at hand, knocked in a peculiar manner.

"If the *señor*," he said, "will withdraw a pace or two, I will explain matters to Miguel. Foreigners are regarded suspiciously in these days, when any one might be a spy of the president's. Not that Miguel sympathizes with the insurgents, *señor*, but he would not incur his neighbors' ill-will by being suspected of entertaining a gringo."

"Oh, all right," agreed Daniel.

He began to regret having hired this nice young man, whose speeches were so fluent and so specious. Still, what harm could the fellow mean? Surely Haigh was not worth the robbing.

The door was opened a cautious inch,

and the hooked nose of a man protruded beyond its edge.

"Oh, it's you, eh? You come quickly."

"I love my uncle," replied Salvador.

He whispered in the ear of the man; for a moment or two they conversed so. Then, calling to Haigh to follow him, Salvador entered. The man, evidently Miguel, closed the door quickly behind Daniel and barred it.

The room was pitch dark and very close, smelling vilely of garlic and the essentials of Spanish cookery. Miguel leading the way, Daniel followed through a second doorway and found himself in a small *patio*, where one might breathe with comfort. It was also dark; but in a room at the further end a candle gleamed upon a table, casting lean rays through a small window. A man, low-browed, his face suffused with the blush of alcohol, and stupid with over-indulgence, sat there smoking a vile cigar. Salvador stood over him, hand upon shoulder, speaking earnestly. The drunkard nodded comprehension.

"Oh, aye, very pretty, very neat, nephew. I always said you would be a credit to the family!"

"Be quiet, you old fool!"

Miguel and Daniel entered.

"This is the gentleman of whom I spoke. He wishes to rest undisturbed until I have executed a small commission for him; and he wants bread and wine."

"The *señor* is welcome," said Miguel. He formally presented Daniel with himself, his family, his house, and all that it contained, in high sounding Spanish phrases. "Wine we have not," he concluded; "such, that is, as the *señor* would condescend to taste. But a drop of *aguardiente*, eh?"

"Anything," murmured Daniel, almost fainting, "so long as it will put life into me."

Miguel brought glasses and a flask encased in straw, from which he poured a brimming measure of the thin, pale yellow liquor. Daniel took the glass and put it to his mouth; the stuff, well-nigh pure alcohol, made him choke and cough violently; but it served his purpose, reviving him somewhat.

"Gosh," he cried with tears in his eyes, "that's the nearest thing to fire-water I ever tried—except the pain-killer my mother used to dose me with. Whe-ew!"

"More?" suggested Salvador.

"No! I'll wait until the hereafter for another dose of that. Give me a

place to lie down, and go for Curtice—Señor Curtice, 70 Paseo Nuevo.”

“I go in but one moment,” replied Salvador. “I must speak a word to my uncle. Rest peacefully, *señor*; I will attend to your errand without delay.”

The man Miguel took Daniel to a room on the opposite side of the *patio*; the place was tiny and bare, but boasted a cot, which Haigh was grateful to accept. He sank upon it with a sigh, and Miguel left him.

I think Daniel would have slept; and had he done so, he would not have waked in Guayana, or, for the matter of that, in this world. He was worn enough, beyond doubt, to have fulfilled the expectations of Salvador; but then Salvador, being accustomed to his land, had reckoned without the host of fleas. And Daniel was a stranger—a tender, juicy stranger; they had sharpened their proboscides upon native hides for many years, and they had little trouble in piercing the delicate cuticle of the American. He perceived promptly why it is that in Anahuac the human thumb is nicely named *la dado pulgar*—the flea-finger. He writhed and scratched in vain attempts to withstand their attacks and continue his repose; but in the end he capitulated unconditionally and retired to the *patio*. Not wishing to disturb his host, he sat himself down upon the ground and rested his back against the wall.

Again he might have dozed, but for the activity of the vulgar *pulgar*. Eventually, with a thought of another glass of *aguardiente*—which seemed not so bad in effect—he rose and made his way toward the lighted room.

Now, the shoes which Daniel wore had been given him by Admiral Hennessy; they were deck shoes, rubber soled, noiseless—for which he may thank Providence. As he neared the window, he was surprised to see that Salvador had not gone; an earnest confabulation was in progress, Miguel speaking. Mr. Haigh paused; it might be as well to listen for a moment. And then he was glad that he had done so.

“Rojas himself schemes for the presidency,” observed Miguel.

“Aye, and he is like to get it.”

The voice, thick-tongued, was that of the drunkard.

“And in that case you’ll have a hold upon him,” commented Salvador. “The reward, though large, is nothing to what you can get by blackmail.”

“Aye,” said the sot.

“Better tell him the whole story, so that he will have it straight,” Miguel advised. “There’s nothing like a young head, in matters such as this, for seeing clearly.”

“Yes, go ahead. By the time you’re finished, the gringo will be sound asleep.”

Thus encouraged, Ximenes told his tale. His patois, rendered heavy with drink, was almost unintelligible to Daniel; yet he managed to get at some of its meaning, and thereafter interest sharpened his wits and his understanding.

It seemed that Ximenes, sober for once, had taken his coach to the station to meet the train arriving at half-past one on a morning a few days gone. From the train there came, among others, four persons, one of whom he recognized as the Señor Rojas, merchant of San Diego. A second he heard called Lazard. There was one other man, and a woman, veiled. Lazard clutched her arm tightly as they made for the *cochero's* equipage. Rojas had driven a bargain with Ximenes to drive them to the suburbs of the city, and that with all speed; the *cochero* was to spare his horses nothing of the whip—if any harm should befall them, Rojas would stand the cost. A patrol had chased them through the streets; nearing the outskirts, he caught up and forced a halt. Rojas had reasoned with him, using gold; it proved effectual. The patrol had wheeled his horse to go about his business, when—Ximenes slapped his palm lightly upon the table, pat!—Rojas had shot the man.

Then they had driven on. At the city limits, Ximenes had stopped for instructions; Rojas mounted to the box beside him, and, threatening him with a pistol, had forced him to continue far into the country—twelve hours’ journey, in point of fact, across the plateau, through the coffee plantations and up the first slope of the Sierras. At noon they had come to the *estancia* of Señor Rojas—the Pearl of Anahuac, as it was named.

Now, returning, having been paid generously with gold and silenced with more, Ximenes had heard of the uprising in La Maroma; and, further, that the daughter of the president had been abducted from the States into Anahuac; that a reward was offered for the apprehension of himself, Ximenes, public *cochero*, and—

Daniel had heard enough. He edged back toward his room, but Salvador spoke before he was out of hearing.

“By now the gringo dog should sleep,” he said. “I will go and see.”

"If he sleeps—" began Miguel.

Salvador stood in the doorway, his figure in relief against the light.

"If he sleeps, of a surety—ssss!" He hissed in imitation of the swish of a knife-blade, drawing his hand across his throat.

"The deuce you will!" thought Daniel.

Fortunately he was armed. He edged through the darkness toward the outer wall of the *patio*.

"It does beat all," he observed, as he drew his revolver, "how everybody in this business lays for me and punches me just for luck! I'm about the most successful imitation of a punching-bag I know."

Sidling along the wall, with his face to the *patio*, his hand touched the door; it yielded, and as he stepped into the room he heard Salvador cursing in the bedroom.

"Miguel! Uncle! He is gone! Run to the door!"

Stumbling over the bags of groceries, Daniel felt his way through the *bodega* proper. He found the barred door, and was struggling with the fastening even as Miguel lunged in from the *patio*. Daniel fired at random, but the shot evidently told, for the man screamed and fell, moaning.

Daniel had one bar down by then. He could hear Salvador vacillating without, Ximenes urging him on. In the street a voice cried "Halt!" and there was a shuffling of feet.

"Help!" shouted Daniel, struggling with the last bar.

"The guard!" screamed Salvador. "The patrol! Run, you drunken fool!"

Daniel got the last bar down and swung open the door. A flood of reddish light streamed in, and men dashed through the doorway.

XXV.

[CABLEGRAM.]

J. E. CURTICE, 79 Paseo Nuevo, Guayana.

Hold job send story quick Hamilton has funds.

McCABE.

It being the rainy season, it rained, as was right and proper. The sky was blue-black with the low, full-bellied clouds that distributed their moisture impartially upon an earth already surfeited. Long, silvery lances fell incessantly, so severely vertical that they had a substantial seeming, as of needles of bright steel fixed immovably, supporting that squat, dark sky. The fields of green cane

swam with water that they had no time to absorb; and the roads melted to thin glue, becoming morasses nigh impassable. Beneath this irresistible downpour, the broad-leaved vegetation drooped despondently, and the canes bent and swayed. Upon the red-tiled roofs of Guayana the falling drops hammered a long, thundering roll.

Yet through it all—so great did Malone now perceive his emergency to be—a regiment of militia passed down the Paseo Nuevo, bound south for the seat of war. They were a scant, straggling thousand men, hardly more than boys; some, indeed, were youths of barely sixteen. In their field uniforms of white drill shirts and drawers, barefooted—a few had rolled up their trousers and splashed along naked to the knee—hatted with wide thatches of woven native grasses, sodden army blankets slung over their shoulders, belts of bright, glistening cartridges about their waists, arms reversed—thus they plodded through the teeming rain, a dreary array, their complexions no degree lighter than their discontented frame of mind.

Behind them a field battery loafed dismally. The guns, in shining waterproofs that reflected the sullen firmament, seemed malign monsters, weird and uncanny, misshapen, poking their evil, grinning muzzles at the passing earth. The gunners hunched upon the limbers like grim buzzards, mouthing curses.

Curtice, watching them from the window of Hamilton's villa on the outskirts of Guayana, shrugged his shoulders and smiled sourly. Schooled to the understanding of such men, he read their temper plainly writ in their demeanor; and the translation boded no good to the stability of the existing government. It were better that men should not be made to fight at all, than that they should be forced to battle unwillingly; and this passing regiment of raw, ill-trained, ill-disciplined militia fought for Malone by no wish of their own—or Curtice's experience counted for naught. That slovenly, slouching battery would prove an easy prey for the insurgents' gunners.

It was in the regulars that the president's hope must lie. They were drilled to dexterity and obedience. What is of infinitely greater importance, they were paid, and thus kept contented. With their admixture of the foreign element, they possessed a staying power unapproached by the native militia, whose

heart was not with the cause they warred for. But, if reports were true—

Curtice flung out a hand with a despairing gesture, as if conceding defeat, and returned to his typewriter—or, rather, to the machine which Hamilton, himself unable to make use of it, had loaned him; this to Curtice's delight, since he had trained himself in the habit of composing at the keyboard—thinking, as it were, into the keys; and to one so accustomed it is not easy to return to the more primitive pen and ink.

It was his task, upon this afternoon, to grind out his letter for the *Dial*; McCabe demanded it at once, and now the days were moving with a swiftness so exceeding that Jimmy might not say when such another opportunity would come to him.

He sat down, gritting his teeth, his facile fingers playing rapidly upon the key-taps for a while. Then a pause came; the words formed less easily. He rose and took a turn up and down the room to rearrange his unruly ideas.

Work, indeed, was little to his taste that day; there lay upon his mind a burden of anxiety hard to lift, approaching despair. It was four days since he had reached the president and told his tale; and yet there was no news of Norah. The spies and secret agents of Malone seemed powerless to penetrate the veil of mystery which shrouded the girl's fate. A party of four had been traced from San Diego to Guayana, by the night express; the descriptions of three of its members answered fairly well to those of General Lazard, Fetter, and Norah. The fourth was supposed to have been one Rojas, merchant of San Diego, prominent citizen of the Republic, now under suspicion—and with reason—as a candidate for the next presidency.

Shortly after the arrival of the express, a carriage had torn madly through the city streets and vanished into the night. The patrol who followed had been found, shot in the back, in a lonely spot; in his pockets was a sum of gold, small, it is true, but unaccountable. Of the *cochero* there was no trace, although the police professed to know him. And that was all. Who should say whither that coach had passed? Had it made for the distant provinces? Had it returned to the city? Five persons knew—but where to come upon them? Norah had been swallowed as completely by the shadows of that fateful evening

as, apparently, had Mr. Haigh and the Miranda J. by the sea.

For the morning on which the gun-boat Don Juan had set out for Curaçoa had brought Malone's message to Colonel Paez, commandant of the fort at San Diego, ordering him to capture or destroy the vessel which bore the arms of the Junta. But the commandant's glass had failed to discover the Miranda among the shipping in the roadstead; only, upon the misty horizon there lowered a smudge of smoke in a direction at a radical angle from the course taken by the admiral.

Jimmy sighed deeply and went back to the window. The soldiery were gone now, and the shower had abated its violence. In the west a sinking sun was trying to thrust its damask fingers through the curtain of fog; with the wind for an ally—a breath of breeze sweeping down over the steaming valley from the slopes of the purple Sierras—it gained the day, ruthlessly tearing apart the leaden hangings, ripping them to shreds which scurried toward the sea, till overhead a bare heaven lost itself in infinite sapphire distances.

The correspondent of the *Dial* turned his back on this glory impatiently. It was not with nature that he might concern himself; he must write of man as he saw him—specifically, of one man who was his friend, the president. And that man's fortunes were in a state which might well cause concern to those who held him in affectionate solicitude.

The revolution grew, its distemper spreading over the land with the speed of a ravaging plague, turning the brains of men with the madness of war. In the south, Ursua held La Maroma well in hand; the advance of the regular army, despatched against him so promptly, he had checked and held until, Sinanche and Galiban provinces rising in sympathy with their neighbor, Rojas made a sudden advent upon the field and joined forces with Ursua himself. Combined, they had given battle to the government troops, and rumor said that the regulars had reeled and fled demoralized before the rebel advance.

The militia had been mobilized, yet was lacking in its numbers through desertions to the insurgent camp, and through the defection of the three provinces. Then from the north came the rumblings of discontent; and there, too, Lazard was said to be organizing and arming men.

(To be concluded.)

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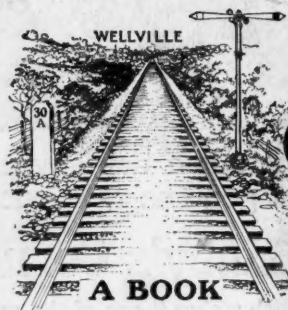
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